

THE
POETICAL WORKS
OF
MILTON.

VOLUME II.

CONTAINING
PARADISE REGAIN'D,
A Poem, in Four Books;
SAMSON AGONISTES;
AND
POEMS upon several occasions.

WITH
A GLOSSARY; and,
The LIFE of MILTON.

EDINBURGH:
Printed by A. DONALDSON and J. REID.
For ALEXANDER DONALDSON.
MDCCLXII.

D[®]

rch
tions



The C O N T E N T S.

	Pag.
P aradise Regain'd, book i. — — — —	1
— book ii. — — — —	16
— book iii. — — — —	30
— book iv. — — — —	43
Samson Agonistes — — — —	63
Poems on several occasions — — — —	120
On the death of a fair infant dying of a cough — — — —	122
At a vacation-exercise in the college — — — —	125
On the morning of Christ's nativity — — — —	128
The passion — — — —	137
On Time — — — —	139
Upon the circumcision — — — —	140
At a solemn music — — — —	141
An epitaph on the Marchioness of Winchester — — — —	142
Song. On May morning — — — —	144
On Shakespear — — — —	ib.
On the university-carrier — — — —	145
Another on the same — — — —	146
L' Allegro — — — —	147
Il Penferoso — — — —	152
Arcades — — — —	158
Comus: A Mask — — — —	163
Lycidas — — — —	197
On the new forcers of conscience under the long parliament — — — —	203
Ad Pyrrham. Ode 5. — — — —	204
The 5th ode of Horace, book i. Englished — — — —	205
Sonnets — — — —	206
To the nightingale — — — —	ib.
On his being arrived to the age of 23 — — — —	209
When the assault was intended to the city — — — —	210
To a virtuous young lady — — — —	ib.
To the Lady Margaret Ley — — — —	211
On the detraction which followed upon my writing certain treatises — — — —	212
On the same — — — —	ib.
To Mr H. Lawes on his airs — — — —	213
On the religious memory of Mrs Katharine Thomson — — — —	ib.
To the Lord General Fairfax — — — —	214
To the Lord General Cromwell — — — —	215
To Sir Henry Vane the younger — — — —	ib.
On the late massacre in Piedmont — — — —	216
On his blindness — — — —	ib.
To Mr Lawrence — — — —	217
To Syriac Skinner — — — —	218
To the same — — — —	ib.
On his deceased wife — — — —	219
Fragments — — — —	ib.
Psalms — — — —	224
Joannis Miltoni Londinensis poemata — — — —	252
Elegiarum liber primus — — — —	257
Elegia prima. Ad Carolum Diodatum — — — —	ib.
	Elegia

The CONTENTS.

	Pag.
Elegia secunda. In obitum Præconis Academici Cantabrigienfis	260
Elegia tertia. In obitum Præfulis Wintonienfis	ib.
Elegia quarta. Ad Thomam Junium	263
Elegia quinta. In adventum veris	266
Elegia sexta. Ad Carolum Diodatum ruri commorantem	271
Elegia septima	273
In proditionem bombardicam	277
In eandem	ib.
In eandem	ib.
In eandem	278
In inventorem bombardæ	ib.
Ad Leonoram Romæ canentem	ib.
Ad eandem	279
Ad eandem	ib.
Apologus de rustico et hero	ib.
Sylvarum liber. In obitum procancellarii medici	280
In quintum Novembris	281
In obitum Præfulis Eliensis	288
Naturam non pati senium	290
De idea Platonica, quemadmodum Aristoteles intellexit	292
Ad patrem	294
Psalmus cxiv. Græcè	297
Philosophus ad regem quendam, &c.	298
In effigiei ejus sculptorem	ib.
Ad Salsillum poetam Romanum ægrotantem	ib.
Manfus	299
Epitaphium Damonis	303
Ad Joannem Roussium, Oxonienfis academiz bibliothecarium	310
Ad Christinam Suecorum reginam nomine Cromwelli	313
A Glossary	314
The life of Milton	335
The verses to the Queen of Sweden, translated	387
A sonnet, on occasion of the plague	ib.

PARADISE

PARADISE REGAIN'D.

B O O K I.

I Who ere while the happy garden sung,
By one man's disobedience lost, now sing
Recover'd Paradiſe to all mankind,
By one man's firm obedience fully try'd
Through all temptation, and the tempter foil'd 5
In all his wiles, defeated and repuls'd,
And Eden rais'd in the waſte wilderneſs.

Thou Spi'rit who ledd'ſt this glorious eremite
Into the deſert, his victorious field,
Againſt the ſpiritual foe, and brought'ſt him thence
By proof th' undoubted Son of God, inſpire, 11
As thou art wont, my prompted ſong, eſe mute,
And bear through height or depth of nature's bounds
With proſp'rous wing full ſumm'd, to tell of deeds
Above heroic, though in ſecret done, 15
And unrecorded left through many an age,
Worthy t' have not remain'd ſo long unſung.

Now had the great proclaimer, with a voice
More awful than the ſound of trumpet, cry'd
Repentance, and heav'n's kingdom nigh at hand 20
To all baptiz'd : to his great baptiſm flock'd
With awe the regions round, and with them came
From Nazareth the ſon of Joſeph deem'd
To the flood Jordan, came as then obſcure,
Unmark'd, unknown ; but him the Baptiſt ſoon 25
Deſcry'd, divinely warn'd, and witneſs bore
As to his worthier, and would have reſign'd
To him his heav'nly office : nor was long
His witneſs unconfirm'd : on him baptiz'd

2 PARADISE REGAIN'D. Book I.

Heav'n open'd, and in likeness of a dove 30
The Spi'rit descended, while the Father's voice
From heav'n pronounc'd him his beloved Son.

That heard the adversary, who roving still
About the world, at that assembly fam'd
Would not be last, and with the voice divine 35
Nigh thunderstruck, th' exalted man, to whom
Such high attest was giv'n, a while survey'd
With wonder, then with envy fraught and rage,
Flies to his place, nor rests, but in mid-air
To council summons all his mighty peers, 40
Within thick clouds and dark tenfold involv'd,
A gloomy consistory; and them amidst
With looks aghast and sad he thus bespake.

O ancient pow'rs of air and this wide world,
For much more willingly I mention air, 45
This our old conquest, than remember hell,
Our hated habitation; well ye know
How many ages, as the years of men,
This universe we have possess'd, and rul'd
In manner at our will th' affairs of earth, 50
Since Adam and his facile consort Eve
Lost Paradise deceiv'd by me, though since
With dread attending when that fatal wound
Shall be inflicted by the seed of Eve
Upon my head: long the decrees of heav'n 55
Delay, for longest time to him is short;
And now too soon for us the circling hours
This dreaded time have compass'd, wherein we
Must bide the stroke of that long threaten'd wound,
At least if so we can, and by the head 60
Broken be not intended all our power
To be infring'd, our freedom and our being,
In this fair empire won of earth and air;

Book I. PARADISE REGAIN'D. 3

For this ill news I bring, the woman's seed
 Destin'd to this, is late of woman born : 65
 His birth to our just fear gave no small cause,
 But his growth now to youth's full flow'r, displaying
 All virtue, grace, and wisdom to achieve
 Things highest, greatest, multiplies my fear.
 Before him a great prophet, to proclaim 70
 His coming, is sent harbinger, who all
 Invites, and in the consecrated stream
 Pretends to wash off sin, and fit them so
 Purified to receive him pure, or rather
 To do him honour as their king ; all come, 75
 And he himself among them was baptiz'd,
 Not thence to be more pure, but to receive
 The testimony' of heav'n, that who he is
 Thenceforth the nations may not doubt ; I saw
 The prophet do him reverence, on him rising 80
 Out of the water, heav'n above the clouds
 Unfold her crystal doors, thence on his head
 A perfect dove descend, whate'er it meant,
 And out of heav'n the sov'reign voice I heard,
 This is my Son belov'd, in him am pleas'd. 85
 His mother then is mortal, but his fire
 He who obtains the monarchy of heav'n ;
 And what will he not do to' advance his Son ?
 His first-begot we know, and sore have felt,
 When his fierce thunder drove us to the deep : 90
 Who this is we must learn ; for man he seems
 In all his lineaments, though in his face
 The glimpses of his Father's glory shine.
 Ye see our danger on the utmost edge
 Of hazard, which admits no long debate, 95
 But must with something sudden be oppos'd,
 Not force, but well-couch'd fraud, well-woven snares,

4 PARADISE REGAIN'D. Book I.

Ere in the head of nations he appear
 Their king, their leader, and supreme on earth.
 I, when no other durst, sole undertook 100
 The dismal expedition, to find out
 And ruin Adam, and th' exploit perform'd
 Successfully; a calmer voyage now
 Will waft me; and the way found prosp'rous once,
 Induces best to hope of like success. 105

He ended, and his words impression left
 Of much amazement to th' infernal crew,
 Distracted and surpris'd with deep dismay
 At these sad tidings; but no time was then
 For long indulgence to their fears or grief: 110
 Unanimous they all commit the care
 And management of this main enterprise
 To him their great dictator, whose attempt
 At first against mankind so well had thriv'd
 In Adam's overthrow, and led their march 115
 From hell's deep-vaulted den to dwell in light,
 Regents, and potentates, and kings, yea gods
 Of many a pleasant realm and province wide.
 So to the coast of Jordan he directs
 His easy steps, girded with snaky wiles, 120
 Where he might likeliest find this new-declar'd,
 This man of men, attested Son of God,
 Temptation and all guile on him to try;
 So to subvert whom he suspected rais'd
 To end his reign on earth so long enjoy'd: 125
 But contrary unweeting he fulfill'd
 The purpos'd counsel preordain'd and fix'd
 Of the Most High, who in full frequency bright
 Of angels, thus to Gabriel smiling spake.

Gabriel, this day by proof thou shalt behold, 130
 Thou and all angels conversant on earth

With man or mens affairs, how I begin
 To verify that solemn message late,
 On which I sent thee to the virgin pure
 In Galilee, that she should bear a son 135
 Great in renown, and call'd the Son of God;
 Then toldst her doubting how these things could be
 To her a virgin, that on her should come
 The Holy Ghost, and the pow'r of the Highest
 O'ershadow her: this man born and now up-grown,
 To show him worthy of his birth divine 141
 And high prediction, henceforth I expose
 To Satan; let him tempt and now assay
 His utmost subtlety, because he boasts
 And vaunts of his great cunning to the throng 145
 Of his apostasy; he might have learn'd
 Less overweening, since he fail'd in Job,
 Whose constant perseverance overcame
 Whate'er his cruel malice could invent.
 He now shall know I can produce a man 150
 Of female seed, far abler to resist
 All his solicitations, and at length
 All his vast force, and drive him back to hell,
 Winning by conquest what the first man lost
 By fallacy surpris'd. But first I mean 155
 To exercise him in the wilderness;
 There he shall first lay down the rudiments
 Of his great warfare, ere I send him forth
 To conquer Sin and Death, the two grand foes,
 By humiliation and strong sufferance: 160
 His weakness shall o'ercome Satanic strength,
 And all the world, and mass of sinful flesh;
 That all the angels and ethereal powers,
 They now, and men hereafter may discern,
 From what consummate virtue I have chose 165

6 PARADISE REGAIN'D. Book I.

This perfect man, by merit call'd my Son,
To earn salvation for the sons of men.

So spake th' eternal Father ; and all heav'n
Admiring stood a space, then into hymns
Burst forth, and in celestial measures mov'd, 170
Circling the throne and singing, while the hand
Sung with the voice, and this the argument,

Victory' and triumph to the Son of God
Now ent'ring his great duel, not of arms,
But to vanquish by wisdom hellish wiles. 175

The Father knows the Son ; therefore secure
Ventures his filial virtue, though untry'd,
Against whate'er may tempt, whate'er seduce,
Allure, or terrify, or undermine.
Be frustrate all ye stratagems of hell, 180
And devilish machinations come to nought.

So they in heav'n their odes and vigils tun'd :
Mean-while the Son of God, who yet some days
Lodg'd in Bethabara where John baptiz'd,
Musing and much revolving in his breast, 185
How best the mighty work he might begin
Of Saviour to mankind, and which way first
Publish his Godlike office now mature,
One day forth walk'd alone, the Spirit leading,
And his deep thoughts, the better to converse 190
With solitude, till far from track of men,
Thought following thought, and step by step led on,
He enter'd now the bord'ring desert wild,
And with dark shades and rocks environ'd round,
His holy meditations thus pursu'd. 195

O what a multitude of thoughts at once
Awaken'd in me swarm, while I consider
What from within I feel myself, and hear
What from without comes often to my ears,

Ill sorting with my present state compar'd ! 200
 When I was yet a child, no childish play
 To me was pleasing, all my mind was set
 Serious to learn and know, and thence to do
 What might be public good ; myself I thought
 Born to that end, born to promote all truth, 205
 All righteous things : therefore above my years,
 The law of God I read, and found it sweet,
 Made it my whole delight, and in it grew
 To such perfection, that ere yet my age
 Had measur'd twice six years, at our great feast 210
 I went into the temple, there to hear
 The teachers of our law, and to propose
 What might improve my knowledge or their own ;
 And was admir'd by all : yet this not all
 To which my spi'rit aspir'd ; victorious deeds 215
 Flam'd in my heart, heroic acts, one while
 To rescue Israel from the Roman yoke,
 Then to subdue and quell o'er all the earth
 Brute violence and proud tyrannic pow'r,
 Till truth were freed, and equity restor'd : 220
 Yet held it more humane, more heav'nly, first
 By winning words to conquer willing hearts,
 And make persuasion do the work of fear ;
 At least to try, and teach the erring soul
 Not wilfully misdoing, but unware 225
 Miss'd ; the stubborn only to subdue.
 These growing thoughts my mother soon perceiving,
 By words at times cast forth inly rejoic'd,
 And said to me apart, High are thy thoughts,
 O Son, but nourish them, and let them soar 230
 To what height sacred virtue and true worth
 Can raise them, though above example high ;
 By matchless deeds express thy matchless Sire.

8 PARADISE REGAIN'D. Book I.

For know, thou art no son of mortal man ;
 Though men esteem thee low of parentage, 235
 Thy father is th' eternal King who rules
 All heav'n and earth, angels and sons of men ;
 A messenger from God foretold thy birth
 Conceived in me a virgin, he foretold
 Thou shouldst be great, and sit on David's throne,
 And of thy kingdom there should be no end. 241
 At thy nativity a glorious quire
 Of angels in the fields of Bethlehem sung
 To shepherds watching at their folds by night,
 And told them the Messiah now was born 245
 Where they might see him, and to thee they came,
 Directed to the manger where thou lay'st,
 For in the inn was left no better room :
 A star, not seen before, in heav'n appearing
 Guided the wise men thither from the east, 250
 To honour thee with incense, myrrh, and gold,
 By whose bright course led on they found the place,
 Affirming it thy star new grav'n in heav'n,
 By which they knew the king of Israel born.
 Just Simeon and prophetic Anna, warn'd 255
 By vision, found thee in the temple', and spake
 Before the altar and the vested priest,
 Like things of thee to all that present stood.
 This having heard, strait I again resolv'd
 The law and prophets, searching what was writ 260
 Concerning the Messiah, to our scribes
 Known partly, and soon found of whom they spake
 I am ; this chiefly, that my way must lie
 Through many a hard assay ev'n to the death,
 Ere I the promis'd kingdom can attain, 265
 Or work redemption for mankind, whose sins
 Full weight must be transferr'd upon my head.

Book I. PARADISE REGAIN'D. 9

Yet neither thus dishearten'd or dismay'd,
The time prefix'd I waited, when behold
The Baptist (of whose birth I oft had heard, 270
Not knew by sight) now come, who was to come
Before Messiah, and his way prepare.

I, as all others, to his baptism came,
Which I believ'd was from above; but he
Strait knew me, and with loudest voice proclaim'd
Me him, (for it was shown him so from heav'n), 276
Me him whose harbinger he was; and first
Refus'd on me his baptism to confer,

As much his greater, and was hardly won:
But as I rose out of the laving stream, 280

Heav'n open'd her eternal doors, from whence
The Spi'rit descend'd on me like a dove,
And last the sum of all, my Father's voice,
Audibly heard from heav'n, pronounc'd me his,
Me his beloved Son, in whom alone 285

He was well pleas'd; by which I knew the time
Now full, that I no more should live obscure,
But openly begin, as best becomes
Th' authority which I deriv'd from heav'n.
And now by some strong motion I am led 290
Into this wilderness, to what intent

I learn not yet, perhaps I need not know;
For what concerns my knowledge God reveals.

So spake our Morning-Star then in his rise,
And looking round on every side beheld 295

A pathless desert, dusk with horrid shades;
The way he came not having mark'd, return
Was difficult, by human steps untrod;
And he still on was led, but with such thoughts
Accompanied of things past and to come 300
Lodg'd in his breast, as well might recommend

Such solitude before choicest society.
 Full forty days he pass'd, whether on hill
 Sometimes, anon in shady vale, each night
 Under the covert of some ancient oak, 305
 Or cedar, to defend him from the dew,
 Or harbour'd in one cave, is not reveal'd ;
 Nor tasted human food, nor hunger felt
 Till those days ended, hunger'd then at last
 Among wild beasts: they at his sight grew mild, 310
 Nor sleeping him nor waking harm'd, his walk
 The fiery serpent fled, and noxious worm,
 The lion and fierce tyger glar'd aloof.
 But now an aged man in rural weeds, 314
 Following, as seem'd, the quest of some stray ewe,
 Or wither'd sticks to gather, which might serve
 Against a winter's day when winds blow keen,
 To warm him wet return'd from field at eve,
 He saw approach, who first with curious eye
 Perus'd him, then with words thus utter'd spake. 320
 Sir, what ill chance hath brought thee to this place
 So far from path or road of men, who pass
 In troop or caravan? for single none
 Durst ever, who return'd, and dropt not here
 His carcase, pin'd with hunger and with drought.
 I ask the rather, and the more admire, 326
 For that to me thou seem'st the man, whom late
 Our new baptizing prophet at the ford
 Of Jordan honour'd so, and call'd thee Son
 Of God; I saw and heard, for we sometimes 330
 Who dwell this wild, constrain'd by want, come forth
 To town or village nigh (nighest is far)
 Where ought we hear; and curious are to hear,
 What happens new; fame also finds us out.
 To whom the Son of God. Who brought me hither

Book I. PARADISE REGAIN'D. 11

Will bring me hence ; no other guide I seek. 336

By miracle he may, reply'd the swain,
What other way I see not, for we here
Live on tough roots and stubs, to thirst inur'd
More than the camel, and to drink go far, 340
Men to much misery and hardship born ;
But if thou be the Son of God, command
That out of these hard stones be made thee bread ;
So shalt thou save thyself, and us relieve
With food, whereof we wretched seldom taste. 345

He ended, and the Son of God reply'd.
Think'st thou such force in bread ? is it not written
(For I discern thee other than thou seem'st)
Man lives not by bread only, but each word
Proceeding from the mouth of God, who fed 350
Our fathers here with manna ? in the mount
Moses was forty days, nor ate nor drank ;
And forty days Elijah without food
Wander'd this barren waste ; the same I now :
Why dost thou then suggest to me distrust, 355
Knowing who I am, as I know who thou art ?

Whom thus answer'd th' arch-fiend now undisguis'd.
'Tis true, I am that spirit unfortunate,
Who leagu'd with millions more in rash revolt
Kept not my happy station, but was driv'n 360
With them from bliss to the bottomless deep ;
Yet to that hideous place not so confin'd
By rigour unconniving, but that oft
Leaving my dolorous prison, I enjoy
Large liberty to round this globe of earth, 365
Or range in th' air, nor far from the heav'n of heav'ns
Hath he excluded my resort sometimes.
I came among the sons of God, when he
Gave up into my hands Uzzean Job

12 PARADISE REGAIN'D. Book I.

To prove him, and illustrate his high worth ; 370
 And when to all his angels he propos'd
 To draw the proud king Ahab into fraud,
 That he might fall in Ramoth, they demurring,
 I undertook that office, and the tongues
 Of all his flattering prophets glibb'd with lies 375
 To his destruction, as I had in charge,
 For what he bids I do : though I have lost
 Much lustre of my native brightness, lost
 To be belov'd of God, I have not lost
 To love, at least contemplate and admire 380
 What I see excellent in good, or fair,
 Or virtuous, I should so have lost all sense.
 What can be then less in me than desire
 To see thee, and approach thee, whom I know
 Declar'd the Son of God, to hear attent 385
 Thy wisdom, and behold thy Godlike deeds ?
 Men generally think me much a foe
 To all mankind : why should I ? they to me
 Never did wrong or violence ; by them
 I lost not what I lost, rather by them 390
 I gain'd what I have gain'd, and with them dwell
 Copartner in these regions of the world,
 If not disposer ; lend them oft my aid,
 Oft my advice by presages and signs,
 And answers, oracles, portents, and dreams, 395
 Whereby they may direct their future life,
 Envy they say excites me, thus to gain
 Companions of my misery and wo.
 At first it may be ; but long since with wo
 Nearer acquainted, now I feel by proof, 400
 That fellowship in pain divides not smart,
 Nor lightens ought each man's peculiar load,
 Small consolation then, were man adjoin'd ;

Book I. PARADISE REGAIN'D. 13

This wounds me most, (what can it less?), that man,
Man fall'n shall be restor'd, I never more. 405

To whom our Saviour sternly thus reply'd.
Deserv'dly thou griev'st, compos'd of lies
From the beginning, and in lies wilt end;
Who boast'st release from hell, and leave to come
Into the heav'n of heav'ns: thou com'st indeed, 410
As a poor miserable captive thrall
Comes to the place where he before had sat
Among the prime in splendour, now depos'd,
Ejected, emptied, gaz'd, unpitied, shunn'd,
A spectacle of ruin or of scorn 415
To all the host of heav'n: the happy place
Imparts to thee no happiness, no joy,
Rather inflames thy torment, representing
Lost bliss, to thee no more communicable,
So never more in hell than when in heav'n. 420
But thou art serviceable to heav'n's King.
Wilt thou impute t' obedience what thy fear
Extorts, or pleasure to do ill excites?
What but thy malice mov'd thee to misdeem
Of righteous Job, then cruelly to' afflict him 425
With all inflictions? but his patience won.
The other service was thy chosen task,
To be a liar in four hundred mouths;
For lying is thy sustenance, thy food.
Yet thou pretend'st to truth; all oracles 430
By thee are giv'n, and what confess'd more true
Among the nations? that hath been thy craft,
By mixing somewhat true to vent more lies.
But what have been thy answers, what but dark,
Ambiguous, and with double sense, deluding, 435
Which they who ask'd have seldom understood,

14 PARADISE REGAIN'D. Book I.

And not well understood as good not known?
 Who ever by consulting at thy shrine
 Return'd the wiser, or the more instruct
 To fly or follow what concern'd him most, 440
 And run not sooner to his fatal snare?
 For God hath justly giv'n the nations up
 To thy delusions; justly, since they fell
 Idolatrous: but when his purpose is
 Among them to declare his providence 445
 To thee not known, whence hast thou then thy truth,
 But from him or his angels president
 In every province? who themselves disdaining
 T' approach thy temples, give thee in command
 What to the smallest tittle thou shalt say 450
 To thy adorers; thou with trembling fear,
 Or like a fawning parasite obey'st;
 Then to thyself ascrib'st the truth foretold.
 But this thy glory shall be soon retrench'd;
 No more shalt thou by oracling abuse 455
 The Gentiles; henceforth oracles are ceas'd;
 And thou no more with pomp and sacrifice
 Shalt be inquir'd at Delphos or elsewhere,
 At least in vain, for they shall find thee mute.
 God hath now sent his living oracle 460
 Into the world to teach his final will,
 And sends his Spi'rit of truth henceforth to dwell
 In pious hearts, an inward oracle
 To all truth requisite for men to know.

So spake our Saviour; but the subtle fiend, 465
 Though inly stung with anger and disdain,
 Dissembled, and this answer smooth return'd.

Sharply thou hast insisted on rebuke,
 And urg'd me hard with doings, which not will,

But misery hath wrested from me : where 470

Easily canst thou find one miserable,

And not enforc'd oft-times to part from truth ;

If it may stand him more in stead to lie,

Say and unsay, feign, flatter, or abjure ?

But thou art plac'd above me, thou art Lord ; 475

From thee I can and must submit endure

Check or reproof, and glad to 'scape so quit.

Hard are the ways of truth, and rough to walk,

Smooth on the tongue discours'd, pleasing to th' ear,

And tuneable as sylvan pipe or song ; 480

What wonder then if I delight to hear

Her dictates from thy mouth ? Most men admire

Virtue, who follow not her lore : permit me

To hear thee when I come (since no man comes),

And talk at least, though I despair to' attain. 485

Thy Father, who is holy, wise, and pure,

Suffers the hypocrite or atheous priest

To tread his sacred courts, and minister

About his altar, handling holy things,

1 Praying or vowing, and vouchsaf'd his voice 490

To Balaam reprobate, a prophet yet

Inspir'd ; disdain not such access to me.

To whom our Saviour with unalter'd brow.

Thy coming hither, though I know thy scope,

I bid not or forbid ; do as thou find'st 495

Permission from above ; thou canst not more.

He added not ; and Satan bowing low

His gray dissimulation, disappear'd

Into thin air diffus'd : for now began

Night with her fullen wings to double-shade 500

The desert ; fowls in their clay nests were couch'd ;

And now wild beasts came forth the woods to roam.

B O O K II.

MEan while the new baptiz'd, who yet remain'd
 At Jordan with the Baptist, and had seen
 Him whom they heard so late expressly call'd
 Jesus Messiah Son of God declar'd,
 And on that high authority had believ'd, 5
 And with him talk'd, and with him lodg'd, I mean
 Andrew and Simon, famous after known,
 With others though in holy writ not nam'd,
 Now missing him their joy so lately found,
 So lately found, and so abruptly gone, 10
 Began to doubt, and doubted many days,
 And as the days increas'd, increas'd their doubt :
 Sometimes they thought he might be only shown,
 And for a time caught up to God, as once
 Moses was in the mount, and missing long ; 15
 And the great Thilbite, who on fiery wheels
 Rode up to heav'n, yet once again to come.
 Therefore as those young prophets then with care
 Sought lost Elijah, so in each place these
 Nigh to Bethabara ; in Jericho 20
 The city' of palms, Ænon, and Salem old,
 Machærus, and each town or city wall'd
 On this side the broad lake Genezaret,
 Or in Peræa ; but return'd in vain.
 Then on the bank of Jordan, by a creek, 25
 Where winds with reeds and osiers whisp'ring play,
 Plain fishermen, no greater men them call,
 Close in a cottage low together got,
 Their unexpected loss and complaints outbreath'd.
 Alas, from what high hope to what relapse 30
 Unlook'd for are we fall'n ! our eyes beheld

Book II. PARADISE REGAIN'D. 17

Messiah certainly now come, so long
 Expected of our fathers ; we have heard
 His words, his wisdom full of grace and truth ;
 Now, now, for sure, deliverance is at hand, 35
 The kingdom shall to Israel be restor'd :
 Thus we rejoic'd, but soon our joy is turn'd
 Into perplexity and new amaze :
 For whither is he gone, what accident
 Hath rapt him from us ? will he now retire 40
 After appearance, and again prolong
 Our expectation ? God of Israël,
 Send thy Messiah forth, the time is come ;
 Behold the kings of th' earth how they oppress
 Thy chosen, to what height their pow'r unjust 45
 They have exalted, and behind them cast
 All fear of thee ; arise and vindicate
 Thy glory, free thy people from their yoke.
 But let us wait ; thus far he hath perform'd,
 Sent his Anointed, and to us reveal'd him 50
 By his great prophet, pointed at and shown
 In public, and with him we have convers'd ;
 Let us be glad of this, and all our fears
 Lay on his providence ; he will not fail,
 Nor will withdraw him now, nor will recall, 55
 Mock us with his blest sight, then snatch him hence :
 Soon we shall see our hope, our joy return.

Thus they out of their complaints new hope resume
 To find whom at the first they found unsought :
 But to his mother Mary, when she saw 60
 Others return'd from baptism, not her son,
 Nor left at Jordan, tidings of him none,
 Within her breast though calm, her breast though pure,
 Motherly cares and fears got head, and rais'd
 Some troubled thoughts, which she in sighs thus clad.

18 PARADISE REGAIN'D. Book II.

O what avails me now that honour high 66
 To have conceiv'd of God, or that salute,
 Hail highly favour'd, among women blest'd !
 While I to sorrows am no less advanc'd,
 And fears as eminent, above the lot 70
 Of other women, by the birth I bore,
 In such a season born when scarce a shed
 Could be obtain'd to shelter him or me
 From the bleak air ; a stable was our warmth,
 A manger his ; yet soon enforc'd to fly 75
 Thence into Egypt, till the murd'rous king
 Were dead, who sought his life, and missing fill'd
 With infant-blood the streets of Bethlehem ;
 From Egypt home return'd, in Nazareth
 Hath been our dwelling many years ; his life 80
 Private, unactive, calm, contemplative,
 Little suspicious to any king ; but now
 Full grown to man, acknowledg'd, as I hear,
 By John the Baptist, and in public shown,
 Son own'd from heaven by his Father's voice ; 85
 I look'd for some great change ; to honour ? no,
 But trouble, as old Simeon plain foretold,
 That to the fall and rising he should be
 Of many in Israel, and to a sign
 Spoken against, that through my very soul 90
 A sword shall pierce ; this is my favour'd lot,
 My exaltation to afflictions high ;
 Afflicted I may be, it seems, and blest'd ;
 I will not argue that, nor will repine.
 But where delays he now ? some great intent 95
 Conceals him : when twelve years he scarce had seen,
 I lost him, but so found, as well I saw
 He could not lose himself ; but went about
 His Father's business ; what he meant I mus'd,

Book II. PARADISE REGAIN'D. 19

Since understand ; much more his absence now 100
Thus long to some great purpose he obscures.
But I to wait with patience am inur'd ;
My heart hath been a storehouse long of things
And say'ings laid up, portending strange events.

Thus Mary pond'ring oft, and oft to mind 105
Recalling what remarkably had pass'd
Since first her salutation heard, with thoughts
Meekly compos'd awaited the fulfilling :
The while her son tracing the desert wild,
Sole but with holiest meditations fed, 110
Into himself descended, and at once
All his great work to come before him set ;
How to begin, how to accomplish best
His end of being on earth, and mission high :
For Satan with sly preface to return 115
Had left him vacant, and with speed was gone
Up to the middle region of thick air,
Where all his potentates in council sat ;
There without sign of boast, or sign of joy,
Solicitous and blank he thus began. 120

Princes, heav'n's ancient sons, ethereal thrones,
Demonian spirits now, from th' element
Each of his reign allotted, rightlier call'd
Pow'rs of fire, air, water, and earth beneath,
So may we hold our place and these mild seats 125
Without new trouble ; such an enemy
Is risen to invade us, who no less
Threatens than our expulsion down to hell ;
I, as I undertook, and with the vote
Consenting in full frequency was impow'r'd, 130
Have found him, view'd him, tasted him, but find
Far other labour to be undergone,
Than when I dealt with Adam first of men,

20 PARADISE REGAIN'D. Book II.

Though Adam by his wife's allurements fell,
However to this man inferior far, 135

If he be man by mother's side at least,
With more than human gifts from heav'n adorn'd,
Perfections absolute, graces divine,
And amplitude of mind to greatest deeds.
Therefore I am return'd, lest confidence 140

Of my success with Eve in Paradise
Deceive ye to persuasion over-sure
Of like succeeding here; I summon all
Rather to be in readiness, with hand
Or counsel to assist; lest I who erst 145
Thought none my equal, now be over-match'd.

So spake th' old serpent doubting, and from all
With clamour was assur'd their utmost aid
At his command; when from amidst them rose
Belial, the dissolute'st spi'rit that fell, 150
The sensuallest, and after Asmodai
The fleshliest incubus; and thus advis'd.

Set women in his eye, and in his walk
Among daughters of men the fairest found;
Many are in each region passing fair 155

As the noon-sky; more like to goddesses
Than mortal creatures, graceful and discreet,
Expert in am'rous arts, enchanting tongues
Persuasive, virgin-majesty with mild
And sweet allay'd, yet terrible t' approach, 160

Skill'd to retire, and in retiring draw
Hearts after them tangled in amorous nets,
Such object hath the pow'r to soft'n and tame
Severest temper, smooth the rugged'st brow,
Enerve, and with voluptuous hope dissolve, 165
Draw out with credulous desire, and lead
At will the manliest, resolute'st breast,

As the magnetic hardest iron draws.
 Women, when nothing else, beguil'd the heart
 Of wisest Solomon, and made him build, 170
 And made him bow to the gods of his wives.

To whom quick answer Satan thus return'd.
 Belial, in much uneven scale thou weigh'st
 All others by thyself; because of old
 Thou thyself doat'dst on womankind, admiring 175
 Their shape, their colour, and attractive grace,
 None are, thou think'st, but taken with such toys.
 Before the flood thou with thy lusty crew,
 False titled sons of God, roaming the earth,
 Cast wanton eyes on the daughters of men, 180
 And coupled with them, and begot a race.
 Have we not seen, or by relation heard,
 In courts and regal chambers how thou lurk'dst,
 In wood or grove by mossy fountain-side,
 In valley or green meadow, to waylay 185
 Some beauty rare, Calisto, Clymene,
 Daphne, or Semele, Antiopa,
 Or Amydone, Syrinx, many more
 Too long, then lay'dst thy scapes on names ador'd,
 Apollo, Neptune, Jupiter, or Pan, 190
 Satyr, or Faun, or Sylvan? But these haunts
 Delight not all; among the sons of men,
 How many have with a smile made small account
 Of beauty and her lures, easily scorn'd
 All her assaults, on worthier things intent? 195
 Remember that Pellean conqueror,
 A youth, how all the beauties of the east
 He slightly view'd, and slightly overpass'd;
 How he firnam'd of Africa dismiss'd
 In his prime youth the fair Iberian maid. 200
 For Solomon, he liv'd at ease, and full

22 PARADISE REGAIN'D. Book II.

Of honour, wealth, high fare, aim'd not beyond
 Higher design than to enjoy his state;
 Thence to the bait of women lay expos'd :
 But he whom we attempt is wiser far 205
 Than Solomon, of more exalted mind,
 Made and set wholly on th' accomplishment
 Of greatest things ; what woman will you find,
 Though of this age the wonder and the fame,
 On whom his leisure will vouchsafe an eye 210
 Of fond desire ? or should she confident,
 As sitting queen ador'd on beauty's throne,
 Descend with all her winning charms begirt
 T' enamour, as the zone of Venus once
 Wrought that effect on Jove, so fables tell ; 215
 How would one look from his majestic brow,
 Seated as on the top of Virtue's hill,
 Discount'nance her despis'd, and put to rout
 All her array ; her female pride deject,
 Or turn to reverent awe ? for beauty stands 220
 In th' admiration only of weak minds
 Led captive ; cease to' admire, and all her plumes
 Fall flat and shrink into a trivial toy,
 At every sudden slighting quite abash'd :
 Therefore with manlier objects we must try 225
 His constancy, with such as have more show
 Of worth, of honour, glory', and popular praise ;
 Rocks whereon greatest men have ofttest wreck'd ;
 Or that which only seems to satisfy
 Lawful desires of nature, not beyond ; 230
 And now I know he hungers where no food
 Is to be found, in the wide wilderness ;
 The rest commit to me, I shall let pass
 No' advantage, and his strength as oft assay.
 He ceas'd, and heard their grant in loud acclaim ;

Book II. PARADISE REGAIN'D. 23

Then forthwith to him takes a chosen band 236
Of spirits likest to himself in guile
To be at hand, and at his beck appear,
If cause were to unfold some active scene
Of various persons, each to know his part ; 240
Then to the desert takes with these his flight ;
Where still from shade to shade the Son of God
After forty days fasting had remain'd,
Now hung'ring first, and to himself thus said.

Where will this end ? four times ten days I've pass'd
Wand'ring this woody maze, and human food 246
Nor tasted, nor had appetite ; that fast
To virtue I impute not, or count part
Of what I suffer here ; if nature need not,
Or God support nature without repast 250
Though needing, what praise is it to endure ?
But now I feel I hunger, which declares
Nature hath need of what she asks ; yet God
Can satisfy that need some other way,
Though hunger still remain : so it remain. 255
Without this body's wasting, I content me,
And from the sting of famine fear no harm,
Nor mind it, fed with better thoughts that feed
Me hung'ring more to do my Father's will.

It was the hour of night, when thus the Son 260
Commun'd in silent walk, then laid him down
Under the hospitable covert nigh
Of trees thick interwoven ; there he slept,
And dream'd, as appetite is wont to dream,
Of meats and drinks, nature's refreshment sweet ;
Him thought, he by the brook of Cherith stood, 266
And saw the ravens with their horny beaks
Food to Elijah bringing ev'n and morn, [brought :
Though ravenous, taught t' abstain from what they

24 PARADISE REGAIN'D. Book II.

He saw the prophet also how he fled 270
 Into the desert, and how there he slept
 Under a juniper ; then how awak'd,
 He found his supper on the coals prepar'd,
 And by the angel was bid rise and eat,
 And eat the second time after repose, 275
 The strength whereof suffic'd him forty days ;
 Sometimes that with Elijah he partook,
 Or as a guest with Daniel at his pulse.
 Thus wore out night, and now the herald lark
 Left his ground-nest, high tow'ring to descry 280
 The morn's approach, and greet her with his song :
 As lightly from his grassy couch up rose
 Our Saviour, and found all was but a dream,
 Fasting he went to sleep, and fasting wak'd.
 Up to a hill anon his steps he rear'd, 285
 From whose high top to ken the prospect round,
 If cottage were in view, sheep-cote or herd ;
 But cottage, herd, or sheep-cote none he saw ;
 Only' in a bottom saw a pleasant grove,
 With chant of tuneful birds resounding loud ; 290
 Thither he bent his way, determin'd there
 To rest at noon, and enter'd soon the shade
 High rooft, and walks beneath, and alleys brown,
 That open'd in the midst a woody scene ;
 Nature's own work it seem'd, (nature taught art), 295
 And to a superstitious eye the haunt
 Of wood-gods and wood-nymphs ; he view'd it round,
 When suddenly a man before him stood,
 Not rustic as before, but seemlier clad,
 As one in city', or court, or palace bred, 300
 And with fair speech these words to him address'd.

With granted leave officious I return,
 But much more wonder that the Son of God

Book II. PARADISE REGAIN'D. 25

In this wild solitude so long should bide,
 Of all things destitute, and well I know, 305
 Not without hunger. Others of some note,
 As story tells, have trod this wilderness;
 The fugitive bondwoman with her son
 Out-cast Nebaioth, yet found here relief
 By a providing angel; all the race 310
 Of Israel here had famish'd, had not God
 Rain'd from heav'n manna; and that prophet bold
 Native of Thebez wand'ring here was fed
 Twice by a voice inviting him to eat:
 Of thee these forty days none hath regard, 315
 Forty and more deserted here indeed.

To whom thus Jesus. What conclud'st thou hence?
 They all had need, I as thou seest have none.

How hast thou hunger then? Satan reply'd.
 Tell me if food were now before thee set, 320
 Wouldst thou not eat? Thereafter as I like
 The giver, answer'd Jesus. Why should that
 Cause thy refusal? said the subtle fiend.
 Hast thou not right to all created things?
 Owe not all creatures by just right to thee 325
 Duty and service, not to stay till bid,
 But tender all their pow'r? nor mention I
 Meats by the law unclean, or offer'd first
 To idols, those young Daniel could refuse;
 Nor proffer'd by an enemy, though who 330
 Would scruple that, with want oppress'd? Behold
 Nature asham'd, or better to express,
 Troubled that thou shouldst hunger, hath purvey'd
 From all the elements her choicest store
 To treat thee as befits, and as her Lord, 335
 With honour, only deign to sit and eat.

He spake no dream; for as his words had end,

Our Saviour lifting up his eyes, beheld
 In ample space under the broadest shade
 A table richly spread, in regal mode, 340
 With dishes pil'd, and meats of noblest sort
 And favour, beasts of chace, or fowl of game,
 In pastry built, or from the spit, or boil'd,
 Gris-amber-steam'd ; all fish from sea or shore,
 Freshet, or purling brook, of shell or fin, 345
 And exquisitest name, for which was drain'd
 Pontus, and Lucrine bay, and Afric coast.
 Alas, how simple, to these cates compar'd,
 Was that cyde apple that diverted Eve !
 And at a stately side-board by the wine 350
 That fragrant smell diffus'd, in order stood
 Tall stripling youths rich clad, of fairer hue
 Than Ganymede or Hylas ; distant more
 Under the trees now tripp'd, now solemn stood
 Nymphs of Diana's train, and Naiades 355
 With fruits and flow'rs from Amalthea's horn,
 And ladies of th' Hesperides, that seem'd
 Fairer than feign'd of old, or fabled since
 Of fairy damsels met in forest wide
 By knights of Logres, or of Lyones, 360
 Lancelot, or Pelleas, or Pellenore :
 And all the while harmonious airs were heard
 Of chiming strings, or charming pipes, and winds
 Of gentlest gale Arabian odours fann'd
 From their soft wings, and Flora's earliest smells. 365
 Such was the splendour ; and the tempter now
 His invitation earnestly renew'd.

What doubts the Son of God to sit and eat ?
 These are not fruits forbidden ; no interdict
 Defends the touching of these viands pure ; 370

Their taste no knowledge works at least of evil,
 But life preserves, destroys life's enemy,
 Hunger, with sweet restorative delight.
 All these are spi'rits of air, and woods, and springs,
 Thy gentle ministers, who come to pay 375
 Thee homage, and acknowledge thee their Lord:
 What doubt'st thou Son of God? sit down and eat.

To whom thus Jesus temp'rately reply'd.
 Saidst thou not that to all things I had right?
 And who with-holds my pow'r that right to use? 380
 Shall I receive by gift what of my own,
 When and where likes me best, I can command?
 I can at will, doubt not, as soon as thou,
 Command a table in this wilderness,
 And call swift flights of angels ministrant 385
 Array'd in glory on my cup to' attend:
 Why shouldst thou then obtrude this diligence,
 In vain, where no acceptance it can find?
 And with my hunger what hast thou to do?
 Thy pompous delicacies I contemn, 390
 And count thy specious gifts no gifts, but guiles.

To whom thus answer'd Satan malecontent.
 That I have also pow'r to give thou seest;
 If of that pow'r I bring thee voluntary
 What I might have bestow'd on whom I pleas'd, 395
 And rather opportunely in this place
 Chose to impart to thy apparent need,
 Why shouldst thou not accept it? but I see
 What I can do or offer is suspect;
 Of these things others quickly will dispose, 400
 Whose pains have earn'd the far-fet spoil. With that
 Both table and provision vanish'd quite
 With sound of harpies wings, and talons heard;

Only th' impórtune tempter still remain'd;
 And with these words his temptation pursu'd. 405
 By hunger, that each other creature tames,
 Thou art not to be harm'd, therefore not mov'd;
 Thy temperance invincible besides,
 For no allurements yields to appetite,
 And all thy heart is set on high designs, 410
 High actions; but wherewith to be achiev'd?
 Great acts require great means of enterprise;
 Thou art unknown, unfriended, low of birth,
 A carpenter thy father known, thyself
 Bred up in poverty and straits at home, 415
 Lost in a desert here and hunger-bit:
 Which way or from what hope dost thou aspire
 To greatness? whence authority deriv'st?
 What followers, what retinue canst thou gain,
 Or at thy heels the dizzy multitude, 420
 Longer than thou canst feed them on thy cost?
 Money brings honour, friends, conquest, and realms:
 What rais'd Antipater the Edomite,
 And his son Herod plac'd on Judah's throne, 424
 Thy throne, but gold that got him puissant friends?
 Therefore, if at great things thou wouldst arrive,
 Get riches first, get wealth, and treasure heap,
 Not difficult, if thou hearken to me;
 Riches are mine, fortune is in my hand;
 They whom I favour thrive in wealth amain, 430
 While virtue, valour, wisdom sit in want.
 To whom thus Jesus patiently reply'd.
 Yet wealth without these three is impotent
 To gain dominion, or to keep it gain'd.
 Witness those ancient empires of the earth, 435
 In height of all their flowing wealth dissolv'd:
 But men endu'd with these have oft attain'd

In lowest poverty to highest deeds ;
 Gideon, and Jephtha, and the shepherd lad,
 Whose offspring on the throne of Judah sat 440
 So many ages, and shall yet regain
 That feat, and reign in Israhel without end.
 Among the Heathen, (for throughout the world
 To me is not unknown what hath been done
 Worthy' of memorial), canst thou not remember 445
 Quintius, Fabricius, Curius, Regulus ?
 For I esteem those names of men so poor,
 Who could do mighty things, and could contemn
 Riches though offer'd from the hand of kings.
 And what in me seems wanting, but that I 450
 May also in this poverty as soon
 Accomplish what they did, perhaps and more ?
 Extol not riches then, the toil of fools,
 The wise man's cumbrance, if not snare, more apt
 To slacken virtue, and abate her edge, 455
 Than prompt her to do ought may merit praise.
 What if with like aversion I reject
 Riches and realms ; yet not, for that a crown,
 Golden in show, is but a wreath of thorns,
 Brings dangers, troubles, cares, and sleepless nights
 To him who wears the regal diadem, 461
 When on his shoulders each man's burden lies ;
 For therein stands the office of a king,
 His honour, virtue, merit, and chief praise,
 That for the public all this weight he bears. 465
 Yet he who reigns within himself, and rules
 Passions, desires, and fears, is more a king ;
 Which ev'ry wise and virtuous man attains :
 And who attains not, ill aspires to rule
 Cities of men, or headstrong multitudes, 470
 Subject himself to anarchy within,

Or lawless passions in him which he serves.
 But to guide nations in the way of truth
 By saving doctrine, and from error lead
 To know, and knowing worship God aright, 475
 Is yet more kingly; this attracts the soul,
 Governs the inner man, the nobler part;
 That other o'er the body only reigns,
 And oft by force, which to a generous mind
 So reigning can be no sincere delight. 480
 Besides, to give a kingdom hath been thought
 Greater and nobler done, and to lay down
 Far more magnanimous, than to assume.
 Riches are needless then, both for themselves,
 And for thy reason why they should be fought, 485
 To gain a sceptre, ofttest better miss'd.

B O O K III.

SO spake the Son of God, and Satan stood
 A while as mute, confounded what to say,
 What to reply, confuted and convine'd
 Of his weak arguing, and fallacious drift;
 At length collecting all his serpent-wiles, 5
 With soothing words renew'd, him thus accosts.
 I see thou know'st what is of use to know,
 What best to say canst say, to do canst do;
 Thy actions to thy words accord, thy words
 To thy large heart give utterance due, thy heart 10
 Contains of good, wise, just, the perfect shape.
 Should kings and nations from thy mouth consult,
 Thy counsel would be as the oracle
 Urim and Thummim, those oraculous gems
 On Aaron's breast; or tongue of seers old 15

Book III. PARADISE REGAIN'D. 31

Infallible : or wert thou fought to deeds
That might require th' array of war, thy skill
Of conduct would be such, that all the world
Could not sustain thy prowess, or subsist
In battle, though against thy few in arms. 20

These Godlike virtues wherefore dost thou hide,
Affecting private life, or more obscure
In savage wilderness ? wherefore deprive
All earth her wonder at thy acts, thyself
The fame and glory, glory the reward 25
That sole excites to high attempts, the flame
Of most erected spirits, most temper'd pure
Ethereal, who all pleasures else despise,
All treasures and all gain esteem as dross,
And dignities and pow'rs all but the highest ? 30

Thy years are ripe, and over-ripe ; the son
Of Macedonian Philip had ere these
Won Asia ; and the throne of Cyrus held
At his dispose ; young Scipio had brought down
The Carthaginian pride ; young Pompey quell'd 35
The Pontic king, and in triumph had rode.
Yet years, and to ripe years judgment mature,
Quench not the thirst of glory, but augment.
Great Julius, whom now all the world admires,
The more he grew in years, the more inflam'd 40
With glory, wept that he had liv'd so long
Inglorious : but thou yet art not too late.

To whom our Saviour calmly thus reply'd.
Thou neither dost persuade me to seek wealth
For empire's sake, nor empire to affect 45
For glory's sake, by all thy argument.
For what is glory but the blaze of fame,
The people's praise, if always praise unmix'd ?
And what the people but a herd confus'd, 49

32 PARADISE REGAIN'D. Book III.

A miscellaneous rabble, who extol [praise?
 Things vulgar, and well weigh'd, scarce worth the
 They praise, and they admire they know not what,
 And know not whom, but as one leads the other ;
 And what delight to be by such extoll'd,
 To live upon their tongues and be their talk, 55
 Of whom to be disprais'd were no small praise ?
 His lot who dares be singularly good.
 Th' intelligent among them and the wise
 Are few, and glory scarce of few is rais'd.
 This is true glory and renown, when God 60
 Looking on th' earth, with approbation marks
 The just man, and divulges him through heav'n
 To all his angels, who with true applause
 Recount his praises : thus he did to Job,
 When to extend his fame through heav'n and earth,
 As thou to thy reproach mayst well remember, 66
 He ask'd thee, Hast thou seen my servant Job ?
 Famous he was in heav'n, on earth less known ;
 Where glory is false glory, attributed
 To things not glorious, men not worthy' of fame. 70
 They err who count it glorious to subdue
 By conquest far and wide, to over-run
 Large countries, and in field great battles win,
 Great cities by assault : what do these worthies,
 But rob and spoil, burn, slaughter, and inflave 75
 Peaceable nations, neighb'ring, or remote,
 Made captive, yet deserving freedom more
 Than those their conquerors, who leave behind
 Nothing but ruin where'soe'er they rove,
 And all the flourishing works of peace destroy, 80
 Then swell with pride, and must be titled gods,
 Great benefactors of mankind, deliverers,
 Worshipp'd with temple, priest and sacrifice ;

Book III. PARADISE REGAIN'D. 33

One is the Son of Jove, of Mars the other ;
 Till conqu'ror Death discover them scarce men, 85
 Rolling in brutish vices, and deform'd,
 Violent or shameful death their due reward.
 But if there be in glory ought of good,
 It may by means far different be attain'd
 Without ambition, war, or violence ; 90
 By deeds of peace, by wisdom eminent,
 By patience, temperance : I mention still
 Him whom thy wrongs with faintly patience borne
 Made famous in a land and times obscure ;
 Who names not now with honour patient Job ? 95
 Poor Socrates, (who next more memorable ?),
 By what he taught and suffer'd for so doing,
 For truth's sake suffering death unjust, lives now
 Equal in fame to proudest conquerors.
 Yet if for fame and glory ought be done, 100
 Ought suffer'd ; if young African for fame
 His wasted country freed from Punic rage,
 The deed becomes unprais'd, the man at least,
 And loses, though but verbal, his reward.
 Shall I seek glory then, as vain men seek, 105
 Oft not deserv'd ? I seek not mine, but his
 Who sent me', and thereby witness whence I am.

To whom the tempter murm'ring thus reply'd.
 Think not so slight of glory ; therein least
 Resembling thy great Father : he seeks glory, 110
 And for his glory all things made, all things
 Orders and governs ; nor content in heav'n
 By all his angels glorify'd, requires
 Glory from men, from all men, good or bad,
 Wise or unwise, no difference, no exemption ; 115
 Above all sacrifice, or hallow'd gift
 Glory' he requires, and glory he receives

34 PARADISE REGAIN'D. Book III.

Promiscuous from all nations, Jew, or Greek,
Or barbarous, nor exception hath declar'd ;
From us his foes pronounc'd glory' he exacts. 120

To whom our Saviour fervently reply'd.
And reason ; since his word all things produc'd,
Though chiefly not for glory as prime end,
But to show forth his goodness, and impart
His good communicable to every soul 125
Freely ; of whom what could he less expect
Than glory' and benediction, that is, thanks,
The slightest, easiest, readiest recompense
From them who could return him nothing else,
And not returning that would likeliest render 130
Contempt in stead, dishonour, obloquy ?

Hard recompense, unsuitable return
For so much good, so much beneficence.
But why should man seek glory ? who' of his own
Hath nothing, and to whom nothing belongs 135
But condemnation, ignominy', and shame ?
Who for so many benefits receiv'd
Turn'd recreant to God, ingrate and false,
And so of all true good himself despoil'd,
Yet, sacrilegious, to himself would take 140
That which to God alone of right belongs ;
Yet so much bounty is in God, such grace,
That who advance his glory, not their own,
Them he himself to glory will advance.

So spake the Son of God ; and here again 145
Satan had not to answer, but stood struck
With guilt of his own sin, for he himself
Insatiable of glory had lost all,
Yet of another plea bethought him soon.

Of glory, as thou wilt, said he, so deem, 150
Worth or not worth the seeking, let it pass :

Book III. PARADISE REGAIN'D. 35

But to a kingdom thou art born, ordain'd
 To sit upon thy father David's throne ;
 By mother's side thy father ; though thy right
 Be now in pow'rful hands, that will not part 155
 Easily from possession won with arms :
 Judæa now and all the promis'd land,
 Reduc'd a province under Roman yoke,
 Obeys Tiberius ; nor is always rul'd
 With temp'rate sway ; oft have they violated 160
 The temple, oft the law with foul affronts,
 Abominations rather, as did once
 Antiochus : and think'st thou to regain
 Thy right by sitting still or thus retiring ?
 So did not Maccabeus : he indeed 165
 Retir'd unto the desert, but with arms ;
 And o'er a mighty king so oft prevail'd,
 That by strong hand his family obtain'd,
 Though priests, the crown, and David's throne usurp'd,
 With Modin and her suburbs once content. 170
 If kingdom move thee not, let move thee zeal
 And duty ; zeal and duty are not slow ;
 But on occasion's forelock watchful wait.
 They themselves rather are occasion best,
 Zeal of thy father's house, duty to free 175
 Thy country from her Heathen servitude ;
 So shalt thou best fulfil, best verify
 The prophets old, who sung thy endless reign ;
 The happier reign the sooner it begins ;
 Reign then ; what canst thou better do the while ?
 To whom our Saviour answer thus return'd. 181
 All things are best fulfill'd in their due time,
 And time there is for all things, Truth hath said :
 If of my reign prophetic writ hath told,
 That it shall never end, so when begin 185

The Father in his purpose hath decreed,
 He in whose hand all times and seasons roll.
 What if he hath decreed that I shall first
 Be try'd in humble state, and things adverse,
 By tribulations, injuries, insults, 190
 Contempts, and scorns, and snares, and violence,
 Suffering, abstaining, quietly expecting,
 Without distrust or doubt, that he may know
 What I can suffer, how obey? who best
 Can suffer, best can do; best reign, who first 195
 Well hath obey'd; just trial ere I merit
 My exaltation without change or end.
 But what concerns it thee when I begin
 My everlasting kingdom, why art thou
 Solicitous, what moves thy inquisition? 200
 Know'st thou not that my rising is thy fall,
 And my promotion will be thy destruction?

To whom the tempter inly rack'd reply'd.
 Let that come when it comes; all hope is lost
 Of my reception into grace; what worse? 205
 For where no hope is left, is left no fear:
 If there be worse, the expectation more
 Of worse torments me than the feeling can.
 I would be at the worst; worst is my port,
 My harbour and my ultimate repose, 210
 The end I would attain, my final good.
 My error was my error, and my crime
 My crime; whatever for itself condemn'd,
 And will alike be punish'd, whether thou
 Reign or reign not; though to that gentle brow 215
 Willingly I could fly, and hope thy reign,
 From that placid aspect and meek regard,
 Rather than aggravate my evil state,
 Would stand between me and thy Father's ire,

Book III. PARADISE REGAIN'D. 37

(Whose ire I dread more than the fire of hell), 220

A shelter and a kind of shading cool

Interposition, as a summer's cloud.

If I then to the worst that can be haste,

Why move thy feet so slow to what is best,

Happiest both to thyself and all the world, 225

That thou who worthiest art shouldst be their king?

Perhaps thou linger'st in deep thoughts detain'd

Of th' enterprise so hazardous and high;

No wonder, for though in thee be united

What of perfection can in man be found, 230

Or human nature can receive, consider

Thy life hath yet been private, most part spent

At home, scarce view'd the Galilean towns,

And once a-year Jerusalem, few days 234

Short sojourn; and what thence couldst thou observe?

The world thou hast not seen, much less her glory,

Empires, and monarchs, and their radiant courts,

Best school of best experience, quickest insight

In all things that to greatest actions lead.

The wisest, unexperienc'd, will be ever 240

Timorous and loath, with novice modesty,

(As he who seeking asses found a kingdom),

Irresolute, unhardy, unadvent'rous:

But I will bring thee where thou soon shalt quit

Those rudiments, and see before thine eyes 245

The monarchies of th' earth, their pomp and state,

Sufficient introduction to inform

Thee, of thyself so apt, in regal arts,

And regal mysteries, that thou mayst know

How best their opposition to withstand. 250

With that (such pow'r was given him then) he took

The Son of God up to a mountain high.

It was a mountain at whose verdant feet

38 PARADISE REGAIN'D. Book III.

A spacious plain out-stretch'd in circuit wide,
 Lay pleasant ; from his side two rivers flow'd, 255
 Th' one winding, th' other strait, and left between
 Fair champaign with less rivers intervein'd,
 Then meeting join'd their tribute to the sea :
 Fertile of corn the glebe, of oil and wine ; 259
 With herds the pastures throng'd, with flocks the hills ;
 Huge cities and high tow'r'd, that well might seem
 The seats of mightiest monarchs, and so large
 The prospect was, that here and there was room
 For barren desert fountainless and dry.
 To this high mountain-top the tempter brought 265
 Our Saviour, and new train of words began.

Well have we speeded, and o'er hill and dale,
 Forest, and field, and flood, temples and towers
 Cut shorter many a league ; here thou behold'st
 Assyria and her empire's ancient bounds, 270
 Araxes and the Caspian lake, thence on
 As far as Indus east, Euphrates west,
 And oft beyond ; to south the Persian bay,
 And inaccessible th' Arabian drought :
 Here Nineveh, of length within her wall 275
 Several days journey, built by Ninus old,
 Of that first golden monarchy the feat,
 And feat of Salmanassar, whose success
 Israel in long captivity still mourns ;
 There Babylon, the wonder of all tongues, 280
 As ancient, but rebuilt by him who twice
 Judah and all thy father David's house
 Led captive, and Jerusalem laid waste,
 Till Cyrus set them free ; Persepolis
 His city there thou seest, and Bactra there ; 285
 Ecbatana her structure vast there shows,
 And Hecatompylos her hundred gates ;

Book III. PARADISE REGAIN'D. 39

There Susa by Choaspes, amber stream,
The drink of none but kings ; of later fame
Built by Emathian, or by Parthian hands, 290
The great Seleucia, Nisibis, and there
Artaxata, Teredon, Ctesiphon,
Turning with easy eye thou mayst behold.
All these the Parthian, now some ages past,
By great Arsaces led, who founded first 295
That empire, under his dominion holds,
From the luxurious kings of Antioch won.
And just in time thou com'st to have a view
Of his great pow'r ; for now the Parthian king
In Ctesiphon hath gather'd all his host 300
Against the Scythian, whose incursions wild
Have wasted Sogdiana ; to her aid
He marches now in haste ; see, though from far,
His thousands, in what martial equipage
They issue forth, steel bows, and shafts their arms,
Of equal dread in flight, or in pursuit ; 306
All horsemen, in which fight they most excel ;
See how in warlike muster they appear,
In rhombs, and wedges, and half-moons, and wings.
He look'd, and saw what numbers numberless 310
The city-gates out-pour'd, light-armed troops
In coats of mail and military pride ;
In mail their horses clad, yet fleet and strong,
Prancing their riders bore, the flow'r and choice
Of many provinces from bound to bound ; 315
From Arachosia, from Candaor east,
And Margiana to the Hyrcanian cliffs
Of Caucasus, and dark Iberian dales,
From Atropatia and the neighb'ring plains
Of Adiabene, Media, and the south 320
Of Susiana, to Balfara's haven.

40 PARADISE REGAIN'D. Book III.

He saw them in their forms of battle rang'd,
 How quick they wheel'd, and fly'ing behind them shot
 Sharp fleet of arrowy show'rs against the face
 Of their pursuers, and overcame by flight ; 325
 The field all iron cast a gleaming brown :
 Nor wanted clouds of foot, nor on each horn
 Cuirassiers all in steel for standing fight ;
 Chariots or elephants indors'd with towers
 Of archers, nor of lab'ring pioneers 330
 A multitude with spades and axes arm'd
 To lay hills plain, fell woods, or valleys fill,
 Or where plain was raise hill, or overlay
 With bridges rivers proud, as with a yoke ;
 Mules after these, camels and dromedaries, 335
 And waggons fraught with utensils of war.
 Such forces met not, nor so wide a camp,
 When Agrican with all his northern powers
 Besieg'd Albracca, as romances tell,
 The city' of Gallaphrone, from thence to win 340
 The fairest of her sex Angelica
 His daughter, fought by many prowest knights,
 Both Paynim, and the peers of Charlemain.
 Such and so numerous was their chivalry ;
 At fight whereof the fiend yet more presum'd, 345
 And to our Saviour thus his words renew'd.

That thou mayst know I seek not to engage
 Thy virtue, and not every way secure
 On no slight grounds thy safety ; hear, and mark
 To what end I have brought thee hither, and shown
 All this fair fight : thy kingdom though foretold 351
 By prophet or by angel, unless thou
 Endeavour, as thy father David did,
 Thou never shalt obtain ; prediction still
 In all things, and all men, supposes means, 355

Book III. PARADISE REGAIN'D. 41

Without means us'd, what it predicts revokes.
 But say thou wert possess'd of David's throne
 By free consent of all, none opposite,
 Samaritan or Jew; how couldst thou hope
 Long to enjoy it quiet and secure, 360

Between two such inclosing enemies
 Roman and Parthian? therefore one of these
 Thou must make sure thy own, the Parthian first
 By my advice, as nearer, and of late
 Found able by invasion to annoy 365

Thy country, and captive lead away her kings
 Antigonus, and old Hyrcanus bound,
 Maugre the Roman: it shall be my task
 To render thee the Parthian at dispose;
 Chuse which thou wilt by conquest or by league. 370

By him thou shalt regain, without him not,
 That which alone can truly reinstall thee
 In David's royal seat, his true successor,
 Deliverance of thy brethren, those ten tribes
 Whose offspring in his territory yet serve, 375

In Habor, and among the Medes dispers'd;
 Ten sons of Jacob, two of Joseph, lost
 Thus long from Israel, serving as of old
 Their fathers in the land of Egypt serv'd,
 This offer sets before thee to deliver. 380

These if from servitude thou shalt restore
 To their inheritance, then, nor till then,
 Thou on the throne of David in full glory,
 From Egypt to Euphrates and beyond
 Shalt reign, and Rome or Cæsar not need fear. 385

To whom our Saviour answer'd thus unmov'd.
 Much ostentation vain of fleshly arm,
 And fragile arms, much instrument of war
 Long in preparing, soon to nothing brought,

Before mine eyes thou' hast set; and in my ear 390
 Vented much policy, and projects deep
 Of enemies, of aids, battles and leagues,
 Plausible to the world, to me worth nought.
 Means I must use thou say'st, prediction else
 Will unpredict and fail me of the throne? 395
 My time I told thee (and that time for thee
 Were better farthest off) is not yet come;
 When that comes, think not thou to find me slack
 On my part ought endea'ring, or to need
 Thy politic maxims, or that cumbersome 400
 Luggage of war there shown me, argument
 Of human weakness rather than of strength.
 My brethren, as thou call'st them, those ten tribes
 I must deliver, if I mean to reign
 David's true heir, and his full sceptre sway 405
 To just extent over all Israel's sons;
 But whence to thee this zeal, where was it then
 For Israel, or for David, or his throne,
 When thou stood'st up his tempter to the pride
 Of numb'ring Israel, which cost the lives 410
 Of threescore and ten thousand Israelites
 By three days pestilence? such was thy zeal
 To Israel then, the same that now to me.
 As for those captive tribes, themselves were they
 Who wrought their own captivity, fell off 415
 From God to worship calves, the deities
 Of Egypt, Baal next and Ashtaroth,
 And all th' idolatries of Heathen round,
 Besides their other worse than heath'nish crimes;
 Nor in the land of their captivity 420
 Humbled themselves, or penitent besought
 The God of their forefathers; but so dy'd
 Impenitent, and left a race behind

Book IV. PARADISE REGAIN'D. 43

Like to themselves, distinguishable scarce
 From Gentiles, but by circumcision vain, 425
 And God with idols in their worship join'd.
 Should I of these the liberty regard,
 Who freed as to their ancient patrimony,
 Unhumbled, unrepentant, unreform'd,
 Headlong would follow'; and to their gods perhaps
 Of Bethel and of Dan? no, let them serve 431
 Their enemies, who serve idols with God.
 Yet he at length, time to himself best known,
 Rememb'ring Abraham, by some wondrous call
 May bring them back repentant and sincere, 435
 And at their passing cleave th' Assyrian flood,
 While to their native land with joy they haste,
 As the Red Sea and Jordan once he cleft,
 When to the promis'd land their fathers pass'd
 To his due time and providence I leave them. 440

So spake Israel's true king, and to the fiend
 Made answer meet, that made void all his wiles.
 So fares it when with truth falsehood contends.

B O O K IV.

PErplex'd and troubled at his bad success
 The tempter stood, nor had what to reply,
 Discover'd in his fraud, thrown from his hope
 So oft, and the persuasive rhetoric
 That sleek'd his tongue, and won so much on Eve, 5
 So little here, nay lost; but Eve was Eve,
 This far his over-match, who self-deceiv'd
 And rash, beforehand had no better weigh'd
 The strength he was to cope with, or his own:
 But as a man who had been matchless held 10

44 PARADISE REGAIN'D. Book IV.

In cunning, over-reach'd where least he thought,
 To save his credit, and for very spite,
 Still will be tempting him who foils him still,
 And never cease, though to his shame the more ;
 Or as a swarm of flies in vintage-time, 15
 About the wine-press where sweet must is pour'd,
 Beat off, returns as oft with humming sound ;
 Or surging waves against a solid rock,
 Though all to shivers dash'd, th' assault renew,
 Vain batt'ry, and in froth or bubbles end ; 20
 So Satan, whom repulse upon repulse
 Met ever, and to shameful silence brought,
 Yet gives not o'er though desp'rate of success,
 And his vain importunity pursues.
 He brought our Saviour to the western side 25
 Of that high mountain, whence he might behold
 Another plain, long but in breadth not wide,
 Wash'd by the southern sea, and on the north
 To equal length back'd with a ridge of hills,
 That screen'd the fruits of th' earth and seats of men
 From cold Septentrion blasts, thence in the midst 31
 Divided by a river, of whose banks
 On each side an imperial city stood,
 With tow'rs and temples proudly elevate
 On sev'n small hills, with palaces adorn'd, 35
 Porches and theatres, baths, aqueducts,
 Statues and trophies, and triumphal arcs,
 Gardens and groves presented to his eyes,
 Above the height of mountains interpos'd :
 By what strange parallax or optic skill 40
 Of vision multiply'd through air, or glass
 Of telescope, were curious to inquire :
 And now the tempter thus his silence broke.
 The city which thou see'st no other deem

Book IV. PARADISE REGAIN'D. 45

Than great and glorious Rome, queen of the earth
So far renown'd, and with the spoils enrich'd 46
Of nations ; there the capitol thou seest
Above the rest lifting his stately head
On the Tarpeian rock, her citadel
Impregnable, and there mount Palatine, 50
Th' imperial palace, compass huge, and high
The structure, skill of noblest architects,
With gilded battlements, conspicuous far,
Turrets and terraces, and glitt'ring spires.
Many a fair edifice besides, more like 55
Houses of gods, (so well I have dispos'd
My airy microscope), thou mayst behold
Outside and inside both, pillars and roofs,
Carv'd work, the hand of fam'd artificers
In cedar, marble, ivory, or gold. 60
Thence to the gates cast round thine eye, and see
What conflux issuing forth, or ent'ring in,
Pretors, proconsuls to their provinces
Hasting, or on return, in robes of state ;
Licitors and rods, the ensigns of their pow'r, 65
Legions and cohorts, turms of horse and wings :
Or embassies from regions far remote
In various habits on the Appian road,
Or on th' Emilian, some from farthest south,
Syene', and where the shadow both way falls, 70
Meroe Nilotic isle, and more to west,
The realm of Bocchus to the Blackmoor sea ;
From th' Asian kings and Parthian among these,
From India and the golden Chersonese,
And utmost Indian isle Taprobane, 75
Dusk faces with white silken turbants wreath'd ;
From Gallia, Gades, and the British west,
Germans and Scythians, and Sarmatians north

46 PARADISE REGAIN'D. Book IV.

Beyond Danubius to the Tauric pool.
 All nations now to Rome obedience pay, 80
 To Rome's great emperor, whose wide domain
 In ample territory, wealth and power,
 Civility of manners, arts, and arms,
 And long renown, thou justly mayst prefer
 Before the Parthian; these two thrones except, 85
 The rest are barb'rous, and scarce worth the sight,
 Shar'd among petty kings too far remov'd;
 These having shown thee, I have shown thee all
 The kingdoms of the world, and all their glory.
 This emp'ror hath no son, and now is old, 90
 Old and lascivious, and from Rome retir'd
 To Capreæ, an island small but strong
 On the Campanian shore, with purpose there
 His horrid lusts in private to enjoy,
 Committing to a wicked favourite 95
 All public cares, and yet of him suspicious,
 Hated of all, and hating; with what ease,
 Endu'd with regal virtues as thou art,
 Appearing, and beginning noble deeds,
 Mightst thou expel this monster from his throne 100
 Now made a sty, and in his place ascending
 A victor people free from servile yoke?
 And with my help thou mayst; to me the pow'r
 Is giv'n; and by that right I give it thee.
 Aim therefore at no less than all the world, 105
 Aim at the high'est, without the high'est attain'd
 Will be for thee no sitting, or not long,
 On David's throne, be prophes'd what will.
 To whom the Son of God unmov'd reply'd.
 Nor doth this grandeur and majestic show 110
 Of luxury, though call'd magnificence,
 More than of arms before, allure mine eye,

Book IV. PARADISE REGAIN'D. 47

Much less my mind ; though thou shouldst add to tell
Their sumptuous gluttonies, and gorgeous feasts
On citron tables or Atlantic stone, 115
(For I have also heard, perhaps have read),
Their wines of Setia, Cales, and Falerne,
Chios and Crete, and how they quaff in gold,
Crystal and myrrhine cups imboss'd with gems
And studs of pearl, to me shouldst tell who thirst
And hunger still : then embassies thou show'st 121
From nations far and nigh ; what honour that,
But tedious waste of time to sit and hear
So many hollow compliments and lies,
Outlandish flatteries ? then proceed'st to talk 125
Of th' emperor, how easily subdu'd,
How gloriously ; I shall, thou say'st, expel
A brutish monster : what if I withal
Expel a devil who first made him such ?
Let his tormentor conscience find him out ; 130
For him I was not sent, nor yet to free
That people victor once, now vile and base,
Deservedly made vassal, who once just,
Frugal, and mild, and temp'rate, conquer'd well,
But govern ill the nations under yoke, 135
Peeling their provinces, exhausted all
By lust and rapine ; first ambitious grown
Of triumph, that insulting vanity ;
Then cruel, by their sports to blood inur'd
Of fighting beasts, and men to beasts expos'd, 140
Luxurious by their wealth, and greedier still,
And from the daily scene effeminate.
What wise and valiant man would seek to free
These thus degenerate, by themselves enslav'd,
Or could of inward slaves make outward free ? 145
Know therefore when my season comes to sit

48 PARADISE REGAIN'D. Book IV.

On David's throne, it shall be like a tree
 Spreading and overshadowing all the earth,
 Or as a stone that shall to pieces dash
 All monarchies besides throughout the world, 150
 And of my kingdom there shall be no end :
 Means there shall be to this ; but what the means,
 Is not for thee to know, nor me to tell.

To whom the tempter impudent reply'd.
 I see all offers made by me how slight 155
 Thou valuest, because offer'd, and reject'st :
 Nothing will please the difficult and nice,
 Or nothing more than still to contradict :
 On th' other side know also thou, that I
 On what I offer set as high esteem, 160
 Nor what I part with mean to give for nought ;
 All these which in a moment thou behold'st,
 The kingdoms of the world to thee I give ;
 For giv'n to me, I give to whom I please,
 No trifle ; yet with this reserve, not else, 165
 On this condition, if thou wilt fall down,
 And worship me as thy superior lord,
 Easily done, and hold them all of me ;
 For what can less so great a gift deserve ?

Whom thus our Saviour answer'd with disdain.
 I never lik'd thy talk, thy offers less, 171
 Now both abhor, since thou hast dar'd to utter
 Th' abominable terms, impious condition ;
 But I endure the time, till which expir'd,
 Thou hast permission on me. It is written 175
 The first of all commandments, Thou shalt worship
 The Lord thy God, and only him shalt serve ;
 And dar'st thou to the Son of God propound
 To worship thee accurs'd, now more accurs'd
 For this attempt, bolder than that on Eve, 180

And more blasphemous? which expect to rue.
 The kingdoms of the world to thee were giv'n,
 Permitted rather, and by thee usurp'd ;
 Other donation none thou canst produce :
 If giv'n, by whom but by the King of kings, 185
 God over all supreme ? if giv'n to thee,
 By thee how fairly is the giver now
 Repaid ? But gratitude in thee is lost
 Long since. Wert thou so void of fear or shame,
 As offer them to me the Son of God, 190
 To me my own, on such abhorred pact,
 That I fall down and worship thee as God ?
 Get thee behind me ; plain thou now appear'st
 That evil one, Satan for ever damn'd.

To whom the fiend with fear abash'd reply'd. 195
 Be not so sore offended, Son of God,
 Though sons of God both angels are and men,
 If I to try whether in higher sort
 Than these thou bear'st that title, have propos'd
 What both from men and angels I receive, 200
 Tetrarchs of fire, air, flood, and on the earth
 Nations besides from all the quarter'd winds,
 God of this world invok'd and world beneath ;
 Who then thou art, whose coming is foretold
 To me so fatal, me it most concerns. 205
 The trial hath indamag'd thee no way,
 Rather more honour left and more esteem ;
 Me nought advantag'd, missing what I aim'd.
 Therefore let pass, as they are transitory,
 The kingdoms of this world ; I shall no more 210
 Advise thee ; gain them as thou canst, or not.
 And thou thyself seem'st otherwise inclin'd
 Than to a worldly crown, addicted more
 To contemplation and profound dispute,

50 PARADISE REGAIN'D. Book IV.

As by that early action may be judg'd, 215
 When slipping from thy mother's eye thou went'st
 Alone into the temple; there wast found
 Amongst the gravest Rabbies disputant
 On points and questions fitting Moses' chair,
 Teaching not taught; the childhood shows the man,
 As morning shows the day. Be famous then 221
 By wisdom; as thy empire must extend,
 So let extend thy mind o'er all the world
 In knowledge, all things in it comprehend:
 All knowledge is not couch'd in Moses' law, 225
 The Pentateuch, or what the prophets wrote;
 The Gentiles also know, and write, and teach
 To admiration, led by nature's light;
 And with the Gentiles much thou must converse,
 Ruling them by persuasion as thou mean'st; 230
 Without their learning how wilt thou with them,
 Or they with thee hold conversation meet?
 How wilt thou reason with them, how refute
 Their idolisms, traditions, paradoxes?
 Error by his own arms is best evinc'd. 235
 Look once more ere we leave this specular mount
 Westward, much nearer by south-west, behold
 Where on the Ægean shore a city stands
 Built nobly, pure the air, and light the soil,
 Athens the eye of Greece, mother of arts 240
 And eloquence, native to famous wits
 Or hospitable, in her sweet recess,
 City' or suburban, studious walks and shades;
 See there the olive grove of Academe,
 Plato's retirement, where the Attic bird 245
 Trills her thick-warbled notes the summer long;
 There flow'ry hill Hymettus with the sound
 Of bees industrious murmur oft invites

Book IV. PARADISE REGAIN'D. 51

To studious musing ; there Ilissus rolls
 His whisp'ring stream : within the walls then view
 The schools of ancient sages ; his who bred 251
 Great Alexander to subdue the world,
 Lyceum there, and painted Stoa next :
 There thou shalt hear and learn the secret pow'r
 Of harmony in tones and numbers hit 255
 By voice or hand, and various-measur'd verse,
 Æolian charms and Dorian Lyric odes,
 And his who gave them breath, but higher sung,
 Blind Melesigenes thence Homer call'd,
 Whose poem Phœbus challeng'd for his own. 260
 Thence what the lofty grave tragœdians taught
 In Chorus or Iambic, teachers best
 Of moral prudence, with delight receiv'd,
 In brief sententious precepts, while they treat
 Of fate, of chance, and change in human life ; 265
 High actions, and high passions best describing :
 Thence to the famous orators repair,
 Those ancient, whose resistless eloquence
 Wielded at will that fierce democratie,
 Shook th' arsenal and fulmin'd over Greece, 270
 To Macedon and Artaxerxes throne :
 To sage philosophy next lend thine ear,
 From heav'n descended to the low-rooft house
 Of Socrates ; see there his tenement,
 Whom well inspir'd the oracle pronounc'd 275
 Wisest of men ; from whose mouth issu'd forth
 Mellifluous streams that water'd all the schools
 Of Academics old and new, with those
 Sirnam'd Peripatetics, and the sect
 Epicurean, and the Stoic severe ; 280
 These here revolve, or, as thou lik'st, at home,
 Till time mature thee to a kingdom's weight ;

52 PARADISE REGAIN'D. Book IV.

These rules will render thee a king complete
Within thyself, much more with empire join'd.

To whom our Saviour sagely thus reply'd. 285
Think not but that I know these things, or think
I know them not ; not therefore am I short
Of knowing what I ought : he who receives
Light from above, from the fountain of light,
No other doctrine needs, though granted true ; 290
But these are false, or little else but dreams,
Conjectures, fancies, built on nothing firm.
The first and wisest of them all profess'd
To know this only, that he nothing knew ;
The next to fabling fell, and smooth conceits ; 295
A third fort doubted all things, though plain sense ;
Others in virtue plac'd felicity,
But virtue join'd with riches and long life ;
In corporal pleasure he, and careless ease ;
The Stoic last in philosophic pride, 300
By him call'd virtue ; and his virtuous man,
Wise, perfect in himself, and all possessing,
Equals to God, oft shames not to prefer,
As fearing God nor man, contemning all 304
Wealth, pleasure, pain or torment, death and life,
Which, when he lists, he leaves, or boasts he can,
For all his tedious talk is but vain boast,
Or subtle shifts conviction to evade.
Alas, what can they teach, and not mislead,
Ignorant of themselves, of God much more, 310
And how the world began, and how man fell
Degraded by himself, on grace depending ?
Much of the soul they talk, but all awry,
And in themselves seek virtue, and to themselves
All glory arrogate, to God give none, 315
Rather accuse him under usual names,

Fortune and Fate, as one regardless quite
 Of mortal things. Who therefore seeks in these
 True wisdom, finds her not, or by delusion
 Far worse, her false resemblance only meets, 320
 An empty cloud. However many books,
 Wise men have said, are wearisome; who reads
 Incessantly, and to his reading brings not
 A spirit and judgment equal or superior,
 (And what he brings, what needs he elsewhere seek?),
 Uncertain and unsettled still remains, 326
 Deep vers'd in books and shallow in himself,
 Crude or intoxicate, collecting toys,
 And trifles for choice matters, worth a sponge;
 As children gath'ring pebbles on the shore. 330
 Or if I would delight my private hours
 With music or with poem, where so soon
 As in our native language can I find
 That solace? All our law and story strow'd
 With hymns, our psalms with artful terms inscrib'd,
 Our Hebrew songs and harps in Babylon, 336
 That pleas'd so well our victors ear, declare
 That rather Greece from us these arts deriv'd;
 Ill imitated, while they loudest sing
 The vices of their deities, and their own 340
 In fable, hymn, or song, so personating
 Their gods ridiculous, and themselves past shame.
 Remove their swelling epithets thick laid
 As varnish on a harlot's cheek, the rest,
 Thin sown with ought of profit or delight, 345
 Will far be found unworthy to compare
 With Sion's songs, to all true tastes excelling,
 Where God is prais'd aright, and godlike men,
 The holiest of holies, and his saints;
 Such are from God inspir'd, not such from thee, 350

Unless where moral virtue is express'd
 By light of nature not in all quite lost.
 Their orators thou then extoll'st, as those
 The top of eloquence, statists indeed,
 And lovers of their country, as may seem; 355
 But herein to our prophets far beneath,
 As men divinely taught, and better teaching
 The solid rules of civil government
 In their majestic unaffected style,
 Than all th' oratory of Greece and Rome. 360
 In them is plainest taught, and easiest learn'd,
 What makes a nation happy, and keeps it so,
 What ruins kingdoms, and lays cities flat;
 These only with our law best form a king.

So spake the Son of God; but Satan now 365
 Quite at a loss, for all his darts were spent,
 Thus to our Saviour with stern brow reply'd.

Since neither wealth, nor honour, arms nor arts,
 Kingdom nor empire pleases thee, nor ought
 By me propos'd in life contemplative, 370
 Or active, tended on by glory, or fame,
 What dost thou in this world? the wilderness
 For thee is fittest place; I found thee there,
 And thither will return thee; yet remember
 What I foretel thee, soon thou shalt have cause 375
 To wish thou never hadst rejected thus
 Nicely or cautiously my offer'd aid,
 Which would have set thee in short time with ease
 On David's throne, or throne of all the world,
 Now at full age, fulness of time, thy season, 380
 When prophecies of thee are best fulfill'd.
 Now contrary, if I read ought in heav'n,
 Or heav'n write ought of fate, by what the stars
 Voluminous, or single characters,

Book IV. PARADISE REGAIN'D. 55

In their conjunction met, give me to spell, 385
 Sorrows, and labours, opposition, hate,
 Attends thee, scorns, reproaches, injuries,
 Violence, and stripes, and lastly cruel death;
 A kingdom they portend thee, but what kingdom,
 Real or allegoric, I discern not, 390
 Nor when, eternal sure, as without end,
 Without beginning; for no date prefix'd
 Directs me in the starry rubric set.

So say'ing he took, (for still he knew his pow'r
 Not yet expir'd), and to the wilderness 395
 Brought back the Son of God, and left him there,
 Feigning to disappear. Darknes now rose,
 As day-light sunk, and brought in loursing night
 Her shadowy offspring, unsubstantial both,
 Privation mere of light and absent day. 400
 Our Saviour meek and with untroubled mind
 After his airy jaunt, though hurry'd fore,
 Hungry and cold betook him to his rest,
 Where-ever, under some concourse of shades, 404
 Whose branching arms thick interwin'd might shield
 From dews and damps of night his shelter'd head;
 But shelter'd slept in vain, for at his head
 The tempter watch'd, and soon with ugly dreams
 Disturb'd his sleep; and either tropic now 409
 'Gan thunder, and both ends of heav'n, the clouds
 From many a horrid rift abortive pour'd
 Fierce rain with lightning mix'd, water with fire
 In ruin reconcil'd: nor slept the winds
 Within their stony caves, but rush'd abroad
 From the four hinges of the world, and fell 415
 On the vex'd wilderness, whose tallest pines,
 Though rooted deep as high, and sturdiest oaks
 Bow'd their stiff necks, loaden with stormy blasts,

Or torn up sheer: ill waft thou shrouded then,
 O patient Son of God, yet only stood'st 420
 Unshaken; nor yet staid the terror there,
 Infernal ghosts, and hellish furies, round
 Environ'd thee, some howl'd, some yell'd, some shriek'd,
 Some bent at thee their fiery darts, while thou
 Satt'st unappall'd in calm and sinless peace. 425
 Thus pass'd the night so foul, till morning fair
 Came forth with pilgrim steps in amice gray,
 Who with her radiant finger still'd the roar
 Of thunder, chas'd the clouds, and laid the winds,
 And grisly spectres, which the fiend had rais'd 430
 To tempt the Son of God with terrors dire.
 And now the sun with more effectual beams
 Had cheer'd the face of earth, and dry'd the wet
 From drooping plant, or dropping tree; the birds,
 Who all things now behold more fresh and green,
 After a night of storm so ruinous, 436
 Clear'd up their choicest notes in bush and spray
 To gratulate the sweet return of morn;
 Nor yet amidst this joy and brightest morn
 Was absent, after all his mischief done, 440
 The prince of darkness, glad would also seem
 Of this fair change, and to our Saviour came,
 Yet with no new device, they all were spent,
 Rather by this his last affront resolv'd,
 Desp'rate of better course, to vent his rage, 445
 And mad despite to be so oft repell'd.
 Him walking on a sunny hill he found,
 Back'd on the north and west by a thick wood;
 Out of the wood he starts in wonted shape,
 And in a careless mood thus to him said. 450
 Fair morning yet betides thee, Son of God,
 After a dismal night; I heard the wrack

As earth and sky would mingle ; but myself
 Was distant ; and these flaws, though mortals fear them
 As dang'rous to the pillar'd frame of heaven, 455
 Or to the earth's dark basis underneath,
 Are to the main as inconsiderable,
 And harmless, if not wholesome, as a sneeze
 To man's less universe, and soon are gone ;
 Yet as being oft-times noxious where they light 460
 On man, beast, plant, wasteful and turbulent,
 Like turbulencies in th' affairs of men,
 Over whose heads they roar, and seem to point,
 They oft fore-signify and threaten ill :
 This tempest at this desert most was bent ; 465
 Of men at thee, for only thou here dwell'st.
 Did I not tell thee, if thou didst reject
 The perfect season offer'd with my aid
 To win thy destin'd seat, but wilt prolong
 All to the push of fate, pursue thy way 470
 Of gaining David's throne no man knows when,
 For both the when and how is no where told,
 Thou shalt be what thou art ordain'd, no doubt ;
 For angels have proclaim'd it, but concealing
 The time and means : each act is rightliest done, 475
 Not when it must, but when it may be best.
 If thou observe not this, be sure to find,
 What I foretold thee, many a hard assay
 Of dangers, and adversities, and pains,
 Ere thou of Israel's sceptre get fast hold ; 480
 Whereof this ominous night that clos'd thee round,
 So many terrors, voices, prodigies
 May warn thee, as a sure foregoing sign.
 So talk'd he, while the Son of God went on
 And staid not, but in brief him answer'd thus. 485
 Me worse than wet thou find'st not ; other harm

Those terrors which thou speak'st of, did me none;
 I never fear'd they could, though noising loud
 And threat'ning nigh; what they can do as signs
 Betokening, or ill boding, I contemn 490
 As false portents, not sent from God, but thee;
 Who knowing I shall reign past thy preventing,
 Obtrud'st thy offer'd aid, that I accepting
 At least might seem to hold all pow'r of thee,
 Ambitious spi'rit, and wouldst be thought my God,
 And storm'st refus'd, thinking to terrify 496
 Me to thy will; desist, thou art discern'd
 And toil'st in vain, nor me in vain molest.

To whom the fiend now swoln with rage reply'd.
 Then hear, O Son of David, virgin-born; 500
 For Son of God to me is yet in doubt:
 Of the Messiah I have heard foretold
 By all the prophets; of thy birth at length
 Announc'd by Gabriel with the first I knew,
 And of th' angelic song in Bethlehem field, 505
 On thy birth-night, that sung thee Saviour born.
 From that time seldom have I ceas'd to eye
 Thy infancy, thy childhood, and thy youth,
 Thy manhood last, though yet in private bred;
 Till at the ford of Jordan, whither all 510
 Flock'd to the Baptist, I among the rest,
 Though not to be baptiz'd, by voice from heav'n
 Heard thee pronounc'd the Son of God belov'd.
 Thenceforth I thought thee worth my nearer view
 And narrower scrutiny, that I might learn 515
 In what degree or meaning thou art call'd
 The Son of God, which bears no single sense;
 The son of God I also am, or was,
 And if I was, I am; relation stands;
 All men are sons of God; yet thee I thought 520

Book IV. PARADISE REGAIN'D. 59

In some respect far higher so declar'd.
Therefore I watch'd thy footsteps from that hour,
And follow'd thee still on to this waste wild;
Where by all best conjectures I collect
Thou art to be my fatal enemy. 525
Good reason then, if I beforehand seek
To understand my adversary, who
And what he is; his wisdom, pow'r, intent;
By parle, or composition, truce, or league
To win him, or win from him what I can. 530
And opportunity I here have had
To try thee, sift thee, and confesse have found thee
Proof against all temptation, as a rock
Of adamant, and as a centre, firm,
To th' utmost of mere man both wise and good, 535
Not more; for honours, riches, kingdoms, glory
Have been before contemn'd, and may again:
Therefore to know what more thou art than man,
Worth naming Son of God by voice from heav'n,
Another method I must now begin. 540

So say'ing he caught him up, and without wing
Of hippogrif bore through the air sublime
Over the wilderness and o'er the plain;
Till underneath them fair Jerusalem,
The holy city lifted high her tow'rs, 545
And higher yet the glorious temple rear'd
Her pile, far off appearing like a mount
Of alabaster, topt with golden spires:
There on the highest pinnacle he set
The Son of God; and added thus in scorn. 550

There stand, if thou wilt stand; to stand upright
Will ask thee skill; I to thy Father's house
Have brought thee, and highest plac'd, highest is best,
Now show thy progeny; if not to stand,

Cast thyself down ; safely, if Son of God : 555
 For it is written, He will give command
 Concerning thee to his angels, in their hands
 They shall uplift thee, lest at any time
 Thou chance to dash thy foot against a stone.

To whom thus Jesus : Also it is written, 560
 Tempt not the Lord thy God : he said, and stood :
 But Satan smitten with amazement fell.

As when earth's son Antæus (to compare
 Small things with greatest) in Irtassa strove
 With Jove's Alcides, and oft foil'd still rose, 565
 Receiving from his mother earth new strength,
 Fresh from his fall, and fiercer grapple join'd,
 Throttled at length in th' air, expir'd and fell ;
 So after many a foil the tempter proud,
 Renewing fresh assaults, amidst his pride 570
 Fell whence he stood to see his victor fall.

And as that Theban monster that propos'd
 Her riddle', and him who solv'd it not devour'd,
 That once found out and solv'd, for grief and spite
 Cast herself headlong from th' Irtanenian steep ; 575
 So struck with dread and anguish fell the fiend,
 And to his crew, that sat consulting, brought
 Joyless triumphs of his hop'd success,
 Ruin, and desperation, and dismay,

Who durst so proudly tempt the Son of God, 580
 So Satan fell ; and strait a fiery globe
 Of angels on full sail of wing flew nigh,
 Who on their plumed wings receiv'd him soft
 From his uneasy station, and upbore
 As on a floating couch through the blithe air, 585
 Then in a flow'ry valley set him down
 On a green bank, and set before him spread
 A table of celestial food, divine,

Ambrosial fruits, fetch'd from the tree of life,
 And from the fount of life ambrosial drink, 590
 That soon refresh'd him weary'd, and repair'd
 What hunger, if ought hunger had impair'd,
 Or thirst; and as he fed, angelic quires
 Sung heav'nly anthems of his victory
 Over temptation, and the tempter proud. 595

True image of the Father, whether thron'd
 In the bosom of bliss, and light of light
 Conceiving, or remote from heaven, inshrin'd
 In fleshly tabernacle, and human form,
 Wand'ring the wilderness, whatever place, 600
 Habit, or state, or motion, still expressing
 The Son of God, with godlike force endu'd
 Against th' attempter of thy Father's throne,
 And thief of Paradise; him long of old
 Thou didst debase, and down from heaven cast 605
 With all his army, now thou hast aveng'd
 Supplanted Adam, and by vanquishing
 Temptation, hast regain'd lost Paradise;
 And frustrated the conquest fraudulent:
 He never more henceforth will dare set foot 610
 In Paradise to tempt; his snares are broke:
 For though that seat of earthly bliss be fail'd,
 A fairer Paradise is founded now
 For Adam and his chosen sons, whom thou
 A Saviour art come down to reinstall 615
 Where they shall dwell secure, when time shall be,
 Of tempter and temptation without fear.
 But thou, infernal serpent, shalt not long
 Rule in the clouds; like an autumnal star
 Or lightning thou shalt fall from heav'n, trod down
 Under his feet: for proof, ere this thou feel'st 621
 Thy wound, yet not thy last and deadliest wound,

By this repulse receiv'd, and hold'ft in hell
 No triumph; in all her gates Abaddon rues
 Thy bold attempt; hereafter learn with awe 625
 To dread the Son of God: he all unarm'd
 Shall chafe thee with the terror of his voice
 From thy demoniac holds, poffeffion foul,
 Thee and thy legions; yelling they fhall fly,
 And beg to hide them in a herd of fwine, 630
 Left he command them down into the deep
 Bound, and to torment fent before their time.
 Hail Son of the Moft High, heir of both worlds,
 Queller of Satan, on thy glorious work
 Now enter, and begin to fave mankind. 635

Thus they the Son of God our Saviour meek
 Sung victor, and from heav'nly feaft refresh'd
 Brought on his way with joy; he unobserv'd
 Home to his mother's houfe private return'd,

THE E N D.

SAMSON AGONISTES,

A DRAMATIC POEM.

Τραγωδία μίμησις πράξεως σπουδαίας, &c. Aristot. poet. cap. 6.

Tragœdia est imitatio actionis seriae, &c. per misericordiam et metum perficiens talium affectuum lustrationem.

Of that sort of Dramatic Poem which is
called TRAGEDY.

TRagedy, as it was anciently composed, hath been ever held the gravest, morallest, and most profitable of all other poems: therefore said by Aristotle to be of power, by raising pity and fear, or terror, to purge the mind of those and such like passions; that is, to temper and reduce them to just measure with a kind of delight, stirred up by reading or seeing those passions well imitated. Nor is Nature wanting in her own effects to make good his assertion: for so in physic things of melancholic hue and quality are used against melancholy, sour against sour, salt to remove salt humours. Hence philosophers and other gravest writers, as Cicero, Plutarch, and others, frequently cite out of tragic poets, both to adorn and illustrate their discourse. The apostle Paul himself thought it not unworthy to insert a verse of Euripides into the text of holy scripture, 1 Cor. xv. 33.; and Paræus commenting on the Revelation, divides the whole book as a tragedy, into acts distinguished each by a chorus of heavenly harpings and song between. Heretofore men in highest dignity
have

have laboured not a little to be thought able to compose a tragedy. Of that honour Dionysius the elder was no less ambitious, than before of his attaining to the tyranny. Augustus Cæsar also had begun his Ajax, but unable to please his own judgment with what he had begun, left it unfinished. Seneca the philosopher is by some thought the author of those tragedies (at least the best of them) that go under that name. Gregory Nazianzen, a father of the church, thought it not unbeseeming the sanctity of his person to write a tragedy, which is intitled, *Christ suffering*. This is mentioned to vindicate tragedy from the small esteem, or rather infamy, which in the account of many it undergoes at this day with other common interludes; happening through the poet's error of intermixing comic stuff with tragic sadness and gravity; or introducing trivial and vulgar persons, which by all judicious hath been counted absurd; and brought in without discretion, corruptly to gratify the people. And though ancient tragedy use no prologue, yet using sometimes, in case of self-defence, or explanation, that which Martial calls an epistle; in behalf of this tragedy coming forth after the ancient manner, much different from what among us passes for best, thus much beforehand may be epistled; that Chorus is here introduced after the Greek manner, not ancient only, but modern, and still in use among the Italians. In the modelling therefore of this poem, with good reason, the ancients and Italians are rather followed, as of much more authority and fame. The measure of verse used in the Chorus is of all sorts, called by the Greeks Monostrophic, or rather Apolymenon, without regard had to Strophe, Antistrophe, or Epod, which were a kind of stanza's framed only
for

for the music, then used with the chorus that sung; not essential to the poem, and therefore not material; or being divided into stanza's or pauses, they may be called Allæostropha. Division into act and scene referring chiefly to the stage, (to which this work never was intended), is here omitted.

It suffices if the whole drama be found not produced beyond the fifth act. Of the style and uniformity, and that commonly called the plot, whether intricate or explicit, which is nothing indeed but such œconomy, or disposition of the fable, as may stand best with verisimilitude and decorum; they only will best judge who are not unacquainted with Æschylus, Sophocles, and Euripides, the three tragic poets unequalled yet by any, and the best rule to all who endeavour to write tragedy. The circumscription of time, wherein the whole drama begins and ends, is, according to ancient rule, and best example, within the space of twenty-four hours.

The ARGUMENT.

Samson made captive, blind, and now in the prison at Gaza, there to labour as in a common workhouse, on a festival-day, in the general cessation from labour, comes forth into the open air, to a place nigh, somewhat retired, there to sit a while and bemoan his condition. Where he happens at length to be visited by certain friends and equals of his tribe, which make the Chorus, who seek to comfort him what they can; then by his old father Manoah, who endeavours the like, and withal tells him his purpose to procure his liberty by ransom; lastly, that this feast was proclaimed by the Philistines as a day of thanksgiving for their deliverance from the hands of Samson, which yet more troubles him. Manoah then departs to prosecute his endeavour with the Philistian lords for Samson's redemption; who in the mean while is visited by other persons; and lastly, by a public officer, to require his coming to the feast before the lords and people, to play or shew his strength in their presence; he at first refuses, dismissing the public officer with absolute denial to come; at length persuaded inwardly that this was from God, he yields to go along with him, who came now the second time with great threatenings to fetch him; the Chorus yet remaining on the place, Manoah returns, full of joyful hope to procure ere long his son's deliverance: in the midst of which discourse, an Hebrew comes in haste, confusedly at first, and afterward more distinctly relating the catastrophe, what Samson had done to the Philistines, and by accident to himself; wherewith the tragedy ends.

SAMSON AGONISTES*.

The PERSONS.

Samson.	Public officer.
Manoah, the father of Samson.	Messenger.
Dalila, his wife.	Chorus of Danites,
Harapha of Gath,	

The scene before the prison in Gaza,

Samf. **A** Little onward lend thy guiding hand
 To these dark steps, a little further on;
 For yonder bank hath choice of sun or shade :
 There I am wont to sit, when any chance
 Relieves me from my task of servile toil, 5
 Daily' in the common prison else injoin'd me,
 Where I a prisoner chain'd, scarce freely draw
 The air imprison'd also, close and damp,
 Unwholesome draught : but here I feel amends,
 The breath of heav'n fresh blowing, pure and sweet,
 With day-spring born ; here leave me to respire. 11
 This day a solemn feast the people hold
 To Dagon their sea-idol, and forbid
 Laborious works ; unwillingly this rest
 Their superstition yields me ; hence with leave 15
 Retiring from the popular noise, I seek
 This unfrequented place to find some ease,
 Ease to the body some, none to the mind
 From restless thoughts, that like a deadly swarm
 Of hornets arm'd, no sooner found alone, 20
 But rush upon me thronging, and present
 Times past, what once I was, and what am now.
 O wherefore was my birth from heav'n foretold

* That is, Samson an actor, Samson represented in a play.

68 SAMSON AGONISTES.

Twice by an angel, who at last in fight
 Of both my parents all in flames ascended 25
 From off the altar, where an offering burn'd,
 As in a fiery column charioting
 His godlike presence, and from some great act
 Or benefit reveal'd to Abraham's race?
 Why was my breeding order'd and prescrib'd 30
 As of a person separate to God,
 Design'd for great exploits; if I must die
 Betray'd, captiv'd, and both my eyes put out,
 Made of my enemies the scorn and gaze;
 To grind in brazen fetters under task 35
 With this heav'n-gifted strength? O glorious strength
 Put to the labour of a beast, debas'd
 Lower than bondslave! Promise was that I
 Should Israel from Philistian yoke deliver;
 Ask for this great deliverer now, and find him 40
 Eyeless in Gaza at the mill with slaves,
 Himself in bonds under Philistian yoke:
 Yet stay, let me not rashly call in doubt
 Divine prediction; what if all foretold
 Had been fulfill'd but through mine own default, 45
 Whom have I to complain of but myself?
 Who this high gift of strength committed to me,
 In what part lodg'd, how easily bereft me,
 Under the seal of silence could not keep,
 But weakly to a woman must reveal it, 50
 O'ercome with importunity and tears.
 O impotence of mind, in body strong!
 But what is strength without a double share
 Of wisdom, vast, unwieldy, burdensome,
 Proudly secure, yet liable to fall 55
 By weakest subtilties, not made to rule,
 But to subserve where wisdom bears command!

God, when he gave me strength, to show withal
 How slight the gift was, hung it in my hair.
 But peace, I must not quarrel with the will 60
 Of highest dispensation, which herein
 Haply had ends above my reach to know :
 Suffices that to me strength is my bane,
 And proves the source of all my miseries ;
 So many, and so huge, that each apart 65
 Would ask a life to wail ; but chief of all,
 O loss of sight, of thee I most complain !
 Blind among enemies, O worse than chains,
 Dungeon, or beggary, or decrepit age !
 Light the prime work of God to me' is extinct, 70
 And all her various objects of delight
 Annull'd, which might in part my grief have eas'd,
 Inferior to the vilest now become
 Of man or worm ; the vilest here excel me :
 They creep, yet see ; I dark in light expos'd 75
 To daily fraud, contempt, abuse and wrong,
 Within doors, or without, still as a fool,
 In pow'r of others, never in my own ;
 Scarce half I seem to live, dead more than half.
 O dark, dark, dark, amid the blaze of noon, 80
 Irrecoverably dark, total eclipse
 Without all hope of day !
 O first created beam, and thou great word,
 Let there be light, and light was over all ;
 Why am I thus bereav'd thy prime decree ? 85
 The sun to me is dark
 And silent as the moon,
 When she deserts the night
 Hid in her vacant interlunar cave.
 Since light so necessary is to life, 90
 And almost life itself, if it be true

70 SAMSON AGONISTES.

That light is in the foul,
 She all in every part ; why was the fight
 To such a tender ball as th' eye confin'd,
 So obvious and so easy to be quench'd ? 95
 And not, as feeling, through all parts diffus'd,
 That she might look at will through every pore ?
 Then had I not been thus exil'd from light,
 As in the land of darkness yet in light,
 To live a life half dead, a living death, 100
 And bury'd ; but O yet more miserable !
 Myself my sepulchre, a moving grave,
 Bury'd, yet not exempt,
 By privilege of death and burial,
 From worst of other evils, pains and wrongs, 105
 But made hereby obnoxious more
 To all the miseries of life,
 Life in captivity
 Among inhuman foes.
 But who are these ? for with joint pace I hear 110
 The tread of many feet steering this way ;
 Perhaps my enemies who come to stare
 At my affliction, and perhaps t' insult,
 Their daily practice to afflict me more.
Chor. This, this is he ; softly a while, 115
 Let us not break in upon him ;
 O change beyond report, thought, or belief !
 See how he lies at random, carelessly diffus'd,
 With languish'd head unpropt,
 As one past hope, abandon'd, 120
 And by himself giv'n over ;
 In slavish habit, ill-fitted weeds
 O'erworn and soil'd ;
 Or do my eyes misrepresent ? Can this be he,
 That heroic, that renown'd, 125

Irresistible Samson ? whom unarm'd
 No strength of man, or fiercest wild beast could with-
 Who tore the lion, as the lion tears the kid, [stand ;
 Ran on imbattled armies clad in iron,
 And weaponless himself, 130
 Made arms ridiculous, useless the forgery
 Of brazen shield and spear, the hammer'd cuirass,
 Chaly'bean temper'd steel, and frock of mail
 Adamantean proof ;
 But safest he who stood aloof, 135
 When insupportably his foot advanc'd,
 In scorn of their proud arms and warlike tools,
 Spurn'd them to death by troops. The bold Ascalonite
 Fled from his lion ramp, old warriors turn'd
 Their plated backs under his heel ; 140
 Or grov'ling foil'd their crested helmets in the dust.
 Then with what trivial weapon came to hand,
 The jaw of a dead ass, his sword of bone,
 A thousand foreskins fell, the flow'r of Palestine,
 In Ramath-lechi famous to this day. 145
 Then by main force pull'd up, and on his shoulders bore
 The gates of Azza, post, and massy bar,
 Up to the hill by Hebron, seat of giants old,
 No journey of a sabbath-day, and loaded so ;
 Like whom the Gentiles feign to bear up heav'n.
 Which shall I first bewail, 151
 Thy bondage or lost sight,
 Prison within prison
 Inseparably dark ?
 Thou art become (O worst imprisonment !) 155
 The dungeon of thyself ; thy soul
 (Which men enjoying sight oft without cause com-
 Imprison'd now indeed, [plain)
 In real darkness of the body dwells,

72 SAMSON AGONISTES.

Shut up from outward light 160

T' incorporate with gloomy night ;

For inward light alas

Puts forth no visual beam.

O mirror of our fickle state,

Since man on earth unparallel'd ! 165

The rarer thy example stands,

By how much from the top of wondrous glory,

Strongest of mortal men,

To lowest pitch of abject fortune thou art fall'n.

For him I reckon not in high estate 170

Whom long descent of birth

Or the sphere of fortune raises ;

But thee whose strength, while virtue was her mate,

Might have subdu'd the earth,

Universally crown'd with highest praises. 175

Samf. I hear the found of words, their sense the air
Dissolves unjointed ere it reach my ear.

Chor. He speaks, let us draw nigh. Matchless in
The glory late of Israel, now the grief ; [might,

We come thy friends and neighbours not unknown

From Eshtaol and Zora's fruitful vale 181

To visit or bewail thee, or if better,

Counsel or consolation we may bring,

Salve to thy sores ; apt words have pow'r to swage

The tumours of a troubled mind, 185

And are as balm to fester'd wounds.

Samf. Your coming, friends, revives me ; for I learn
Now of my own experience, not by talk,

How counterfeit a coin they are who friends

Bear in their superscription, (of the most 190

I would be understood) ; in prosp'rous days

They swarm, but in adverse withdraw their head,

Not to be found, though sought. Ye see, O friends,

How many evils have inclos'd me round :
 Yet that which was the worst now least afflicts me,
 Blindness ; for had I sight, confus'd with shame, 196
 How could I once look up, or heave the head,
 Who like a foolish pilot have shipwrack'd
 My vessel trusted to me from above,
 Gloriously rigg'd ; and for a word, a tear, 200
 Fool, have divulg'd the secret gift of God
 To a deceitful woman ? tell me, friends,
 Am I not sung and proverb'd for a fool
 In ev'ry street ? do they not say, how well
 Are come upon him his deserts ? yet why ? 205
 Immeasurable strength they might behold
 In me, of wisdom nothing more than mean ;
 This with the other should, at least, have pair'd,
 These two proportion'd ill drove me transverse.

Chor. Tax not divine disposal ; wisest men 210
 Have err'd, and by bad women been deceiv'd ;
 And shall again, pretend they ne'er so wise,
 Deject not then so overmuch thyself,
 Who hast of sorrow thy full load besides ;
 Yet truth to say, I oft have heard men wonder 215
 Why thou shouldst wed Philistian women rather
 Than of thy own tribe fairer, or as fair,
 At least of thy own nation, and as noble.

Samf. The first I saw at Timna, and she pleas'd
 Me, not my parents, that I sought to wed 220
 The daughter of an infidel : they knew not
 That what I motion'd was of God ; I knew
 From intimate impulse, and therefore urg'd
 The marriage on ; that by occasion hence
 I might begin Israel's deliverance, 225
 The work to which I was divinely call'd.
 She proving false, the next I took to wife

74 SAMSON AGONISTES.

(O that I never had! fond with too late)
 Was in the vale of Sorec, Dalila,
 That specious monster, my accomplish'd snare. 230
 I thought it lawful from my former act,
 And the same end; still watching to oppress
 Israel's oppressors: of what now I suffer
 She was not the prime cause, but I myself,
 Who vanquish'd with a peal of words (O weakness!)
 Gave up my fort of silence to a woman. 236

Chor. In seeking just occasion to provoke
 The Philistine, thy country's enemy,
 Thou never wast remiss, I bear thee witness:
 Yet Israël still serves with all his sons. 240

Sams. That fault I take not on me, but transfer
 On Israel's governors, and heads of tribes,
 Who seeing those great acts, which God had done
 Singly by me against their conquerors,
 Acknowledg'd not, or not at all consider'd 245
 Deliv'rance offer'd: I on th' other side
 Us'd no ambition to commend my deeds; [doer:
 The deeds themselves, though mute, spoke loud the
 But they persisted deaf, and would not seem
 To count them things worth notice, till at length 250
 Their lords the Philistines with gather'd pow'rs
 Enter'd Judea seeking me, who then
 Safe to the rock of Etham was retir'd,
 Not flying, but forecasting in what place
 To set upon them, what advantag'd best: 255
 Mean-while the men of Judah, to prevent
 The harass of their land, beset me round;
 I willingly on some conditions came
 Into their hands, and they as gladly yield me
 To the uncircumcis'd a welcome prey, 260
 Bound with two cords; but cords to me were threads

SAMSON AGONISTES. 75

Touch'd with the flame : on their whole host I flew
 Unarm'd, and with a trivial weapon fell'd
 Their choicest youth ; they only liv'd who fled.
 Had Judah that day join'd, or one whole tribe, 265
 They had by this possess'd the tow'rs of Gath,
 And lorded over them whom now they serve :
 But what more oft in nations grown corrupt,
 And by their vices brought to servitude,
 Than to love bondage more than liberty, 270
 Bondage with ease than strenuous liberty ;
 And to despise, or envy, or suspect
 Whom God hath of his special favour rais'd
 As their deliverer ; if he ought begin,
 How frequent to desert him, and at last 275
 To heap ingratitude on worthiest deeds ?

Chor. Thy words to my remembrance bring
 How Succoth and the fort of Penuel
 Their great deliverer contemn'd,
 The matchless Gideon, in pursuit 280
 Of Madian and her vanquish'd kings :
 And how ingrateful Ephraim
 Had dealt with Jephtha, who by argument,
 Not worse than by his shield and spear,
 Defended Israel from the Ammonite, 285
 Had not his prowess quell'd their pride
 In that fore battle, when so many dy'd,
 Without reprieve adjudg'd to death,
 For want of well pronouncing Shibboleth.

Sams. Of such examples add me to the roll ; 290
 Me easily indeed mine may neglect,
 But God's propos'd deliverance not so.

Chor. Just are the ways of God,
 And justifiable to men ;
 Unless there be who think not God at all : 295

76 SAMSON AGONISTES.

If any be, they walk obscure ;
For of such doctrine never was there school,
But the heart of the fool,
And no man therein doctor but himself,

Yet more there be who doubt his ways not just,
As to his own edicts found contradicting ; 301
Then give the reins to wand'ring thought,
Regardless of his glory's diminution ;
Till by their own perplexities involv'd,
They ravel more, still less resolv'd, 305
But never find self-satisfying solution.

As if they would confine th' Interminable,
And tie him to his own prescript,
Who made our laws to bind us, not himself,
And hath full right t' exempt 310
Whom so it pleases him by choice
From national obstriction, without taint
Of sin, or legal debt ;
For with his own laws he can best dispense.

He would not else, who never wanted means, 315
Nor in respect of th' enemy just cause
To set his people free,
Have prompted this heroic Nazarite,
Against his vow of strictest purity,
To seek in marriage that fallacious bride, 320
Unclean, unchaste,

Down reason then, at least vain reasonings down,
Though reason here aver
That moral verdict quits her of unclean :
Unchaste was subsequent, her stain not his. 325

But see, here comes thy reverend sire
With careful step, locks white as down,
Old Manoah : advise
Forthwith how thou ought'st to receive him.

Samf. Ay me, another inward grief awak'd 330
With mention of that name renews th' assault.

Man. Brethren and men of Dan, for such ye seem,
Though in this uncouth place ; if old respect,
As I suppose, tow'ards your once glory'd friend,
My son, now captive, hither hath inform'd 335
Your younger feet, while mine cast back with age
Came lagging after ; say if he be here.

Chor. As signal now in low dejected state,
As erst in high'est ; behold him where he lies.

Man. O miserable change ! is this the man, 340
That invincible Samson, far renown'd,
The dread of Israel's foes, who with a strength
Equivalent to angels walk'd their streets,
None offering fight ; whose single combatant
Duell'd their armies rank'd in proud array, 345
Himself an army, now unequal match
To save himself against a coward arm'd
At one spear's length ? O ever-failing trust
In mortal strength ! and oh what not in man
Deceivable and vain ? Nay what thing good 350
Pray'd for, but often proves our wo, our bane ?
I pray'd for children, and thought barrenness
In wedlock a reproach ; I gain'd a son,
And such a son as all men hail'd me happy ;
Who would be now a father in my stead ? 355
O wherefore did God grant me my request,
And as a blessing with such pomp adorn'd ?
Why are his gifts desirable, to tempt
Our earnest pray'rs, then giv'n with solemn hand
As graces, draw a scorpion's tail behind ? 360
For this did th' angel twice descend ? for this
Ordain'd thy nurture holy, as of a plant
Select, and sacred, glorious for a while,

8 SAMSON AGONISTES.

The miracle of men ; then in an hour
 Insnar'd, assaulted, overcome, led bound, 365
 Thy foes derision, captive, poor, and blind,
 Into a dungeon thrust, to work with slaves ?
 Alas, methinks whom God hath chosen once
 To worthiest deeds, if he through frailty err,
 He should not so o'erwhelm, and as a thrall 370
 Subject him to so foul indignities,
 Be it but for honour's sake of former deeds.

Samf. Appoint not heav'nly disposition, father ;
 Nothing of all these evils hath befall'n me
 But justly ; I myself have brought them on, 375
 Sole author I, sole cause : if ought seem vile,
 As vile hath been my folly, who' have profan'd
 The mystery of God giv'n me under pledge
 Of vow, and have betray'd it to a woman,
 A Canaanite, my faithless enemy. 380
 This well I knew, nor was at all surpris'd,
 But warn'd by oft experience : did not she
 Of Timna first betray me, and reveal
 The secret wrested from me in her height
 Of nuptial love profess'd, carrying it strait 385
 To them who had corrupted her, my spies,
 And rivals ? In this other was there found
 More faith, who also in her prime of love,
 Spousal embraces, vitiated with gold,
 Though offer'd only, by the scent conceiv'd 390
 Her spurious first-born, treason against me ?
 Thrice she assay'd with flattering pray'rs and sighs,
 And amorous reproaches, to win from me
 My capital secret, in what part my strength
 Lay stor'd, in what part summ'd, that she might know ;
 Thrice I deluded her, and turn'd to sport 396
 Her importunity, each time perceiving

How openly, and with what impudence
 She purpos'd to betray me, and (which was worse
 Than undissembled hate) with what contempt 400
 She sought to make me traitor to myself ;
 Yet the fourth time, when must'ring all her wiles,
 With blandish'd parlies, feminine assaults,
 Tongue-batteries, she surceas'd not day nor night
 To storm me over-watch'd, and weary'd out, 405
 At times when men seek most repose and rest,
 I yielded, and unlock'd her all my heart,
 Who with a grain of manhood well resolv'd
 Might easily have shook off all her snares :
 But foul effeminacy held me yok'd 410
 Her bond-slave ; O indignity, O blot
 To honour and religion ! servile mind
 Rewarded well with servile punishment !
 The base degree to which I now am fall'n,
 These rags, this grinding is not yet so base 415
 As was my former servitude, ignoble,
 Unmanly, ignominious, infamous,
 True slavery, and that blindness worse than this,
 That saw not how degenerately I serv'd.

Man. I cannot praise thy marriage-choices, son, 420
 Rather approv'd them not ; but thou didst plead
 Divine impulsion prompting how thou mightst
 Find some occasion to infect our foes.
 I state not that ; this I am sure, our foes
 Found soon occasion thereby to make thee 425
 Their captive, and their triumph ; thou the sooner
 Temptation found'st, or over-potent charms
 To violate the sacred trust of silence
 Deposited within thee ; which to have kept
 Tacit, was in thy pow'r : true ; and thou bear'st 430
 Enough, and more, the burden of that fault ;

80 SAMSON AGONISTES.

Bitterly hast thou paid, and still art paying
 That rigid score. A worse thing yet remains :
 This day the Philistines a popular feast
 Here celebrate in Gaza ; and proclaim 435
 Great pomp, and sacrifice, and praises loud
 To Dagon, as their god, who hath deliver'd
 Thee, Samson, bound and blind into their hands,
 Them out of thine, who slew'st them many a slain.
 So Dagon shall be magnify'd, and God, 440
 Besides whom is no God, compar'd with idols,
 Disglorify'd, blasphem'd, and had in scorn
 By the idolatrous rout amidst their wine ;
 Which to have come to pass by means of thee,
 Samson, of all thy sufferings think the heaviest, 445
 Of all reproach the most with shame that ever
 Could have befall'n thee and thy father's house.

Samf. Father, I do acknowledge and confess
 That I this honour, I this pomp have brought
 To Dagon, and advanc'd his praises high 450
 Among the Heathen round ; to God have brought
 Dishonour, obloquy, and op'd the mouths
 Of idolists, and atheists ; have brought scandal
 To Israel, diffidence of God, and doubt
 In feeble hearts, propense enough before 455
 To waver, or fall off, and join with idols ;
 Which is my chief affliction, shame and sorrow,
 The anguish of my soul, that suffers not
 Mine eye to harbour sleep, or thoughts to rest.
 This only hope relieves me, that the strife 460
 With me hath end ; all the contest is now
 'Twixt God and Dagon ; Dagon hath presum'd,
 Me overthrown, to enter lists with God,
 His deity comparing and preferring
 Before the God of Abraham. He, be sure, 465

Will not connive, or linger, thus provok'd,
But will arise, and his great name assert :
Dagon must stoop, and shall ere long receive
Such a discomfit, as shall quite despoil him
Of all these boasted trophies won on me, 470
And with confusion blank his worshippers.

Man. With cause this hope relieves thee, and these
I as a prophecy receive ; for God, [words
Nothing more certain, will not long defer
To vindicate the glory of his name 475
Against all competition, nor will long
Endure it doubtful whether God be Lord,
Or Dagon. But for thee what shall be done ?
Thou must not in the mean while here forgot
Lie in this miserable loathsome plight 480
Neglected. I already have made way
To some Philistian lords, with whom to treat
About thy ransom : well they may by this
Have satisfy'd their utmost of revenge
By pains and slaveries, worse than death inflicted 485
On thee, who now no more canst do them harm.

Samf. Spare that proposal, father, spare the trouble
Of that solicitation ; let me here,
As I deserve, pay on my punishment ;
And expiate, if possible, my crime, 490
Shameful garrulity. To have reveal'd
Secrets of men, the secrets of a friend,
How hainous had the fact been, how deserving
Contempt, and scorn of all, to be excluded
All friendship, and avoided as a blab, 495
The mark of fool set on his front ?
But I God's counsel have not kept, his holy secret
Presumptuously have publish'd, impiously,
Weakly at least, and shamefully : a sin

82 SAMSON AGONISTES.

That Gentiles in their parables condemn, 509
To their abyſs and horrid pains confin'd.

Man. Be penitent and for thy fault contrite,
But act not in thy own affliction, ſon;
Repent the ſin, but if the puniſhment
Thou canſt avoid, ſelf-preservation bids; 505
Or th' execution leave to high diſpoſal,
And let another hand, not thine, exact
Thy penal forfeit from thyſelf; perhaps
God will relent, and quit thee all his debt;
Who ever more approves and more accepts 510
(Beſt pleas'd with humble' and filial ſubmiſſion)
Him who imploring mercy ſues for life,
Than who ſelf-rigorous chuſes death as due;
Which argues over-juſt, and ſelf-diſpleas'd
For ſelf-offence, more than for God offended. 515

Rejeſt not then what offer'd means; who knows
But God hath ſet before us, to return thee
Home to thy country and his ſacred houſe,
Where thou mayſt bring thy offerings, to avert
His further ire, with pray'rs and vows renew'd? 520

Samſ. His pardon I implore; but as for life,
To what end ſhould I ſeek it? when in ſtrength
All mortals I excell'd, and great in hopes,
With youthful courage, and magnanimous thoughts
Of birth from heav'n foretold, and high exploits, 525
Full of divine inſtinct, after ſome proof
Of acts indeed heroic, far beyond
The ſons of Anak, famous now and blaz'd,
Fearleſs of danger, like a petty god
I walk'd about admir'd of all and dreaded 530
On hoſtile ground, none daring my affront.
Then ſwoll'n with pride into the ſnare I fell
Of fair fallacious looks, venereal trains,

Soften'd with pleasure and voluptuous life ;
 At length to lay my head and hallow'd pledge 535
 Of all my strength in the lascivious lap
 Of a deceitful concubine, who shor'd me
 Like a tame weather, all my precious fleece,
 Then turn'd me out ridiculous, despoil'd,
 Shav'n, and disarm'd among mine enemies. 540

Chor. Desire of wine and all delicious drinks,
 Which many a famous warrior overturns,
 Thou couldst repress, nor did the dancing ruby
 Sparkling, out-pour'd, the flavour, or the smell,
 Or taste that cheers the hearts of gods and men, 545
 Allure thee from the cool crystalline stream.

Samf. Where-ever fountain or fresh current flow'd
 Against the eastern ray, translucent, pure
 With touch ethereal of heav'n's fiery rod,
 I drank, from the clear milky juice allaying 550
 Thirst, and refresh'd ; nor envy'd them the grape
 Whose heads that turbulent liquor fills with fumes.

Chor. O madness, to think use of strongest wines
 And strongest drinks our chief support of health,
 When God with these forbidd'n made choice to rear
 His mighty champion, strong above compare, 556
 Whose drink was only from the liquid brook.

Samf. But what avail'd this temp'rance, not complete
 Against another object more enticing ?
 What boots it at one gate to make defence, 560
 And at another to let in the foe,
 Effeminately vanquish'd ? by which means,
 Now blind, dishearten'd, sham'd, dishonour'd, quell'd,
 To what can I be useful, wherein serve
 My nation, and the work from heav'n impos'd, 565
 But to sit idle on the household-hearth,
 A burd'nous drone ; to visitants a gaze,

84 SAMSON AGONISTES.

Or pity'd object, these redundant locks
 Robustious to no purpose, clust'ring down,
 Vain monument of strength; till length of years 570
 And sedentary numbness craze my limbs
 To a contemptible old age obscure?
 Here rather let me drudge and earn my bread,
 Till vermin or the draff of servile food
 Consume me, and oft-invoked death 575
 Hasten the welcome end of all my pains.

Man. Wilt thou then serve the Philistines with that
 Which was expressly giv'n thee to annoy them? [gift
 Better at home lie bed-ridden, not only idle,
 Inglorious, unemploy'd, with age out-worn. 580
 But God who caus'd a fountain at thy prayer
 From the dry ground to spring, thy thirst t' allay
 After the brunt of battle, can as easy
 Cause light again within thy eyes to spring,
 Wherewith to serve him better than thou hast; 585
 And I persuade me so; why else this strength
 Miraculous yet remaining in those locks?
 His might continues in thee not for nought,
 Nor shall his wondrous gifts be frustrate thus. 589

Samf. All otherwise to me my thoughts portend,
 That these dark orbs no more shall treat with light,
 Nor th' other light of life continue long,
 But yield to double darkness nigh at hand:
 So much I feel my genial spirits droop,
 My hopes all flat, nature within me seems 595
 In all her functions weary of herself,
 My race of glory run, and race of shame,
 And I shall shortly be with them that rest.

Man. Believe not these suggestions which proceed
 From anguish of the mind and humours black, 600
 That mingle with thy fancy. I however

SAMSON AGONISTES. 85

Must not omit a father's timely care
To prosecute the means of thy deliverance
By ransom, or how else : meanwhile be calm,
And healing words from these thy friends admit. 605

Samf. O that torment should not be confin'd
To the body's wounds and sores,
With maladies innumerable
In heart, head, breast, and reins ;
But must secret passage find 610
To th' inmost mind,
There exercise all his fierce accidents,
And on her purest spirits prey,
As on entrails, joints, and limbs,
With answerable pains, but more intense, 615
Though void of corporal sense.

My griefs not only pain me
As a ling'ring disease,
But finding no redress, ferment and rage,
Nor less than wounds immedicable 620
Rankle, and fester, and gangrene,
To black mortification.

Thoughts my tormentors arm'd with deadly stings
Mangle my apprehensive tenderest parts,
Exasperate, exulcerate, and raise 625
Dire inflammation, which no cooling herb
Or medicinal liquor can assuage,
Nor breath of vernal air from snowy Alp.
Sleep hath forfok and giv'n me o'er
To death's benumbing opium as my only cure : 630
Thence faintings, swoonings of despair,
And sense of heav'n's desertion.

I was his nursing once, and choice delight,
His destin'd from the womb,
Promis'd by heav'nly message twice descending 635

86 SAMSON AGONISTES.

Under his special eye
 Abstemious I grew up, and thriv'd amain;
 He led me on to mightiest deeds
 Above the nerve of mortal arm
 Against th' uncircumcis'd, our enemies : 640
 But now hath cast me off as never known,
 And to those cruel enemies,
 Whom I by his appointment had provok'd,
 Left me all helpless with th' irreparable loss
 Of fight, reserv'd alive to be repeated 645
 The subject of their cruelty or scorn.
 Nor am I in the list of them that hope;
 Hopeless are all my evils, all remediless;
 This one prayer yet remains, might I be heard,
 No long petition, speedy death, 650
 The close of all my miseries, and the balm.

Chor. Many are the sayings of the wise
 In ancient and in modern books inroll'd,
 Extolling patience as the truest fortitude;
 And to the bearing well of all calamities, 655
 All chances incident to man's frail life,
 Consolatories writ
 With study'd argument, and much persuasion fought
 Lenient of grief and anxious thought:
 But with th' afflicted in his pangs their sound 660
 Little prevails, or rather seems a tune
 Harsh, and of dissonant mood from his complaint;
 Unless he feel within
 Some source of consolation from above,
 Secret refreshings, that repair his strength, 665
 And fainting spirits uphold.

God of our fathers, what is man!
 That thou tow'ards him with hand so various,
 Or might I say contrarious,

Temper'ft thy providence through his ſhort courſe,
Not ev'nly, as thou rul'ſt 671
Th' angelic orders and inferior creatures mute,
Irrational and brute.

Nor do I name of men the common rout,
That wand'ring looſe about 675

Grow up and periſh, as the ſummer-fly,
Heads without name no more remember'd,
But ſuch as thou haſt ſolemnly elected,
With gifts and graces eminently adorn'd
To ſome great work, thy glory, 680

And people's ſafety, which in part they' effect :
Yet toward theſe thus dignify'd, thou oft
Amidſt their height of noon [gard

Changeſt thy count'nance, and thy hand with no re-
Of higheſt favours paſt 685

From thee on them, or them to thee of ſervice.

Nor only doſt degrade them, or remit
To life obſcur'd, which were a fair diſmiſſion,
But throw'ſt them lower than thou didſt exalt them
Unſeemly falls in human eye, [high,

Too grievous for the trefpaſs or omiſſion ; 691
Oft leav'ſt them to the hoſtile ſword

Of heathen and profane, their carcaſes
To dogs and fowls a prey, or elſe captiv'd ;

Or to th' unjuſt tribunals, under change of times, 695
And condemnation of th' ingrateful multitude.

If theſe they ſcape, perhaps in poverty
With ſickneſs and diſeaſe thou bow'ſt them down,
Painful diſeaſes and deform'd,

In crude old age ; 700

Though not diſordinate, yet cauſeleſs ſuff'ring

The puniſhment of diſſolute days : in fine,

Juſt or unjuſt alike ſeem miſerable,

88 SAMSON AGONISTES.

For oft alike both come to evil end.

So deal not with this once thy glorious champion,
The image of thy strength, and mighty minister. 706
What do I beg? how hast thou dealt already?
Behold him in this state calamitous, and turn
His labours, for thou canst, to peaceful end.

But who is this, what thing of sea or land? 710
Female of sex it seems,
That so bedeck'd, ornate, and gay,
Comes this way failing
Like a stately ship
Of Tarsus, bound for th' isles 715
Of Javan or Gadire,
With all her bravery on, and tackle trim,
Sails fill'd, and streamers waving,
Courted by all the winds that hold them play,
An amber scent of odorous perfume 720
Her harbinger, a damsel train behind;
Some rich Philistian matron she may seem,
And now at nearer view, no other certain
Than Dalila thy wife. 724

Samf. My wife, my traitress, let her not come near me.

Chor. Yet on she moves, now stands and eyes thee fix'd,
About t' have spoke, but now, with head declin'd
Like a fair flow'r surcharg'd with dew, she weeps,
And words address'd seem into tears dissolv'd,
Wetting the borders of her silk'n veil: 730
But now again she makes address to speak.

Dal. With doubtful feet and wavering resolution
I came, still dreading thy displeasure, Samson,
Which to have merited, without excuse,
I cannot but acknowledge; yet if tears 735
May expiate, (though the fact more evil drew
In the perverse event than I foresaw),

My penance hath not slacken'd, though my pardon
 No way assur'd. But conjugal affection
 Prevailing over fear, and timorous doubt, 740
 Hath led me on, desirous to behold
 Once more thy face, and know of thy estate,
 If ought in my ability may serve
 To lighten what thou suffer'st, and appease
 Thy mind with what amends is in my power, 745
 Though late, yet in some part to recompense
 My rash, but more unfortunate misdeed.

Samf. Out, out, Hyæna; these are thy wonted arts,
 And arts of every woman false like thee,
 To break all faith, all vows, deceive, betray; 750
 Then as repentant to submit, beseech,
 And reconciliation move with feign'd remorse,
 Confess, and promise wonders in her change;
 Not truly penitent, but chief to try
 Her husband, how far urg'd his patience bears, 755
 His virtue or weakness which way to assail:
 Then with more cautious and instructed skill
 Again transgresses, and again submits;
 That wisest and best men full oft beguil'd,
 With goodness principled not to reject 760
 The penitent, but ever to forgive,
 Are drawn to wear out miserable days,
 Intangled with a pois'nous bosom-snake,
 If not by quick destruction soon cut off,
 As I by thee, to ages an example. 765

Dal. Yet hear me, Samson; not that I endeavour
 To lessen or extenuate my offence,
 But that on th' other side if it be weigh'd
 By' itself, with aggravations not surcharg'd,
 Or else with just allowance counterpois'd, 770
 I may, if possible, thy pardon find

The easier towards me, or thy hatred less.
 First granting, as I do, it was a weakness
 In me, but incident to all our sex,
 Curiosity, inquisitive, importune 775
 Of secrets, then with like infirmity
 To publish them ; both common female faults :
 Was it not weakness also to make known
 For importunity, that is, for nought,
 Wherein consisted all thy strength and safety ? 780
 To what I did thou show'dst me first the way.
 But I to enemies reveal'd, and should not :
 Nor shouldst thou have trusted that to woman's frailty :
 Ere I to thee, thou to thyself wast cruel.
 Let weakness then with weakness come to parle, 785
 So near related, or the same of kind,
 Thine forgive mine ; that men may censure thine
 The gentler, if severely thou exact not
 More strength from me, than in thyself was found.
 And what if love, which thou interpret'st hate, 790
 The jealousy of love, pow'rful of sway
 In human hearts, nor less in mine tow'rds thee,
 Caus'd what I did ? I saw thee mutable
 Of fancy, fear'd lest one day thou wouldst leave me
 As her at Timna ; sought by all means therefore 795
 How to endear, and hold thee to me firmest :
 No better way I saw than by importuning
 To learn thy secrets, get into my pow'r
 Thy key of strength and safety : thou wilt say,
 Why then reveal'd ? I was assur'd by those 800
 Who tempted me, that nothing was design'd
 Against thee but safe custody, and hold :
 That made for me ; I knew that liberty
 Would draw thee forth to perilous enterprises,
 While I at home sat full of cares and fears, 805

Wailing thy absence in my widow'd bed ;
 Here I should still enjoy thee day and night
 Mine and love's prisoner, not the Philistines,
 Whole to myself, unhazarded abroad,
 Fearless at home of partners in my love. 810

These reasons in love's law have pass'd for good,
 Though fond and reasonless to some perhaps ;
 And love hath oft, well meaning, wrought much wo,
 Yet always pity' or pardon hath obtain'd.
 Be not unlike all others, not austere 815
 As thou art strong, inflexible as steel.
 If thou in strength all mortals dost exceed,
 In uncompassionate anger do not so.

Samf. How cunningly the forcerefs displays
 Her own transgressions, to upbraid me mine ! 820
 That malice, not repentance, brought thee hither,
 By this appears : I gave, thou say'st, th' example,
 I led the way ; bitter reproach, but true ;
 I to myself was false ere thou to me ;
 Such pardon therefore as I give my folly, 825
 Take to thy wicked deed ; which when thou seest
 Impartial, self-severe, inexorable,
 Thou wilt renounce thy seeking, and much rather
 Confess it feign'd. Weakness is thy excuse,
 And I believe it ; weakness to resist 830
 Philistian gold : if weakness may excuse,
 What murderer, what traitor, parricide,
 Incestuous, sacrilegious, but may plead it ?
 All wickedness is weakness : that plea therefore
 With God or man will gain thee no remission. 835
 But love constrain'd thee ; call it furious rage
 To satisfy thy lust : love seeks to' have love ;
 My love how couldst thou hope, who took'st the way
 To raise in me inexpiable hate,

92 SAMSON AGONISTES.

Knowing, as needs I must, by thee betray'd? 840
 In vain thou striv'st to cover shame with shame,
 Or by evasions thy crime uncover'st more.

Dal. Since thou determin'st weakness for no plea
 In man or woman, though to thy own condemning,
 Hear what assaults I had, what snares besides, 845
 What sieges girt me round, ere I consented;
 Which might have aw'd the best resolv'd of men,
 The constantest, to' have yielded without blame.
 It was not gold, as to my charge thou lay'st,
 That wrought with me: thou know'st the magistrates
 And princes of my country came in person, 851
 Solicited, commanded, threaten'd, urg'd,
 Adjur'd by all the bonds of civil duty
 And of religion, press'd how just it was,
 How honourable, how glorious to intrap 855
 A common enemy, who had destroy'd
 Such numbers of our nation: and the priest
 Was not behind, but ever at my ear,
 Preaching how meritorious with the gods
 It would be to insnare an irreligious 860
 Dishonourer of Dagon: what had I
 T' oppose against such pow'rful arguments?
 Only my love of thee held long debate,
 And combated in silence all these reasons
 With hard contest: at length that grounded maxim,
 So rife and celebrated in the mouths 866
 Of wisest men, That to the public good
 Private respects must yield, with grave authority
 Took full possession of me, and prevail'd;
 Virtue, as I thought, truth, duty so injoining. 870
Samf. I thought where all thy circling wiles would
 In feign'd religion, smooth hypocrisy. [end;
 But had thy love, still odiously pretended,

Been, as it ought, sincere, it would have taught thee
 Far other reasonings, brought forth other deeds. 875
 I before all the daughters of my tribe
 And of my nation chose thee from among
 My enemies, lov'd thee, as too well thou knew'st,
 Too well, unbosom'd all my secrets to thee,
 Not out of levity, but overpower'd 880
 By thy request, who could deny thee nothing;
 Yet now am judg'd an enemy. Why then
 Didst thou at first receive me for thy husband,
 Then, as since then, thy country's foe profess'd?
 Being once a wife, for me thou wast to leave 885
 Parents and country; nor was I their subject,
 Nor under their protection, but my own;
 Thou mine, not theirs: if ought against my life
 Thy country sought of thee, it sought unjustly,
 Against the law of nature, law of nations, 890
 No more thy country, but an impious crew
 Of men conspiring to uphold their state
 By worse than hostile deeds, violating the ends
 For which our country is a name so dear;
 Not therefore to be obey'd. But zeal mov'd thee;
 To please thy gods thou didst it; gods unable 896
 T' acquit themselves and prosecute their foes
 But by ungodly deeds, the contradiction
 Of their own deity: gods they cannot be;
 Less therefore to be pleas'd, obey'd, or fear'd. 900
 These false pretexs and varnish'd colours failing,
 Bare in thy guilt, how foul must thou appear?

Dal. In argument with men a woman ever
 Goes by the worse, whatever be her cause. [breath;

Samf. For want of words no doubt, or lack of
 Witnes when I was worried with thy peals. 906

Dal. I was a fool, too rash, and quite mistaken

94 SAMSON AGONISTES.

In what I thought would have succeeded best.
 Let me obtain forgiveness of thee, Samson,
 Afford me place to show what recompense 910
 Tow'ards thee I intend for what I have misdone,
 Misguided ; only what remains past cure
 Bear not too sensibly, nor still insist
 T' afflict thyself in vain : though sight be lost,
 Life yet hath many solaces, enjoy'd 915
 Where other senses want not their delights
 At home in leisure and domestic ease,
 Exempt from many a care and chance to which
 Eye-sight exposes daily men abroad.
 I to the lords will intercede, not doubting 920
 Their favourable ear, that I may fetch thee
 From forth this loathsome prison-house, to abide
 With me ; where my redoubled love and care
 With nursing diligence, to me glad office,
 May ever tend about thee to old age 925
 With all things grateful chear'd, and so supply'd,
 That what by me thou' hast lost thou least shalt miss,
Samf. No, no, of my condition take no care ;
 It fits not ; thou and I long since are twain :
 Nor think me so unwary or accurs'd, 930
 To bring my feet again into the snare
 Where once I have been caught ; I know thy trains,
 Though dearly to my cost, thy gins, and toils ;
 Thy fair enchanted cup, and warbling charms
 No more on me have pow'r, their force is null'd ;
 So much of adder's wisdom I have learn'd 936
 To fence my ear against thy sorceries.
 If in my flower of youth and strength, when all men
 Lov'd, honour'd, fear'd me, thou alone couldst hate me
 Thy husband, slight me, sell me, and forego me ; 940
 How wouldst thou use me now, blind, and thereby

Deceivable, in most things as a child
 Helpless, thence easily contemn'd, and scorn'd,
 And last neglected? How wouldst thou insult,
 When I must live uxorious to thy will 945

In perfect thralldom, how again betray me,
 Bearing my words and doings to the lords
 To gloss upon, and censuring, frown or smile?
 This jail I count the house of liberty
 To thine, whose doors my feet shall never enter. 950

Dal. Let me approach at least, and touch thy hand.

Samf. Not for thy life, lest fierce remembrance wake
 My sudden rage to tear thee joint by joint.

At distance I forgive thee, go with that;
 Bewail thy falsehood, and the pious works 955

It hath brought forth to make thee memorable
 Among illustrious women, faithful wives:
 Cherish thy hasten'd widowhood with the gold
 Of matrimonial treason: so farewell.

Dal. I see thou art implacable, more deaf 960

To pray'rs, than winds and seas; yet winds to seas
 Are reconcil'd at length, and sea to shore:

Thy anger, unappeasable, still rages,
 Eternal tempest never to be calm'd.

Why do I humble thus myself, and suing 965
 For peace, reap nothing but repulse and hate?

Bid go with evil omen, and the brand
 Of infamy upon my name denounc'd?

To mix with thy concerns I desist
 Henceforth, nor too much disapprove my own. 970

Fame, if not double-fac'd, is double-mouth'd,
 And with contrary blast proclaims most deeds;

On both his wings, one black, the other white,
 Bears greatest names in his wild airy flight.

My name perhaps among the circumcis'd 975

96 SAMSON AGONISTES.

In Dan, in Judah, and the bordering tribes,
 To all posterity may stand defam'd,
 With malediction mention'd, and the blot
 Of falsehood most unconjugal traduc'd.
 But in my country where I most desire, 980
 In Ecron, Gaza, Afdod, and in Gath,
 I shall be nam'd among the famoussest
 Of women, sung at solemn festivals,
 Living and dead recorded, who to save
 Her country from a fierce destroyer, chose 985
 Above the faith of wedlock-bands, my tomb
 With odours visited and annual flow'rs;
 Not less renown'd than in mount Ephraim
 Jael, who with inhospitable guile
 Smote Sisera sleeping through the temples nail'd. 990
 Nor shall I count it hainous to enjoy
 The public marks of honour and reward
 Conferr'd upon me, for the piety
 Which to my country I was judg'd to' have shown.
 At this whoever envies or repines, 995
 I leave him to his lot, and like my own.

Chor. She's gone, a manifest serpent by her sting
 Discover'd in the end, till now conceal'd.

Samf. So let her go; God sent her to debase me,
 And aggravate my folly, who committed 1000
 To such a viper his most sacred trust
 Of secrecy, my safety, and my life. [pow'r,

Chor. Yet beauty, though injurious, hath strange
 After offence returning, to regain
 Love once possess'd; nor can be easily 1005
 Repuls'd, without much inward passion felt,
 And secret sting of amorous remorse.

Samf. Love-quarrels oft in pleasing concord end,
 Not wedlock-treachery endang'ring life.

Chor. It is not virtue, wisdom, valour, wit, 1010
Strength, comeliness of shape, or amplest merit,
That woman's love can win or long inherit;
But what it is, hard is to say,
Harder to hit,

(Which way soever men refer it), 1015
Much like thy riddle, Samson, in one day
Or sev'n, though one should musing sit.

If any of these or all, the Timnian bride
Had not so soon preferr'd
Thy paranymp, worthless to thee compar'd, 1020
Successor in thy bed,
Nor both so loosely disally'd
Their nuptials, nor this last so treacherously
Had shorn the fatal harvest of thy head.

Is it for that such outward ornament 1025
Was lavish'd on their sex, that inward gifts
Were left for haste unfinish'd, judgment scant,
Capacity not rais'd to apprehend
Or value what is best
In choice, but ofttest to affect the wrong? 1030
Or was too much of self-love mix'd,
Of constancy no root infix'd,
That either they love nothing, or not long?

Whate'er it be, to wisest men and best
Seeming at first all heav'nly under virgin veil, 1035
Soft, modest, meek, demure,
Once join'd, the contrary she proves, a thorn
Intestine, far within defensive arms
A cleaving mischief, in his way to virtue
Adverse and turbulent, or by her charms 1040
Draws him awry enslav'd
With dotage, and his sense deprav'd
To folly' and shameful deeds which ruin ends.

What pilot so expert but needs must wreck,
Imbark'd with such a steers-mate at the helm? 1045

Favour'd of heav'n who finds
One virtuous rarely found,
That in domestic good combines :
Happy that house ! his way to peace is smooth :
But virtue, which breaks through all opposition,
And all temptation can remove, 1051
Most shines, and most is acceptable above.

Therefore God's universal law
Gave to the man despotic power
Over his female in due awe, 1055
Nor from that right to part an hour,
Smile she or lour :

So shall he least confusion draw
On his whole life, not sway'd
By female usurpation, or dismay'd. 1060

But had we best retire, I see a storm ?

Samf. Fair days have oft contracted wind and rain.

Chor. But this another kind of tempest brings.

Samf. Be less abstruse, my riddling days are past.

Chor. Look now for no enchanting voice, nor fear
The bait of honeyed words ; a rougher tongue 1066
Draws hitherward, I know him by his stride,
The giant Harapha of Gath, his look
Haughty, as is his pile high-built and proud.
Comes he in peace ? what wind hath blown him hither,
I less conjecture than when first I saw 1071
The sumptuous Dalila floating this way :
His habit carries peace, his brow defiance.

Samf. Or peace or not, alike to me he comes. 1074

Chor His fraught we soon shall know, he now arrives.

Har I come not, Samson, to condole thy chance,
As these perhaps, yet wish it had not been,

Though for no friendly' intent. I am of Gath,
Men call me Harapha, of stock renown'd
As Og or Anak, and the Emims old 1080
That Kiriathaim held; thou know'st me now
If thou at all art known. Much I have heard
Of thy prodigious might and feats perform'd
Incredible to me, in this displeas'd,
That I was never present on the place 1085
Of those encounters, where we might have try'd
Each other's force in camp or list'd field:
And now am come to see of whom such noise
Hath walk'd about, and each limb to survey,
If thy appearance answer loud report. 1090

Samf. The way to know were not to see, but taste.

Har. Dost thou already single me? I thought
Gyves and the mill had tam'd thee. O that fortune
Had brought me to the field, where thou art fam'd
To' have wrought such wonders with an ass's jaw;
I should have forc'd thee soon with other arms, 1096
Or left thy carcase where the ass lay thrown:
So had the glory' of prowess been recover'd
To Palestine, won by a Philistine
From the unforefkin'd race, of whom thou bear'st
The highest name for valiant acts; that honour 1101
Certain to' have won by mortal duel from thee,
I lose, prevented by thy eyes put out.

Samf. Boast not of what thou wouldst have done, but
What then thou wouldst, thou see'st it in thy hand. [do

Har. To combat with a blind man I disdain, 1106
And thou hast need much washing to be touch'd.

Samf. Such usage as your honourable lords
Afford me' assassinated and betray'd,
Who durst not with their whole united powers 1110
In fight withstand me single and unarm'd,

100 SAMSON AGONISTES.

Nor in the house with chamber-ambushes
 Close-banded durst attack me, no not sleeping,
 Till they had hir'd a woman with their gold,
 Breaking her marriage-faith, to circumvent me. 1115
 Therefore without feign'd shifts let be assign'd
 Some narrow place inclos'd, where fight may give thee,
 Or rather flight, no great advantage on me;
 Then put on all thy gorgeous arms, thy helmet
 And brigandine of brass, thy broad habergeon, 1120
 Vant-brass, and greves, and gauntlet; add thy spear,
 A weaver's beam, and sev'n-times-folded shield;
 I only with an oaken staff will meet thee,
 And raise such outcries on thy clatter'd iron,
 Which long shall not with-hold me from thy head,
 That in a little time, while breath remains thee, 1126
 Thou oft shalt wish thyself at Gath, to boast
 Again in safety what thou wouldst have done
 To Samson, but shalt never see Gath more.

Har. Thou durst not thus disparage glorious arms,
 Which greatest heroes have in battle worn, 1131
 Their ornament and safety, had not spells
 And black enchantments, some magician's art, [heav'n
 Arm'd thee or charm'd thee strong; which thou from
 Feign'dst at thy birth was giv'n thee in thy hair, 1135
 Where strength can least abide, though all thy hairs
 Were bristles rang'd like those that ridge the back
 Of chaf'd wild boars, or ruffled porcupines.

Samf. I know no spells, use no forbidden arts;
 My trust is in the living God, who gave me 1140
 At my nativity this strength, diffus'd
 No less through all my sinews, joints, and bones,
 Than thine, while I preserv'd these locks unshorn,
 The pledge of my unviolated vow.
 For proof hereof, if Dagon be thy god, 1145

SAMSON AGONISTES. 101

Go to his temple, invoke his aid
 With solemnest devotion, spread before him
 How highly it concerns his glory now
 To frustrate and dissolve these magic spells,
 Which I to be the power of Israel's God 1150
 Avow, and challenge Dagon to the test,
 Off'ring to combat thee his champion bold,
 With th' utmost of his godhead seconded :
 Then thou shalt see, or rather to thy sorrow
 Soon feel, whose God is strongest, thine or mine. 1155

Har. Presume not on thy God, whate'er he be,
 Thee he regards not, owns not, hath cut off
 Quite from his people, and deliver'd up
 Into thy enemies hand, permitted them
 To put out both thine eyes, and fetter'd send thee
 Into the common prison, there to grind 1161
 Among the slaves and asses, thy comrades,
 As good for nothing else, no better service
 With those thy boist'rous locks, no worthy match
 For valour to assail, nor by the sword 1165
 Of noble warrior, so to stain his honour,
 But by the barber's rasor best subdu'd.

Samf. All these indignities, for such they are
 From thine, these evils I deserve and more,
 Acknowledge them from God inflicted on me 1170
 Justly ; yet despair not of his final pardon,
 Whose ear is ever open, and his eye
 Gracious to re-admit the suppliant ;
 In confidence whereof I once again
 Defy thee to the trial of mortal fight, 1175
 By combat to decide whose God is God,
 Thine, or whom I with Israel's sons adore.

Har. Fair honour that thou dost thy God, in trusting
 He will accept thee to defend his cause, 1179

A murderer, a revolter, and a robber. [me these ?

Samf. Tongue-doughty giant, how dost thou prove

Har. Is not thy nation subject to our lords ?

Their magistrates confes'd it, when they took thee

As a league-breaker, and deliver'd bound

Into our hands : for hadst thou not committed 1185

Notorious murder on those thirty men

At Ascalon, who never did thee harm,

Then like a robber stripp'dst them of their robes ?

The Philistines, when thou hadst broke the league,

Went up with armed pow'rs thee only seeking, 1190

To others did no violence nor spoil.

Samf. Among the daughters of the Philistines

I chose a wife, which argu'd me no foe ;

And in your city held my nuptial feast :

But your ill-meaning politician lords, 1195

Under pretence of bridal friends and guests,

Appointed to await me thirty spies,

Who threat'ning cruel death constrain'd the bride

To wring from me and tell to them my secret,

That solv'd the riddle which I had propos'd. 1200

When I perceiv'd all set on enmity,

As on my enemies, where-ever chanc'd,

I us'd hostility, and took their spoil

To pay my underminers in their coin.

My nation was subjected to your lords. 1205

It was the force of conquest ; force with force

Is well ejected when the conquer'd can.

But I a private person, whom my country

As a league-breaker gave up bound, presum'd

Single rebellion, and did hostile acts. 1210

I was no private, but a person rais'd

With strength sufficient and command from heav'n

To free my country ; if their servile minds

Me their deliverer sent would not receive,
 But to their masters gave me up for nought, 1215
 Th' unworthier they ; whence to this day they serve.
 I was to do my part from heav'n assign'd,
 And had perform'd it, if my known offence
 Had not disabled me, not all your force :
 These shafts refuted, answer thy appellant, 1220
 Though by his blindness maim'd for high attempts,
 Who now defies thee thrice to single fight,
 As a petty enterprise of small enforce.

Har. With thee a man condemn'd, a slave inroll'd,
 Due by the law to capital punishment ? 1225

To fight with thee no man of arms will deign. [*mc,*

Samsf. Cam'st thou for this, vain boaster, to survey
 To descant on my strength, and give thy verdict ?
 Come nearer, part not hence so slight inform'd ;
 But take good heed my hand survey not thee. 1230

Har. O Baalzebub ! can my ears unus'd
 Hear these dishonours, and not render death ?

Samsf. No man with-holds thee, nothing from thy
 Fear I incurable ; bring up thy van, [*hand*
 My heels are fetter'd, but my fist is free. 1235

Har. This insolence other kind of answer fits.

Samsf. Go, baffled coward, lest I run upon thee,
 Though in these chains, bulk without spirit vast,
 And with one buffet lay thy structure low ;
 Or swing thee in the air, then dash thee down 1240
 To th' hazard of thy brains and shatter'd sides.

Har. By Astaroth ere long thou shalt lament
 These braveries in irons loaden on thee.

Chor. His giantship is gone somewhat crest-fall'n,
 Stalking with less unconscionable strides, 1245
 And lower looks, but in a sultry chafe.

Samsf. I dread him not, nor all his giant-brood,

104 SAMSON AGONISTES.

Though fame divulge him father of five sons,
All of gigantic size, Goliath chief.

Chor. He will directly to the lords, I fear, 1250
And with malicious counsel stir them up
Some way or other yet further to afflict thee.

Samf. He must allege some cause, and offer'd fight
Will not dare mention, lest a question rise
Whether he durst accept th' offer or not ; 1255
And that he durst not, plain enough appear'd.
Much more affliction than already felt
They cannot well impose, nor I sustain ;
If they intend advantage of my labours,
The work of many hands, which earns my keeping
With no small profit daily to my owners. 1261
But come what will, my deadliest foe will prove
My speediest friend, by death to rid me hence,
The worst that he can give, to me the best.
Yet so it may fall out, because their end 1265
Is hate, not help to me, it may with mine
Draw their own ruin who attempt the deed.

Chor. Oh how comely it is, and how reviving
To the spirits of just men long oppress'd !
When God into the hands of their deliverer 1270
Puts invincible might
To quell the mighty of the earth, th' oppressor,
The brute and boist'rous force of violent men,
Hardy and industrious to support
Tyrannic pow'r, but raging to pursue 1275
The righteous and all such as honour truth ;
He all their ammunition
And feats of war defeats,
With plain heroic magnitude of mind
And celestial vigour arm'd, 1280
Their armories and magazines contemns,

Renders them useless, while
 With winged expedition,
 Swift as the lightning glance, he executes
 His errand on the wicked, who surpris'd 1285
 Lose their defence distracted and amaz'd.

But patience is more oft the exercise
 Of saints, the trial of their fortitude,
 Making them each his own deliverer,
 And victor over all 1290
 That tyranny or fortune can inflict.
 Either of these is in thy lot,
 Samson, with might endu'd
 Above the sons of men; but sight bereav'd
 May chance to number thee with those 1295
 Whom patience finally must crown.

This idol's day hath been to thee no day of rest,
 Labouring thy mind
 More than the working day thy hands.
 And yet perhaps more trouble is behind; 1300
 For I descry this way
 Some other tending, in his hand
 A sceptre or quaint staff he bears,
 Comes on amain, speed in his look.
 By his habit I discern him now 1305
 A public officer, and now at hand.
 His message will be short and voluble.

Off. Hebrews, the pris'ner Samson here I seek.

Chor. His manacles remark him, there he sits.

Off. Samson, to thee our lords thus bid me say;
 This day to Dagon is a solemn feast, 1311
 With sacrifices, triumph, pomp, and games;
 Thy strength they know surpassing human rate,
 And now some public proof thereof require
 To honour this great feast, and great assembly: 1315

106 SAMSON AGONISTES.

Rise therefore with all speed and come along,
Where I will see thee hearten'd and fresh clad
To' appear as fits before th' illustrious lords.

Samf. Thou know'st I am an Hebrew, therefore tell
Our law forbids at their religious rites [them,
My presence ; for that cause I cannot come. 1321

Off. This answer, be assur'd, will not content them.

Samf. Have they not sword-players, and every sort
Of gymnastic artists, wrestlers, riders, runners,
Juglers and dancers, antics, mummers, mimics, 1325
But they must pick me out with shackles tir'd,
And over-labour'd at their public mill,
To make them sport with blind activity ?
Do they not seek occasion of new quarrels
On my refusal to distress me more, 1330
Or make a game of my calamities ?

Return the way thou cam'st, I will not come.

Off. Regard thyself, this will offend them highly.

Samf. Myself ? my conscience and internal peace.
Can they think me so broken, so debas'd 1335
With corporal servitude, that my mind ever
Will condescend to such absurd commands ?
Although their drudge, to be their fool or jester,
And in my midst of sorrow and heart-grief
To show them feats, and play before their god, 1340
The worst of all indignities, yet on me
Join'd with extreme contempt ? I will not come.

Off. My message was impos'd on me with speed,
Brooks no delay : is this thy resolution ? 1344

Samf. So take it with what speed thy message needs.

Off. I am sorry what this stoutness will produce.

Samf. Perhaps thou shalt have cause to sorrow' indeed.

Chor. Consider, Samson ; matters now are strain'd
Up to the height, whether to hold or break ;

He's gone, and who knows how he may report 1350
Thy words, by adding fuel to the flame?
Expect another message more imperious,
More lordly thund'ring than thou well wilt bear.

Samf. Shall I abuse this consecrated gift
Of strength, again returning with my hair 1355
After my great transgression, so requite
Favour renew'd, and add a greater sin
By prostituting holy things to idols;
A Nazarite in place abominable
Vaunting my strength in honour to their Dagon?
Besides, how vile, contemptible, ridiculous, 1361
What act more execrably unclean, profane?

Chor. Yet with this strength thou serv'st the Phi-
Idolatrous, uncircumcis'd, unclean. [listines,

Samf. Not in their idol-worship, but by labour
Honest and lawful to deserve my food 1366
Of those who have me in their civil power. [not.

Chor. Where the heart joins not, outward acts defile

Samf. Where outward force constrains, the sentence
But who constrains me to the temple' of Dagon, [holds.
Not dragging? the Philistian lords command. 1371
Commands are no constraints. If I obey them,

I do it freely, vent'ring to displease
God for the fear of man, and man prefer,
Set God behind: which in his jealousy 1375
Shall never, unrepented, find forgiveness.

Yet that he may dispense with me or thee
Present in temples at idolatrous rites
For some important cause, thou need'st not doubt.

Chor. How thou wilt here come off surmounts my reach,

Samf. Be of good courage; I begin to feel 1381
Some rousing motions in me, which dispose
To something extraordinary my thoughts.

108 SAMSON AGONISTES.

I with this messenger will go along,
 Nothing to do, be sure, that may dishonour 1385
 Our law, or stain my vow of Nazarite.
 If there be ought of presage in the mind,
 This day will be remarkable in my life
 By some great act, or of my days the last. 1389

Chor. In time thou hast resolv'd, the man returns.

Off. Samson, this second message from our lords
 To thee I am bid say. Art thou our slave,
 Our captive, at the public mill our drudge,
 And dar'st thou at our sending and command
 Dispute thy coming? come without delay; 1395
 Or we shall find such engines to assail
 And hamper thee, as thou shalt come of force,
 Though thou wert firmlier fasten'd than a rock.

Samf. I could be well content to try their art,
 Which to no few of them would prove pernicious.
 Yet knowing their advantages too many, 1401
 Because they shall not trail me through their streets
 Like a wild beast, I am content to go.
 Masters commands come with a pow'r resistless
 To such as owe them absolute subjection; 1405
 And for a life who will not change his purpose?
 (So mutable are all the ways of men);
 Yet this be sure, in nothing to comply
 Scandalous, or forbidden in our law.

Off. I praise thy resolution: doff these links: 1410
 By this compliance thou wilt win the lords
 To favour, and perhaps to set thee free.

Samf. Brethren, farewell; your company along
 I will not wish, lest it perhaps offend them
 To see me girt with friends; and how the sight 1415
 Of me as of a common enemy,
 So dreaded once, may now exasperate them,

I know not : lords are lordliest in their wine ;
 And the well-feasted priest then soonest fir'd
 With zeal, if ought religion seem concern'd ; 1420
 No less the people on their holydays
 Impetuous, insolent, unquenchable :
 Happen what may, of me expect to hear
 Nothing dishonourable, impure, unworthy
 Our God, our law, my nation, or myself, 1425
 The last of me or no I cannot warrant.

Chor. Go, and the Holy One
 Of Israel be thy guide
 To what may serve his glory best, and spread his name
 Great among the Heathen round ; 1430
 Send thee the angel of thy birth, to stand
 Fast by thy side, who from thy father's field
 Rode up in flames after his message told
 Of thy conception, and be now a shield
 Of fire ; that spirit that first rush'd on thee 1435
 In the camp of Dan,
 Be efficacious in thee now at need.
 For never was from heav'n imparted
 Measure of strength so great to mortal seed,
 As in thy wondrous actions hath been seen. 1440
 But wherefore comes old Manoah in such haste
 With youthful steps ? much livelier than ere while
 He seems : supposing here to find his son,
 Or of him bringing to us some glad news ? [hither
Man. Peace with you, brethren ; my inducement
 Was not at present here to find my son, 1446
 By order of the lords new parted hence
 To come and play before them at their feast.
 I heard all as I came ; the city rings,
 And numbers thither flock ; I had no will, 1450
 Left I should see him forc'd to things unseemly.

110 SAMSON AGONISTES.

But that which mov'd my coming now, was chiefly
To give you part with me what hope I have
With good success to work his liberty.

Chor. That hope would much rejoice us to partake
With thee ; say, reverend sire, we thirst to hear. 1456

Man. I have attempted one by one the lords
Either at home, or through the high street passing,
With supplication prone, and father's tears,
T' accept of ransom for my son their pris'ner. 1460
Some much averse I found and wondrous harsh,
Contemptuous, proud, set on revenge and spite ;
That part most reverenc'd Dagon and his priests :
Others more moderate seeming, but their aim
Private reward, for which both God and state 1465
They easily would set to sale : a third
More generous far and civil, who confess'd
They had enough reveng'd, having reduc'd
Their foe to misery beneath their fears,
The rest was magnanimity to remit, 1470
If some convenient ransom were propos'd.
What noise or shout was that ? it tore the sky.

Chor. Doubtless the people shouting to behold
Their once great dread, captive, and blind before them,
Or at some proof of strength before them shown. 1475

Man. His ransom, if my whole inheritance
May compass it, shall willingly be paid
And number'd down : much rather I shall chuse
To live the poorest in my tribe, than richest,
And he in that calamitous prison left. 1480
No, I am fix'd not to part hence without him.
For his redemption all my patrimony,
If need be, I am ready to forego
And quit : not wanting him, I shall want nothing.

Chor. Fathers are wont to lay up for their sons,

SAMSON AGONISTES. III

Thou for thy son are bent to lay out all : 1486
 Sons wont to nurse their parents in old age,
 Thou in old age car'st how to nurse thy son,
 Made older than thy age through eye-sight lost.

Man. It shall be my delight to tend his eyes, 1490
 And view him sitting in the house, ennobled
 With all those high exploits by him achiev'd,
 And on his shoulders waving down those locks,
 That of a nation arm'd the strength contain'd :
 And I persuade me God had not permitted 1495
 His strength again to grow up with his hair,
 Garrison'd round about him like a camp
 Of faithful soldiery, were not his purpose
 To use him further yet in some great service ;
 Not to sit idle with so great a gift 1500
 Useless, and thence ridiculous about him.
 And since his strength with eye-sight was not lost,
 God will restore him eye-sight to his strength.

Chor. Thy hopes are not ill founded, nor seem vain
 Of his delivery, and thy joy thereon 1505
 Conceiv'd, agreeable to a father's love,
 In both which we, as next, participate.

Man. I know your friendly minds and—O what noise !
 Mercy of heav'n, what hideous noise was that !
 Horribly loud, unlike the former shout. 1510

Chor. Noise call you it, or universal groan,
 As if the whole inhabitation perish'd !
 Blood, death, and deathful deeds are in that noise,
 Ruin, destruction at the utmost point.

Man. Of ruin indeed methought I heard the noise :
 Oh it continues, they have slain my son. 1516

Chor. Thy son is rather slaying them, that outcry
 From slaughter of one foe could not ascend.

Man. Some dismal accident it needs must be ;

112 SAMSON AGONISTES.

What shall we do? stay here, or run and see? 1520

Chor. Best keep together here, lest running thither
We unawares run into danger's mouth.

This evil on the Philistines is fall'n;

From whom could else a general cry be heard?

The sufferers then will scarce molest us here, 1525

From other hands we need not much to fear.

What if his eye-sight (for to Israel's God

Nothing is hard) by miracle restor'd,

He now be dealing dole among his foes,

And over heaps of slaughter'd walk his way? 1530

Man. That were a joy presumptuous to be thought.

Chor. Yet God hath wrought things as incredible
For his people of old; what hinders now?

Man. He can, I know, but doubt to think he will;
Yet hope would fain subscribe, and tempts belief. 1535

A little stay will bring some notice hither.

Chor. Of good or bad so great, of bad the sooner;
For evil news rides post, while good news baits.

And to our wish I see one hither speeding,

An Hebrew, as I guess, and of our tribe. 1540

Mess. O whither shall I run, or which way fly
The sight of this so horrid spectacle,

Which erst my eyes beheld, and yet behold?

For dire imagination still pursues me.

But providence, or instinct of nature seems, 1545

Or reason though disturb'd, and scarce consulted,

To' have guided me aright, I know not how,

To thee first, reverend Manoah, and to these

My countrymen, whom here I knew remaining,

As at some distance from the place of horror, 1550

So in the sad event too much concern'd.

Man. The accident was loud, and here before thee
With rueful cry, yet what it was we hear not;

SAMSON AGONISTES. 113

No preface needs, thou seest we long to know.

Mess. It would burst forth ; but I recover breath
And sense distract, to know well what I utter. 1556

Man. Tell us the sum, the circumstance defer.

Mess. Gaza yet stands, but all her sons are fall'n,
All in a moment overwhelm'd and fall'n.

Man. Sad, but thou know'st to Israelites not saddest
The desolation of a hostile city. 1561

Mess. Feed on that first, there may in grief be surfeit.

Man. Relate by whom.

Mess. By Samson

Man. That still lessens

The sorrow, and converts it nigh to joy.

Mess. Ah Manoah, I refrain, too suddenly 1565
To utter what will come at last too soon ;

Lest evil tidings, with too rude irruption
Hitting thy aged ear, should pierce too deep.

Man. Suspense in news is torture, speak them out.

Mess. Take then the worst in brief, Samson is dead.

Man. The worst indeed : O all my hope's defeated
To free him hence ! but death, who sets all free, 1572
Hath paid his ransom now and full discharge.

What windy joy this day had I conceiv'd
Hopeful of his deliv'ry, which now proves 1575

Abortive, as the first-born bloom of spring
Nipt with the lagging rear of winter's frost !

Yet ere I give the reins to grief, say first,
How dy'd he ; death to life is crown or shame.

All by him fell thou say'st, by whom fell he ? 1580
What glorious hand gave Samson his death's wound ?

Mess. Unwounded of his enemies he fell.

Man. Wearied with slaughter then, or how ? explain.

Mess. By his own hands.

Man. Self-violence ? what cause

114 SAMSON AGONISTES.

Brought him so soon at variance with himself 1585
Among his foes?

Mess. Inevitable cause,
At once both to destroy, and be destroy'd;
The edifice where all were met to see him,
Upon their heads and on his own he pull'd.

Man. O lastly over-strong against thyself! 1590
A dreadful way thou took'st to thy revenge.
More than enough we know; but while things yet
Are in confusion, give us if thou canst,
Eye-witness of what first or last was done,
Relation more particular and distinct. 1595

Mess. Occasions drew me early to this city,
And as the gates I enter'd with sun-rise,
The morning-trumpets festival proclaim'd
Through each high street: little I had dispatch'd,
When all abroad was rumour'd, that this day 1600
Samson should be brought forth, to show the people
Proof of his mighty strength in feats and games;
I sorrow'd at his captive state, but minded
Not to be absent at that spectacle.

The building was a spacious theatre, 1605
Half-round, on two main pillars vaulted high,
With seats where all the lords, and each degree
Of sort, might sit in order to behold;
The other side was open, where the throng
On banks and scaffolds under sky might stand; 1610
I among these aloof obscurely stood.

The feast and noon grew high, and sacrifice
Had fill'd their hearts with mirth, high cheer, and wine,
When to their sports they turn'd. Immediately
Was Samson as a public servant brought, 1615
In their state-livery clad; before him pipes
And timbrels, on each side went armed guards,

SAMSON AGONISTES. 115

Both horse and foot, before him and behind
 Archers, and slingers, cataphracts and spears.
 At sight of him the people with a shout 1620
 Ristled the air, clamouring their god with praise,
 Who' had made their dreadful enemy their thrall.
 He patient, but undaunted, where they led him,
 Came to the place; and what was set before him,
 Which without help of eye might be assay'd, 1625
 To heave, pull, draw, or break, he still perform'd
 All with incredible, stupendious force,
 None daring to appear antagonist.
 At length for intermission sake they led him
 Between the pillars; he his guide requested 1630
 (For so from such as nearer stood we heard)
 As over-tir'd to let him lean a while
 With both his arms on those two massy pillars,
 That to the arched roof gave main support.
 He unsuspecting led him; which when Samson 1635
 Felt in his arms, with head a while inclin'd,
 And eyes fast fix'd he stood, as one who pray'd,
 Or some great matter in his mind revolv'd:
 At last with head erect thus cry'd aloud,
 Hitherto, lords, what your commands impos'd 1640
 I have perform'd, as reason was, obeying,
 Not without wonder or delight beheld:
 Now of my own accord such other trial
 I mean to show you of my strength, yet greater,
 As with amaze shall strike all who behold. 1645
 This utter'd, straining all his nerves he bow'd,
 As with the force of winds and waters pent,
 When mountains tremble, those two massy pillars
 With horrible convulsion to and fro, 1649
 He tugg'd, he shook, till down they came, and drew
 The whole roof after them, with burst of thunder,

116 SAMSON AGONISTES.

Upon the heads of all who sat beneath,
 Lords, ladies, captains, counsellors, or priests,
 Their choice nobility and flow'r, not only
 Of this but each Philistian city round 1655
 Met from all parts to solemnize this feast.
 Samson with these immix'd, inevitably
 Pull'd down the same destruction on himself ;
 The vulgar only scap'd, who stood without.

Chor. O dearly-bought revenge, yet glorious !
 Living or dying thou hast fulfill'd 1661
 The work for which thou wast foretold
 To Israel, and now ly'st victorious
 Among thy slain self-kill'd,
 Not willingly, but tangled in the fold 1665
 Of dire necessity, whose law in death conjoin'd
 Thee with thy slaughter'd foes, in number more
 Than all thy life had slain before.

Semichor. While their hearts were jocund and sublime,
 Drunk with idolatry, drunk with wine, 1670
 And fat regorg'd of bulls and goats,
 Chanting their idol, and preferring
 Before our living Dread who dwells
 In Silo his bright sanctuary :
 Among them he a spi'rit of frenzy sent, 1675
 Who hurt their minds,
 And urg'd them on with mad desire
 To call in haste for their destroyer ;
 They only set on sport and play,
 Unweetingly importun'd 1680
 Their own destruction to come speedy upon them.
 So fond are mortal men
 Fall'n into wrath divine,
 As their own ruin on themselves t'invite,

Inferate left, or to sense reprobate, 1685
And with blindness internal struck.

Semichor. But he, though blind of sight,
Despis'd, and thought extinguish'd quite,
With inward eyes illuminated,
His fiery virtue rous'd 1690

From under ashes into sudden flame,
And as an evening-dragon came,
Assailant on the perched roosts,
And nests in order rang'd
Of tame villatic fowl ; but as an eagle 1695
His cloudless thunder bolted on their heads.

So virtue giv'n for lost,
Depress'd, and overthrown, as seem'd,
Like that self-begotten bird
In the Arabian woods imbos'd, 1700
That no second knows nor third,
And lay ere while a holocaust,
From out her ashy womb now teem'd,
Revives, refflourishes, then vigorous most
When most unactive deem'd, 1705
And though her body die, her fame survives
A secular bird ages of lives.

Man. Come, come, no time for lamentation now,
Nor much more cause ; Samson hath quit himself
Like Samson, and heroically hath finish'd 1710
A life heroic, on his enemies
Fully reveng'd, hath left them years of mourning,
And lamentation to the sons of Caphtor
Through all Philistian bounds ; to Israel
Honour hath left, and freedom, let but them 1715
Find courage to lay hold on this occasion ;
To' himself and father's house eternal fame ;

118 SAMSON AGONISTES.

And, which is best and happiest yet, all this
With God not parted from him, as was fear'd,
But favouring and assisting to the end. 1720

Nothing is here for tears, nothing to wail
Or knock the breast, no weakness, no contempt,
Dispraise, or blame, nothing but well and fair,
And what may quiet us in a death so noble.

Let us go find the body where it lies 1725

Sok'd in his enemies blood, and from the stream

With lavers pure and cleansing herbs wash off

The clotted gore. I with what speed the while

(Gaza is not in plight to say us nay)

Will fend for all my kindred, all my friends, 1730

To fetch him hence, and solemnly attend

With silent obsequy and funeral train

Home to his father's house : there will I build him

A monument, and plant it round with shade

Of laurel ever green, and branching palm, 1735

With all his trophies hung, and acts inroll'd

In copious legend, or sweet lyric song.

Thither shall all the valiant youth resort,

And from his memory inflame their breasts

To matchless valour, and adventures high : 1740

The virgins also shall on feastful days

Visit his tomb with flow'rs, only bewailing

His lot unfortunate in nuptial choice,

From whence captivity and loss of eyes.

Chor. All is best, though we oft doubt, 1745

What th' unsearchable dispose

Of highest wisdom brings about,

And ever best found in the close.

Oft he seems to hide his face,

But unexpectedly returns, 1750

SAMSON AGONISTES. 119

And to his faithful champion hath in place
Bore witness gloriously ; whence Gaza mourns,
And all that band them to resist
His uncontrollable intent ;
His servants he with new acquit
Of true experience from this great event
With peace and consolation hath dismiss'd,
And calm of mind all passion spent.

1755

THE END.

P O E M S

Upon several occasions.

Composed at several times.

Baccare frontem
Cingite, ne vati noceat mala lingua futuro.
Virgil, Eclog. 7.

*To the first edition of the author's poems printed in
1645 was prefixed the following advertisement of*

THE STATIONER TO THE READER.

IT is not any private respect of gain, gentle reader, for the slightest pamphlet is now-a-days more vendible than the works of learnedest men; but it is the love I have to our own language, that hath made me diligent to collect and set forth such pieces, both in prose and verse, as may renew the wonted honour and esteem of our English tongue: and it is the worth of these both English and Latin poems, not the flourish of any prefixed encomiums, that can invite thee to buy them, though these are not without the highest commendations and applause of the learnedest academics, both domestic and foreign; and amongst those of our own country, the unparalleled attestation of that renowned Provost of Eton, Sir Henry Wotton.

Wotton. I know not thy palate how it relishes such dainties, nor how harmonious thy soul is; perhaps more trivial airs may please thee better. But howsoever thy opinion is spent upon these, that encouragement I have already received from the most ingenious men in their clear and courteous entertainment of Mr Waller's late choice pieces, hath once more made me adventure into the world, presenting it with these ever-green, and not to be blasted laurels. The author's more peculiar excellency in these studies was too well known to conceal his papers, or to keep me from attempting to solicit them from him. Let the event guide itself which way it will, I shall deserve of the age, by bringing into the light as true a birth, as the Muses have brought forth since our famous Spenser wrote; whose poems in these English ones are as rarely imitated, as sweetly excelled. Reader, if thou art eagle-eyed to censure their worth, I am not fearful to expose them to thy exactest perusal.

Thine to command,

HUMPH. MOSELEY.

VOL. II.

Q

POEMS on several occasions.

I.

*On the death of a fair infant, dying of a cough *.*

I.

O Fairest flow'r no sooner blown but blasted,
Soft filken primrose fading timelessly,
Summer's chief honour, if thou hadst outlasted
Bleak winter's force that made thy blossom dry;
For he being amorous on that lovely dye

That did thy cheek envermeil, thought to kiss,
But kill'd, 'alas, and then bewail'd his fatal bliss.

II.

For since grim Aquilo his charioteer
By boist'rous rape th' Athenian damsel got,
He thought it touch'd his deity full near,
If likewise he some fair one wedded not,
Thereby to wipe away th' infâmous blot

Of long-uncoupled bed, and childless eld, [held.
Which 'mongst the wanton gods a foul reproach was

III.

So mounting up in icy-pearled car, 15
Through middle empire of the freezing air
He wander'd long, till thee he spy'd from far;
There ended was his quest, there ceas'd his care.
Down he descended from his snow-soft chair,

But all unwares with his cold kind embrace 20
Unhous'd thy virgin-soul from her fair biding place.

IV.

Yet art thou not inglorious in thy fate;
For so Apollo, with unweeting hand,

* Composed in 1625, the 17th year of Milton's age. — This infant was the author's niece, a daughter of his sister Philips, and probably her first child.

Whilome did slay his dearly-loved mate,
Young Hyacinth born on Eurotas' strand, 25
Young Hyacinth the pride of Spartan land ;

But then transform'd him to a purple flow'r :
Alack that so to change thee Winter had no pow'r.

V.

Yet can I not persuade me thou art dead,
Or that thy corse corrupts in earth's dark womb, 30
Or that thy beauties lie in wormy bed,
Hid from the world in a low-delved tomb ;
Could Heav'n for pity thee so strictly doom ?

Oh no ! for something in thy face did shine
Above mortality, that shew'd thou wast divine. 35

VI.

Resolve me then, oh soul most surely blest,
(If so it be that thou these complaints dost hear),
Tell me bright spirit where-e'er thou hoverest,
Whether above that high first-moving sphere,
Or in th' Elysian fields (if such there were) ; 40

Oh say me true, if thou wert mortal wight,
And why from us so quickly thou didst take thy flight.

VII.

Wert thou some star which from the ruin'd roof
Of shak'd Olympus by mischance didst fall ;
Which careful Jove in Nature's true behoof 45
Took up, and in fit place did reinstall ?
Or did of late earth's sons besiege the wall

Of sheeny heav'n, and thou some goddess fled
Amongst us here below to hide thy nectar'd head ?

VIII.

Or wert thou that just maid who once before 50
Forsook the hated earth, O tell me sooth,
And cam'st again to visit us once more ?

Or wert thou that sweet smiling Youth ?
Or that crown'd matron sage white-robed Truth ?
Or any other of that heav'nly brood 55
Let down in cloudy throne to do the world some good ?

IX.

Or wert thou of the golden-winged host,
Who having clad thyself in human weed,
To earth from thy prefixed seat didst post,
And after short abode fly back with speed, 60
As if to show what creatures heav'n doth breed,
Thereby to set the hearts of men on fire
To scorn the sordid world, and unto heav'n aspire ?

X.

But oh why didst thou not stay here below
To bless us with thy heav'n-lov'd innocence, 65
To slake his wrath whom sin hath made our foe,
To turn swift-rushing black perdition hence,
Or drive away the slaughtering pestilence,
To stand 'twixt us and our deserved smart ? 69
But thou canst best perform that office where thou art,

XI.

Then thou the mother of so sweet a child,
Her false imagin'd loss cease to lament,
And wisely learn to curb thy sorrows wild ;
Think what a present thou to God hast sent ;
And render him with patience what he lent : 75
This if thou do, he will an offspring give,
That till the world's last end shall make thy name to live,

II.

*At a vacation-exercise in the college, part Latin, part English. The Latin speeches ended, the English thus began *.*

HAil native language, that by sinews weak
Didst move my first endeavouring tongue to speak,
And mad'st imperfect words with childish trips,
Half unpronounc'd, slide through my infant-lips,
Driving dumb silence from the portal door, 5
Where he had mutely sat two years before :
Here I salute thee, and thy pardon ask,
That now I use thee in my latter task :
Small loss it is that thence can come unto thee,
I know my tongue but little grace can do thee : 10
Thou need'st not be ambitious to be first,
Believe me I have thither pack'd the worst :
And, if it happen as I did forecast,
The daintiest dishes shall be serv'd up last.
I pray thee then deny me not thy aid 15
For this same small neglect that I have made :
But haste thee strait to do me once a pleasure,
And from thy wardrobe bring thy chiefest treasure,
Not those new-fangled toys, and trimming flight
Which takes our late fantasticks with delight, 20
But cull those richest robes, and gay'st attire,
Which deepest spirits, and choicest wits desire :
I have some naked thoughts that rove about,
And loudly knock to have their passage out ;
And weary of their place do only stay 25
Till thou hast deck'd them in thy best array ;
That so they may without suspect or fears
Fly swiftly to this fair assembly's ears :

* Composed in 1627.

Yet I had rather, if I were to chuse,
Thy service in some graver subject use, 30
Such as may make thee search thy coffers round,
Before thou clothe my fancy in fit sound :
Such where the deep transported mind may soar
Above the wheeling poles, and at heav'n's door
Look in, and see each blisful deity 35
How he before the thunderous throne doth lie,
Lift'ning to what unshorn Apollo sings
To th' touch of golden wires, while Hebe brings
Immortal nectar to her kingly fire :
Then passing through the spheres of watchful fire, 40
And misty regions of wide air next under,
And hills of snow and lofts of piled thunder,
May tell at length how green-ey'd Neptune raves,
In heav'n's defiance must'ring all his waves ;
Then sing of secret things that came to pass 45
When beldam Nature in her cradle was ;
And last of kings, and queens, and heroes old,
Such as the wise Demodocus once told
In solemn songs at King Alcinous' feast,
While sad Ulysses' soul and all the rest 50
Are held with his melodious harmony
In willing chains and sweet captivity.
But fie, my wand'ring muse, how thou dost stray !
Expectance calls thee now another way ;
Thou know'st it must be now thy only bent 55
To keep in compass of thy Predicament :
Then quick about thy purpos'd business come,
That to the next I may resign my room.

[Then Ens is represented as father of the Predicaments his ten sons, whereof the eldest stood for Substance with his canons; which Ens, thus speaking, explains.

Good luck befriend thee, son; for at thy birth
The fairy ladies danc'd upon the hearth; 60
Thy drowsy nurse hath sworn she did them spy
Come tripping to the room where thou didst lie,
And sweetly singing round about thy bed
Strow all their blessings on thy sleeping head.
She heard them give thee this, that thou shouldst still
From eyes of mortals walk invisible: 66
Yet there is something that doth force my fear;
For once it was my dismal hap to hear
A Sibyl old, bow-bent with crooked age,
That far events full wisely could preface, 70
And in Time's long and dark prospective glass
Forefaw what future days should bring to pass;
Your son, said she, (nor can you it prevent),
Shall subject be to many an accident.
O'er all his brethren he shall reign as king, 75
Yet every one shall make him underling;
And those that cannot live from him asunder,
Ungratefully shall strive to keep him under;
In worth and excellence he shall out-go them,
Yet being above them, he shall be below them; 80
From others he shall stand in need of nothing,
Yet on his brothers shall depend for clothing.
To find a foe it shall not be his hap,
And Peace shall lull him in her flow'ry lap;
Yet shall he live in strife, and at his door 85
Devouring War shall never cease to roar:
Yea, it shall be his natural property
To harbour those that are at enmity.

What pow'r, what force, what mighty spell, if not
Your learned hands, can loose this Gordian knot? 90

[*The next Quantity and Quality spake in prose, then
Relation was called by his name.*

Rivers, arise; whether thou be the son
Of utmost Tweed, or Ouse, or gulfy Dun,
Or Trent, who like some earth-born giant spreads
His thirty arms along th' indented meads,
Or sullen Mole that runneth underneath, 95
Or Severn swift, guilty of maiden's death,
Or rocky Avon, or of sedgy Lee,
Or coaly Tine, or ancient hallow'd Dee,
Or Humber loud that keeps the Scythian's name,
Or Medway smooth, or royal tow'rd Thame. 100

The rest was prose.

III.

On the morning of CHRIST'S nativity.*

I.

THIS is the month, and this the happy morn,
Wherein the Son of heav'n's eternal King,
Of wedded maid, and virgin-mother born,
Our great redemption from above did bring;
For so the holy fages once did sing, 5
That he our deadly forfeit should release,
And with his Father work us a perpetual peace.

II.

That glorious form, that light unsufferable,
And that far-beaming blaze of majesty,

* Composed in 1629.

Wherewith he wont at heav'n's high council-table 10
 To sit the midst of Trinal Unity,
 He laid aside ; and here with us to be,
 Forfook the courts of everlasting day,
 And chose with us a darksome house of mortal clay.

III.

Say, heav'nly muse, shall not thy sacred vein 15
 Afford a present to the Infant God ?
 Hast thou no verse, no hymn, or solemn strain,
 To welcome him to this his new abode,
 Now while the heav'n by the sun's team untrod,
 Hath took no print of the approaching light, 20
 And all the spangled host keep watch in squadrons
 bright ?

IV.

See how from far upon the eastern road
 The star-led wizards haste with odours sweet :
 O run, prevent them with thy humble ode,
 And lay it lowly at his blessed feet ; 25
 Have thou the honour first, thy Lord to greet,
 And join thy voice unto the angel quire,
 From out his secret altar touch'd with hallow'd fire.

The H Y M N.

I.

IT was the winter wild,
 While the heav'n-born child 30
 All meanly wrapt in the rude manger lies ;
 Nature, in awe to him,
 Had doff'd her gaudy trim,
 With her great Master so to sympathize :
 It was no season then for her 35
 To wanton with the sun her lusty paramour.

II.

Only with speeches fair
 She wooes the gentle air
 To hide her guilty front with innocent snow;
 And on her naked shame, 40
 Pollute with sinful blame,
 The faintly veil of maiden white to throw,
 Confounded, that her Maker's eyes
 Should look so near upon her foul deformities.

III.

But he, her fears to cease, 45
 Sent down the meek-ey'd Peace;
 She crown'd with olive green, came softly sliding
 Down through the turning sphere
 His ready harbinger,

With turtle wing the amorous clouds dividing, 50
 And waving wide her myrtle wand,
 She strikes an universal peace through sea and land.

IV.

No war, or battle's sound
 Was heard the world around:
 The idle spear and shield were high up hung, 55
 The hooked chariot stood,
 Unstain'd with hostile blood,

The trumpet spake not to the armed throng,
 And kings sat still with awful eye,
 As if they surely knew their sov'reign Lord was by. 60

V.

But peaceful was the night,
 Wherein the Prince of light
 His reign of peace upon the earth began:
 The winds with wonder whist
 Smoothly the waters kist, 65
 Whisp'ring new joys to the mild ocean,

Who now hath quite forgot to rave,
While birds of calm sit brooding on the charmed wave.

VI.

The stars with deep amaze
Stand fix'd in stedfast gaze, 70

Bending one way their precious influence,
And will not take their flight,
For all the morning-light,

Or Lucifer that often warn'd them thence ;
But in their glimmering orbs did glow, 75
Until their Lord himself bespake, and bid them go.

VII.

And though the shady gloom
Had given day her room,

The sun himself with-held his wonted speed,
And hid his head for shame, 80
As his inferior flame

The new-enlighten'd world no more should need ;
He saw a greater sun appear
Than his bright throne, or burning axletree could bear.

VIII.

The shepherds on the lawn, 85
Or e'er the point of dawn,

Sat simply chatting in a rustic row ;
Full little thought they then,
That the mighty Pan

Was kindly come to live with them below ; 90
Perhaps their loves, or else their sheep,
Was all that did their silly thoughts so busy keep.

IX.

When such music sweet
Their hearts and ears did greet,
As never was by mortal finger strook, 95
Divinely-warbled voice

Answering the stringed noise,
 As all their souls in blissful rapture took:
 The air such pleasure loath to lose,
 With thousand echo's still prolongs each heav'nly close.

X.

Nature that heard such sound, 101
 Beneath the hollow round

Of Cynthia's seat, the airy region thrilling,
 Now was almost won
 To think her part was done, 105

And that her reign had here its last fulfilling;
 She knew such harmony alone
 Could hold all heav'n and earth in happier union.

XI.

At last surrounds their sight
 A globe of circular light, 110

That with long beams the shamesac'd night array'd;
 The helmed Cherubim
 And sworded Seraphim,

Are seen in glittering ranks with wings display'd,
 Harping in loud and solemn quire, 115
 With unexpressive notes to heav'n's new-born heir.

XII.

Such music (as 'tis said)
 Before was never made,
 But when of old the sons of morning sung,
 While the Creator great 120
 His constellations set,

And the well-balanc'd world on hinges hung,
 And cast the dark foundations deep,
 And bid the weltring waves their oozy channel keep.

XIII.

Ring out ye crystal spheres, 125
 Once bless our human ears,

(If ye have pow'r to touch our senses so),
And let your silver chime
Move in melodious time,
And let the base of heav'n's deep organ blow, 130
And with your ninefold harmony
Make up full consort to th' angelic symphony.

XIV.

For if such holy song
Inwrap our fancy long,
Time will run back, and fetch the age of gold, 135
And speckled Vanity
Will sicken soon and die,
And leprous Sin will melt from earthly mold,
And Hell itself will pass away,
And leave her dolorous mansions to the peering day.

XV.

Yea, Truth and Justice then 141
Will down return to men,
Orb'd in a rainbow; and like glories wearing
Mercy will sit between,
Thron'd in celestial sheen, 145
With radiant feet the tissued clouds down steering,
And Heav'n, as at some festival,
Will open wide the gates of her high palace-hall.

XVI.

But wisest Fate says no,
This must not yet be so, 150
The babe lies yet in smiling infancy,
That on the bitter cross
Must redeem our loss;
So both himself and us to glorify: 154
Yet first to those ychain'd in sleep, [deep.
The wakeful trump of doom must thunder through the

XVII.

With such a horrid clang
 As on mount Sinai rang,
 While the red fire, and smould'ring clouds out brake ;
 The aged earth aghast, 160
 With terror of that blast,

Shall from the surface to the centre shake ;
 When at the world's last session,
 The dreadful Judge in middle air shall spread his throne,

XVIII.

And then at last our bliss 165
 Full and perfect is,

But now begins ; for from this happy day
 Th' old Dragon under ground
 In straiter limits bound,

Not half so far casts his usurped sway, 170
 And wroth to see his kingdom fail,
 Swinges the scaly horror of his folded tail.

XIX.

The oracles are dumb,
 No voice or hideous hum
 Runs through the arched roof in words deceiving.
 Apollo from his shrine 176
 Can no more divine,

With hollow shriek the steep of Delphos leaving.
 No nightly trance, or breathed spell
 Inspires the pale-ey'd priest from the prophetic cell.

XX.

The lonely mountains o'er, 181
 And the resounding shore,

A voice of weeping heard and loud lament ;
 From haunted spring, and dale
 Edg'd with poplar pale, 185

The parting genius is with sighing sent ;

With flow'r-inwoven tresses torn [mourn.
The nymphs in twilight shade of tangled thickets

XXI.

In consecrated earth,
And on the holy hearth, 190

The Lars, and Lemures moan with midnight-plaint;
In urns, and altars round,

A drear and dying sound

Affrights the flamens at their service quaint;
And the chill marble seems to sweat, 195

While each peculiar pow'r foregoes his wonted feat.

XXII.

Peor and Baälím
Forsake their temples dim,

With that twice batter'd god of Palestine;
And mooned Ashtaroth, 200

Heav'n's queen and mother both,

Now sits not girt with tapers holy shine;
The Libyc Hammon shrinks his horn, [mourn.

In vain the Tyrian maids their wounded Thammuz

XXIII.

And fullen Moloch fled, 205
Hath left in shadows dread

His burning idol all of blackest hue;
In vain with cymbals ring

They call the grisly king,

In dismal dance about the furnace blue; 210
The brutish gods of Nile as fast,

Ifis and Orus, and the dog Anubis, haste.

XXIV.

Nor is Osiris seen
In Memphian grove or green,

Trampling the unshow'r'd grafs with lowings loud :
 Nor can he be at rest 216
 Within his sacred chest, XXX.

Nought but profoundest hell can be his shroud ;
 In vain with timbrel'd anthems dark
 The fable-stoled forcerers bear his worshipp'd ark. 220

XXV.

He feels from Juda's land
 The dreaded infant's hand,
 The rays of Bethlehem blind his dusky eyn ;
 Nor all the gods beside, 225
 Longer dare abide, XXX.

Not Typhon huge ending in snaky twine :
 Our babe, to show his Godhead true,
 Can in his swaddling-bands control the damned crew.

XXVI.

So when the fun in bed,
 Curtain'd with cloudy red, 230
 Pillows his chin upon an orient wave,
 The flocking shadows pale
 Troop to th' infernal jail, XXX.

Each fetter'd ghost slips to his several grave, 234
 And the yellow-skirted Fayes [maze.
 Fly after the night-steeds, leaving their moon-lov'd

XXVII.

But see the virgin blest
 Hath laid her babe to rest,
 Time is our tedious song should here have ending :
 Heav'n's youngest teemed star 240
 Hath fix'd her polish'd car, XXX.

Her sleeping Lord with handmaid lamp attending :
 And all about the courtly stable,
 Bright harness'd angels sit in order serviceable.

IV.

*The P A S S I O N *.*

I.

ERewhile of music, and ethereal mirth,
Wherewith the stage of air and earth did ring,
And joyous news of heav'nly Infant's birth,
My Muse with angels did divide to sing;
But headlong joy is ever on the wing, 5

In wint'ry solstice like the shorten'd light
Soon swallow'd up in dark and long outliving night.

II.

For now to sorrow must I tune my song,
And set my harp to notes of saddest wo,
Which on our dearest Lord did seize ere long, 10
Dangers, and snares, and wrongs, and worse than so,
Which he for us did freely undergo :

Most perfect Hero, try'd in heaviest plight
Of labours huge and hard, too hard for human weight !

III.

He sov'reign Priest stooping his regal head, 15
That dropt with odorous oil down his fair eyes,
Poor fleshly tabernacle entered,
His starry front low-roof'd beneath the skies ;
O what a mask was there, what a disguise !

Yet more ; the stroke of death he must abide, 20
Then lies him meekly down fast by his brethrens side.

IV.

These latest scenes confine my roving verse,
To this horizon is my Phœbus bound ;
His God-like acts, and his temptations fierce,

* This poems appears to have been composed soon after the ode on the nativity.

And former sufferings, other where are found; 25
 Loud o'er the rest Cremona's trump doth found;
 Me softer airs besit, and softer strings
 Of lute, or viol still, more apt for mournful things.

V.

Befriend me, Night, best patroness of grief,
 Over the pole thy thickest mantle throw, 30
 And work my flatter'd fancy to belief,
 That heav'n and earth are colour'd with my wo;
 My sorrows are too dark for day to know:

The leaves should all be black whereon I write,
 And letters where my tears have wash'd a wannish white.

VI.

See, see the chariot, and those rushing wheels, 36
 That whirl'd the prophet up at Chebar flood;
 My spirit some transporting Cherub feels,
 To bear me where the tow'rs of Salem stood,
 Once glorious tow'rs, now sunk in guiltless blood;

There doth my soul in holy vision sit 41
 In pensive trance, and anguish, and ecstatic fit.

VII.

Mine eye hath found that sad sepulchral rock
 That was the casket of heav'n's richest store;
 And here though grief my feeble hands up lock, 45
 Yet on the soften'd quarry would I score
 My plaining verse as lively as before;

For sure so well instructed are my tears,
 That they would fitly fall in order'd characters.

VIII.

Or should I thence hurried on viewless wing, 50
 Take up a weeping on the mountains wild,
 The gentle neighbourhood of grove and spring
 Would soon unbosom all their echoes mild,
 And I (for grief is easily beguil'd)

Might think th' infection of my sorrows loud 55
Had got a race of mourners on some pregnant cloud.

*This subject the author finding to be above the years
he had when he wrote it, and nothing satisfied
with what was begun, left it unfinished.*

V.

On TIME*.

FLY, envious Time, till thou run out thy race,
Call on the lazy leaden-stepping hours,
Whose speed is but the heavy plummet's pace ;
And glut thyself with what thy womb devours,
Which is no more than what is false and vain, 5
And merely mortal dross ;
So little is our loss,
So little is thy gain.
For when as each thing bad thou hast intomb'd,
And last of all thy greedy self consum'd, 10
Then long Eternity shall greet our bliss
With an individual kiss ;
And Joy shall overtake us as a flood,
When every thing that is sincerely good
And perfectly divine, 15
With truth, and peace, and love, shall ever shine
About the supreme throne
Of him, t' whose happy-making sight alone
When once our heav'nly-guided soul shall clime,
Then all this earthy grossness quit, 20
Attir'd with stars, we shall for ever sit, [Time.
Triumphing over Death, and Chance, and thee, O

* In these poems where no date is prefixed, and no circumstances direct to ascertain the time when they were composed, the order of Milton's own editions is followed. Before this copy of verses, it appears from his manuscript, that he had written, *To be set on a clock-case.*

VI.

Upon the circumcision.

YE flaming pow'rs, and winged warriors bright,
 That erst with music, and triumphant song,
 First heard by happy watchful shepherds ear,
 So sweetly sung your joy the clouds along
 Through the soft silence of the list'ning night ; 5
 Now mourn, and if sad share with us to bear
 Your fiery essence can distil no tear,
 Burn in your sighs, and borrow
 Seas wept from our deep sorrow :
 He who with all heav'n's heraldry whilere 10
 Enter'd the world, now bleeds to give us ease ;
 Alas, how soon our sin

Sore doth begin

His infancy to seize !

O more exceeding love or law more just ? 15
 Just law indeed, but more exceeding love !
 For we by rightful doom remediless
 Were lost in death, till he that dwelt above
 High thron'd in secret bliss, for us frail dust
 Emptied his glory, ev'n to nakedness ; 20
 And that great covenant which we still transgress
 Entirely satisfied,
 And the full wrath beside
 Of vengeful Justice bore for our excess,
 And seals obedience first with wounding smart 25
 This day, but O ere long
 Huge pangs and strong
 Will pierce more near his heart.

VII.

At a solemn music.

Bless'd pair of Sirens, pledges of heav'n's joy,
Sphere-born harmonious sisters, Voice and Verse,
Wed your divine sounds, and mix'd pow'r employ
Dead things with inbreath'd sense able to pierce,
And to our high-rais'd phantasy present 5
That undisturbed song of pure concent,
Ay sung before the sapphire-colour'd throne
To him that sits thereon
With faintly shout, and solemn jubilee,
Where the bright Seraphim in burning row 10
Their loud up-lifted angel-trumpets blow,
And the Cherubic host in thousand quires
Touch their immortal harps of golden wires,
With those just spirits that wear victorious palms,
Hymns devout and holy psalms 15
Singing everlastingly ;
That we on earth with undiscording voice
May rightly answer that melodious noise ;
As once we did, till disproportion'd sin
Jarr'd against nature's chime, and with harsh din 20
Broke the fair music that all creatures made
To their great Lord, whose love their motion sway'd
In perfect diapason, whilst they stood
In first obedience, and their state of good.
O may we soon again renew that song, 25
And keep in tune with heav'n, till God ere long
To his celestial consort us unite,
To live with him, and sing in endless morn of light.

VIII.

*An epitaph on the Marchioness of Winchester *.*

THis rich marble doth inter
 The 'honour'd wife of Winchester,
 A Viscount's daughter, an Earl's heir,
 Besides what her virtues fair
 Added to her noble birth,
 5 More than she could own from earth.
 Summers three times eight save one
 She had told ; alas too soon,
 After so short time of breath,
 To house with darkness, and with death. 10
 Yet had the number of her days
 Been as complete as was her praise,
 Nature and fate had had no strife
 In giving limit to her life.
 Her high birth, and her graces sweet 15
 Quickly found a lover meet ;
 The virgin quire for her request
 The god that sits at marriage-feast ;
 He at their invoking came,
 But with a scarce well-lighted flame ; 20
 And in his garland as he stood,
 Ye might discern a cypress bud.
 Once had the early matrons run
 To greet her of a lovely son,
 And now with second hope she goes, 25
 And calls Lucina to her throws ;

* This lady was Jane, daughter of Thomas Lord Visc. Savage of Rock-Savage, Cheshire, who by marriage became the heir of Lord Darcy Earl of Rivers ; and was the wife of John Marquis of Winchester, and the mother of Charles first Duke of Bolton. She died in childbed of a second son in the 23d year of her age ; and Milton made these verses at Cambridge.

An Epitaph on the Marchioness of Winchester. 143

But, whether by mischance or blame,
Atropos for Lucina came ;
And with remorseless cruelty
Spoil'd at once both fruit and tree ; 30
The hapless babe before his birth
Had burial, yet not laid in earth,
And the languish'd mother's womb
Was not long a living tomb.
So have I seen some tender slip, 35
Sav'd with care from winter's nip,
The pride of her carnation train,
Pluck'd up by some unheedy swain,
Who only thought to crop the flow'r
New shot up from vernal show'r ; 40
But the fair blossom hangs the head
Sidewise, as on a dying bed,
And those pearls of dew she wears,
Prove to be presaging tears,
Which the sad morn had let fall 45
On her hast'ning funeral.
Gentle Lady, may thy grave
Peace and quiet ever have ;
After this thy travel fore
Sweet rest seize thee evermore, 50
That, to give the world increase,
Short'ned hast thy own life's lease.
Here, besides the sorrowing
That thy noble house doth bring,
Here be tears of perfect moan 55
Wept for thee in Helicon,
And some flowers, and some bays,
For thy herse, to strow the ways,
Sent thee from the banks of Came,
Devoted to thy virtuous name ; 60

Whilst thou, bright saint, high sitt'st in glory,
 Next her much like to thee in story,
 That fair Syrian shepherdes,
 Who, after years of barrenness,
 The highly-favour'd Joseph bore 65
 To him that serv'd for her before,
 And at her next birth, much like thee,
 Through pangs fled to felicity,
 Far within the bosom bright
 Of blazing majesty and light : 70
 There with thee, new welcome saint,
 Like fortunes may her soul acquaint,
 With thee, there clad in radiant sheen,
 No Marchioness, but now a Queen.

IX.

SONG. *On May morning.*

NOW the bright morning-star, day's harbinger,
 Comes dancing from the east, and leads with her
 The flow'ry May, who from her green lap throws
 The yellow cowslip, and the pale primrose.

Hail bounteous May that dost inspire 5
 Mirth, and youth, and warm desire ;
 Woods and groves are of thy dressing,
 Hill and dale doth boast thy blessing.
 Thus we salute thee with our early song,
 And welcome thee, and wish thee long. 10

X.

*On SHAKESPEAR **

WHat needs my Shakespear for his honour'd
 The labour of an age in piled stones, [bones

Or that his hallow'd reliques should be hid
Under a star-pointing pyramid ?
Dear son of memory, great heir of fame, 5
What need'st thou such weak witness of thy name ?
Thou in our wonder and astonishment
Hast built thyself a live-long monument.
For whilst to th' shame of slow-endeavouring art
Thy easy numbers flow, and that each heart 10
Hath from the leaves of thy unvalu'd book
Those Delphic lines with deep impression took,
Then thou our fancy of itself bereaving,
Dost make us marble with too much conceiving ;
And so sepulch'r'd in such pomp dost lie, 15
That kings for such a tomb would wish to die.

XI.

*On the university-carrier, who sickened in the time of his
vacancy, being forbid to go to London, by reason of the
plague. *.*

Here lies old Hobson ; Death hath broke his girt,
And here, alas, hath laid him in the dirt,

* We have the following account of this extraordinary man in the Spectator, No 509. Mr Tobias Hobson was a carrier, and the first man in this island who let out hackney-horses. He lived in Cambridge ; and observing that the scholars rid hard, his manner was, to keep a large stable of horses, with boots, bridles, and whips, to furnish the gentlemen at once, without going from college to college to borrow, as they have done since the death of this worthy man : I say, Mr Hobson kept a stable of forty good cattle, always ready and fit for travelling : but when a man came for a horse, he was led into the stable, where there was great choice ; but he obliged him to take the horse which stood next to the stable-door : so that every customer was alike well served, according to his chance, and every horse ridden with the same justice. From whence it became a proverb, when what ought to be your election was forced upon you, to say, *Hobson's choice*. This me-

Or else the ways being foul, twenty to one
 He's here stuck in a slough, and overthrown.
 'Twas such a shifter, that if truth were known, 5
 Death was half glad when he had got him down ;
 For he had any time this ten years full,
 Dodg'd with him, betwixt Cambrige and the Bull.
 And surely Death could never have prevail'd,
 Had not his weekly course of carriage fail'd ; 10
 But lately finding him so long at home,
 And thinking now his journey's end was come,
 And that he had ta'en up his latest inn,
 In the kind office of a chamberlin
 Show'd him his room where he must lodge that night,
 Pull'd off his boots, and took away the light : 16
 If any ask for him, it shall be said,
 Hobson has supp'd, and's newly gone to bed.

XII.

Another on the same.

Here lieth one, who did most truly prove
 That he could never die while he could move ;
 So hung his destiny, never to rot
 While he might still jog on and keep his trot,
 Made of sphere-metal, never to decay 5
 Until his revolution was at stay,
 Time numbers motion, yet (without a crime
 'Gainst old truth) motion number'd out his time :
 And like an engine mov'd with wheel and weight,
 His principles being ceas'd, he ended strait. 10
 Rest that gives all men life, gave him his death,
 And too much breathing put him out of breath ;

morable man stands drawn in fresco at an inn (which he used) in
 Bishopsgate-street, with an hundred pound bag under his arm, with
 this inscription upon the said bag,

The fruitful mother of an hundred more,

Nor were it contradiction to affirm
 Too long vacation hasten'd on his term.
 Merely to drive the time away he sicken'd, 15
 Fainted, and died, nor would with ale be quicken'd;
 Nay, quoth he, on his swooning bed out-stretch'd,
 If I mayn't carry, sure I'll ne'er be fetch'd,
 But vow, though the cross doctors all stood hearers,
 For one carrier put down to make six bearers. 20
 Ease was his chief disease, and to judge right,
 He dy'd for heaviness that his cart went light:
 His leisure told him that his time was come,
 And lack of load made his life burdensome,
 That ev'n to his last breath (there be that say't) 25
 As he were press'd to death, he cry'd more weight;
 But had his doings lasted as they were,
 He had been an immortal carrier.
 Obedient to the moon he spent his date
 In course reciprocal, and had his fate 30
 Link'd to the mutual flowing of the seas,
 Yet (strange to think) his wain was his increase:
 His letters are deliver'd all and gone,
 Only remains this superscription.

XIII.

L' ALLEGRO*.

Hence loathed Melancholy,
 Of Cerberus and blackest Midnight born,
 In Stygian cave forlorn
 'Mongst horrid shapes, and shrieks, and sights unholy,
 Find out some uncouth cell, 5
 Where brooding darkness spreads his jealous wings,
 And the night-raven sings;

* i. e. the chearful merry man.

There under ebon shades, and low-brow'd rocks,
As ragged as thy locks,
In dark Cimmerian desert ever dwell. 10
But come thou goddess fair and free,
In heav'n ycleap'd Euphrosyne,
And by men, heart-easing Mirth,
Whom lovely Venus at a birth
With two sister Graces more 15
To ivy-crowned Bacchus bore ;
Or whether (as some fager sing)
The frolic wind that breathes the spring,
Zephyr with Aurora playing,
As he met her once a-Maying, 20
There on beds of violets blue,
And fresh-blown roses wash'd in dew,
Fill'd her with thee a daughter fair,
So buxom, blithe, and debonnaire.
Haste thee nymph, and bring with thee 25
Jest and youthful Jollity,
Quips and Cranks, and wanton Wiles,
Nods and Becks, and wreathed Smiles,
Such as hang on Hebe's cheek,
And love to live in dimple sleek ; 30
Sport that wrinkled Care derides,
And Laughter holding both his sides.
Come, and trip it as you go
On the light fantastic toe,
And in thy right hand lead with thee, 35
The mountain-nymph, sweet Liberty ;
And if I give thee honour due,
Mirth, admit me of thy crew,
To live with her, and live with thee,
In unproved pleasures free ; 40

To hear the lark begin his flight,
And singing startle the dull night,
From his watch-tow'r in the skies,
Till the dappled dawn doth rise ;
Then to come in spite of sorrow, 45
And at my window bid good-morrow,
Through the sweet-brier, or the vine,
Or the twisted eglantine :
While the cock with lively din
Scatters the rear of darkness thin, 50
And to the stack, or the barn-door,
Stoutly struts his dames before :
Oft list'ning how the hounds and horn
Cheerly rouse the slumb'ring morn,
From the side of some hoar hill, 55
Through the high wood echoing shrill :
Some time walking not unseen
By hedge-row elms, on hillocks green,
Right against the eastern gate,
Where the great sun begins his state, 60
Rob'd in flames, and amber light,
The clouds in thousand liveries dight,
While the ploughman near at hand
Whistles o'er the furrow'd land,
And the milkmaid singeth blithe, 65
And the mower whets his scythe,
And every shepherd tells his tale
Under the hawthorn in the dale.
Strait mine eye hath caught new pleasures,
Whilst the landscape round it measures, 70
Russet lawns, and fallows gray,
Where the nibbling flocks do stray,
Mountains on whose barren breast
The lab'ring clouds do often rest,

Meadows trim with daisies pied, 75
Shallow brooks and rivers wide.
Towers and battlements it sees
Bosom'd high in tufted trees,
Where perhaps some beauty lies, 80
The Cynosure of neighb'ring eyes.
Hard by, a cottage-chimney smokes,
From betwixt two aged oaks,
Where Corydon and Thyrsis met,
Are at their savoury dinner set
Of herbs, and other country-messes, 85
Which the neat-handed Phillis dresses;
And then in haste her bow'r she leaves,
With Thestylis to bind the sheaves;
Or if the earlier season lead
To the tann'd haycock in the mead, 90
Sometimes with secure delight
The upland hamlets will invite,
When the merry bells ring round,
And the jocund rebecks sound
To many a youth, and many a maid, 95
Dancing in the chequer'd shade;
And young and old come forth to play
On a sunshine holyday,
Till the live-long day-light fail;
Then to the spicy nut-brown ale, 100
With stories told of many a feat,
How fairy Mab the junkets eat,
She was pinch'd, and pull'd, she said,
And he by friars lantern led
Tells how the drudging Goblin swet, 105
To earn his cream-bowl duly set,
When in one night, ere glimpse of morn,
His shadowy flail hath thresh'd the corn,

That ten day-lab'ers could not end ;
Then lies him down the lubbar fiend, 110
And stretch'd out all the chimney's length,
Basks at the fire his hairy strength,
And crop-full out of doors he flings,
Ere the first cock his matin rings.
Thus done the tales, to bed they creep, 115
By whisp'ring winds soon lull'd asleep.
Tow'rd cities please us then,
And the busy hum of men,
Where throngs of knights and barons bold
In weeds of peace high triumphs hold, 120
With store of ladies, whose bright eyes
Rain influence, and judge the prize
Of wit, or arms, while both contend
To win her grace, whom all commend.
There let Hymen oft appear 125
In saffron robe, with taper clear,
And pomp, and feast, and revelry,
With mask, and antique pageantry,
Such sights as youthful poets dream
On summer-eves by haunted stream. 130
Then to the well-trod stage anon,
If Johnson's learned sock be on,
Or sweetest Shakespear, fancy's child,
Warble his native wood-notes wild.
And ever against eating cares, 135
Lap me in soft Lydian airs,
Married to immortal verse,
Such as the meeting soul may pierce
In notes, with many a winding bout
Of linked sweetness long drawn out, 140
With wanton head, and giddy cunning,
The melting voice through mazes running,

Untwisting all the chains that tie
 The hidden soul of harmony ;
 That Orpheus self may heave his head 145
 From golden slumber on a bed
 Of heap'd Elysian flow'rs, and hear
 Such strains as would have won the ear
 Of Pluto, to have quite set free
 His half regain'd Eurydice. 150
 These delights if thou canst give,
 Mirth, with thee I mean to live.

XIV.

*I L P E N S E R O S O *.*

Hence vain deluding joys,
 The brood of folly without father bred,
 How little you bested,
 Or fill the fixed mind with all your toys ?
 Dwell in some idle brain, 5
 And fancies fond with gaudy shapes possess,
 As thick and numberless
 As the gay motes that people the sun-beams,
 Or likest hovering dreams
 The fickle pensioners of Morpheus train. 10
 But hail thou goddess, sage and holy,
 Hail divinest Melancholy,
 Whose faintly visage is too bright
 To hit the sense of human sight,
 And therefore to our weaker view 15
 O'erlaid with black, staid wisdom's hue ;

* i. e. the thoughtful melancholy man.

Black, but such as in esteem
Prince Memnon's sister might beseem,
Or that starr'd Ethiop queen that strove
To set her beauties praise above 20
The sea-nymphs, and their pow'rs offended :
Yet thou art higher far descended,
Thee bright-hair'd Vesta long of yore
To solitary Saturn bore ;
His daughter she (in Saturn's reign, 25
Such mixture was not held a stain).
Oft in glimmering bow'rs and glades
He met her, and in secret shades
Of woody Ida's inmost grove,
While yet there was no fear of Jove. 30
Come pensive nun, devout and pure,
Sober, stedfast, and demure,
All in a robe of darkest grain,
Flowing with majestic train,
And sable stole of Cyprus lawn, 35
Over thy decent shoulders drawn.
Come, but keep thy wonted state,
With even step, and musing gate,
And looks commercing with the skies,
Thy rapt soul sitting in thine eyes : 40
There held in holy passion still,
Forget thyself to marble, till
With a sad leaden downward cast
Thou fix them on the earth as fast :
And join with thee calm Peace, and Quiet, 45
Spare Fast, that oft with gods doth diet,
And hears the muses in a ring
Ay round about Jove's altar sing :
And add to these retired Leisure,
That in trim gardens takes his pleasure ; 50

But first, and chieftest, with thee bring,
Him that yon soars on golden wing,
Guiding the fiery-wheeled throne,
The cherub Contemplation ;
And the mute Silence hiss'd along, 55
'Lefs Philomel will deign a song,
In her sweetest, saddest plight,
Smoothing the rugged brow of night,
While Cynthia checks her dragon-yoke,
Gently o'er th' accusom'd oak ; 60
Sweet bird that shunn'st the noise of folly,
Most musical, most melancholy !
Thee chantrest oft the woods among
I woo to hear thy even-song ;
And missing thee, I walk unseen 65
On the dry smooth-shaven green,
To behold the wand'ring moon,
Riding near her highest noon,
Like one that had been led astray
Through the heav'n's wide pathless way, 70
And oft, as if her head she bow'd,
Stooping through a fleecy cloud,
Oft on a plat of rising ground,
I hear the far-off Curfeu sound,
Over some wide-water'd shore, 75
Swinging slow with fullen roar ;
Or if the air will not permit,
Some still removed place will fit,
Where glowing embers through the room
Teach light to counterfeit a gloom, 80
Far from all resort of mirth,
Save the cricket on the hearth,
Or the belman's drowsy charm,
To bless the doors from nightly harm ;

Or let my lamp at midnight-hour, 85
Be seen in some high lonely tow'r,
Where I may oft out-watch the Bear,
With thrice great Hermes, or unsphere
The spirit of Plato to unfold
What worlds, or what vast regions hold 90
The immortal mind that hath forsook
Her mansion in this fleshly nook:
And of those demons that are found
In fire, air, flood, or under ground,
Whose power hath a true consent 95
With planet, or with element.
Sometime let gorgeous tragedy
In scepter'd pall come sweeping by,
Presenting Thebes, or Pelops line,
Or the tale of Troy divine, 100
Or what (though rare) of later age
Ennobled hath the buskin'd stage.
But, O sad virgin, that thy power
Might raise Musæus from his bower,
Or bid the soul of Orpheus sing 105
Such notes, as, warbled to the string,
Drew iron tears down Pluto's cheek,
And made Hell grant what love did seek.
Or call up him that left half told
The story of Cambuscan bold, 110
Of Camball, and of Algarife,
And who had Canace to wife,
That own'd the virtuous ring and glass,
And of the wondrous horse of brass,
On which the Tartar king did ride; 115
And if ought else great bards beside
In sage and solemn tunes have sung,
Of turnies and of trophies hung,

Of forests, and enchantments drear,
Where more is meant than meets the ear. 120
Thus, Night, oft see me in thy pale career,
Till civil-suited morn appear,
Not trick'd and frounc'd as she was wont,
With the Attic boy to hunt,
But kercheft in a comely cloud, 125
While rocking winds are piping loud,
Or usher'd with a shower still,
When the gulf hath blown his fill,
Ending on the rustling leaves,
With minute drops from off the eaves. 130
And when the sun begins to fling
His flaring beams, me goddeſs bring
To arched walks of twilight groves,
And shadows brown that Sylvan loves
Of pine, or monumental oak, 135
Where the rude axe with heaved ſtroke
Was never heard the nymphs to daunt,
Or fright them from their hallow'd haunt.
There in cloſe covert by ſome brook,
Where no profaner eye may look, 140
Hide me from day's garish eye,
While the bee with honied thie,
That at her flow'ry work doth ſing,
And the waters murmuring
With ſuch conſort as they keep, 145
Entice the dewy-feather'd ſleep;
And let ſome ſtrange myſterious dream
Wave at his wings in airy ſtream
Of lively portraiture diſplay'd,
Softly on my eyelids laid. 150
And as I wake, ſweet muſic breathe
Above, about, or underneath

Sent by some spirit to mortals good,
Or th' unseen Genius of the wood.

But let my due feet never fail

155

To walk the studious cloysters pale,

And love the high embowed roof,

With antic pillars massy proof,

And storied windows richly dight,

Casting a dim religious light.

160

There let the pealing organ blow,

To the full-voic'd quire below,

In service high, and anthems clear,

As may with sweetness, through mine ear,

Dissolve me into ecstasies,

165

And bring all heav'n before mine eyes.

And may at last my weary age

Find out the peaceful hermitage,

The hairy gown and mossy cell,

Where I may sit and rightly spell

170

Of every star that heav'n doth shew,

And every herb that sips the dew ;

Till old experience do attain

To something like prophetic strain.

These pleasures, Melanchöly, give,

175

And I with thee will chuse to live.

XV.

A R C A D E S.

*Part of an entertainment presented to the Countess-dowager of Derby at Harefield, by some Noble persons of her family, who appear on the scene in pastoral habit, moving toward the seat of state, with this song *.*

I. SONG.

Look nymphs, and shepherds look,
What sudden blaze of majesty
Is that which we from hence descry,
Too divine to be mistook :
This, this is she
To whom our vows and wishes bend ;
Here our solemn search hath end.

Fame, that her high worth to raise,
Seem'd erst so lavish and profuse,
We may justly now accuse
Of detraction from her praise ;

10

* This lady must have been Alice, daughter of Sir John Spenser of Althorp, Northamptonshire, and widow of Ferdinando Stanley the fifth Earl of Derby. And as Harefield is in Middlesex, and, according to Camden, lieth a little to the north of Uxbridge, we may conclude, that Milton made this poem while he resided in that neighbourhood with his father at Horton near Colebrooke. It should seem too, that it was made before the Mask at Ludlow, as it is a more imperfect essay. And Frances the second daughter of this Countess-dowager of Derby being married to John Earl of Bridgewater, before whom was presented the Mask at Ludlow, we may conceive in some measure how Milton was induced to compose the one after the other. The alliance between the families naturally and easily accounts for it: and in all probability, the Genius of the wood in this poem, as well as the attendant spirit in the Mask, was Mr Henry Lawes, who was the great master of music at that time, and taught most of the young nobility.

Less than half we find exprest,
 Envy bid conceal the rest.

Mark what radiant state she spreads,
 In circle round her shining throne, 15
 Shooting her beams like silver threads;
 This, this is she alone,
 Sitting like a goddess bright,
 In the centre of her light.

Might she the wife Latona be, 20
 Or the tow' red Cybele,
 Mother of a hundred gods;
 Juno dares not give her odds;
 Who had thought this clime had held
 A deity so unparallel'd? 25

[As they come forward, the Genius of the wood appears, and turning toward them, speaks.]

Gen. **S**Tay, gentle swains; for though in this disguise,
 I see bright honour sparkle through your eyes;
 Of famous Arcady ye are, and sprung
 Of that renowned flood, so often sung,
 Divine Alpheus, who by secret sluice 30
 Stole under seas to meet his Arethuse;
 And ye, the breathing roses of the wood,
 Fair silver-buskin'd nymphs as great and good,
 I know this quest of yours, and free intent
 Was all in honour and devotion meant 35
 To the great mistress of yon princely shrine,
 Whom with low reverence I adore as mine,
 And with all helpful service will comply
 To further this night's glad solemnity;

And lead ye where ye may more near behold 40
What shallow-searching Fame hath left untold ;
Which I full oft amidst these shades alone
Have sat to wonder at, and gaze upon :
For know by lot from Jove I am the power
Of this fair wood, and live in oaken bower, 45
To nurse the saplings tall, and curl the grove
With ringlets quaint, and wanton windings wove.
And all my plants I save from nightly ill
Of noisome winds, and blasting vapours chill :
And from the boughs brush off the evil dew, 50
And heal the harms of thwarting thunder blue,
Or what the cross dire-looking planet smites,
Or hurtful worm with canker'd venom bites.
When evening gray doth rise, I fetch my round
Over the mount, and all this hallow'd ground, 55
And early ere the odorous breath of morn
Awakes the slumb'ring leaves, or tassel'd horn
Shakes the high thicket, haste I all about,
Number my ranks, and visit every sprout
With puissant words, and murmurs made to bless ; 60
But else in deep of night, when drowsiness
Hath lock'd up mortal sense, then listen I
To the celestial Sirens harmony,
That sit upon the nine infolded spheres,
And sing to those that hold the vital shears, 65
And turn the adamantine spindle round,
On which the fate of gods and men is wound.
Such sweet compulsion doth in music lie,
To lull the daughters of Necessity,
And keep unsteady Nature to her law, 70
And the low world in measur'd motion draw
After the heav'nly tune, which none can hear
Of human mold with gross unpurged ear ;

And yet such music worthiest were to blaze
 The peerless height of her immortal praise, 75
 Whose lustre leads us, and for her most fit,
 If my inferior hand or voice could hit
 Inimitable sounds; yet as we go,
 Whate'er the skill of lesser gods can show,
 I will assay, her worth to celebrate, 80
 And so attend ye toward her glittering state;
 Where ye may all that are of noble stem
 Approach, and kiss her sacred vesture's hem.

II. S O N G.

O'ER the smooth enamel'd green,
 Where no print of step hath been, 85
 Follow me as I sing,
 And touch the warbled string,
 Under the shady roof
 Of branching elm star-proof.
 Follow me, 90
 I will bring you where she sits,
 Clad in splendor as befits
 Her deity.
 Such a rural queen
 All Arcadia hath not seen, 95

III. S O N G.

Nymphs and shepherds, dance no more
 By sandy Ladon's lilled banks,
 On old Lycæus or Cyllene hoar
 Trip no more in twilight ranks,
 Though Erymanth your loss deplore, 100
 A better soil shall give ye thanks.

From the stony Mænalus
 Bring your flocks, and live with us ;
 Here ye shall have greater grace,
 To serve the lady of this place. 105
 Though Syrinx your Pan's mistress were,
 Yet Syrinx well might wait on her,
 Such a rural queen
 All Arcadia hath not seen,

XVI.

C O M U S :

A M A S K

Presented at Ludlow-castle, 1634.

Before the Earl of BRIDGEWATER, then President of Wales.

The Mask was presented in 1634, and consequently in the 26th year of our author's age. In the title-page of the first edition printed in 1637, it is said that it was presented on Michaelmas night; and there was this motto,

Eheu quid volui misero mihi ! floribus austrum
Perditus——

In this edition, and in that of Milton's poems in 1645, there was prefixed to the Mask the following dedication.

To the Right Honourable JOHN Lord Viscount
BRACKLY, son and heir-apparent to the Earl of
BRIDGEWATER, &c.

My LORD,

THIS poem, which received its first occasion of birth from yourself and others of your Noble family, and much honour from your own person in the performance, now returns again to make a final dedication of itself to you. Although not openly ac-

knownedged by the author, yet it is a legitimate offspring, so lovely, and so much desired, that the often copying of it hath tired my pen to give my several friends satisfaction, and brought me to a necessity of producing it to the public view; and now to offer it up in all rightful devotion to those fair hopes, and rare endowments of your much promising youth, which give a full assurance, to all that know you, of a future excellence. Live, sweet Lord, to be the honour of your name; and receive this as your own, from the hands of him, who hath by many favours been long obliged to your most honoured parents; and as in this representation your attendant Thyrsis, so now in all real expression,

Your faithful and most

humble servant,

H. LAWES.

In the edition of 1645 was also prefixed Sir Henry Wotton's letter to the author upon the following poem: but as we have inserted it in the life of Milton, there is no occasion to repeat it here.

A M A S K.

The P E R S O N S.

The attendant Spirit, afterwards in the habit of Thyrsis. Comus with his crew. The Lady.	First Brother. Second Brother. Sabrina the nymph.
---	---

The chief persons who presented, were,

The Lord Brackly.
 Mr Thomas Egerton his brother.
 The Lady Alice Egerton.

The first scene discovers a wild wood.

The attendant Spirit descends or enters.

BEfore the starry threshold of Jove's court
 My mansion is, where those immortal ihapes
 Of bright aereal spirits live inspher'd
 In regions mild of calm and serene air,
 Above the smoke and stir of this dim spot, 5
 Which men call earth, and with low-thoughted care
 Confin'd, and pester'd in this pinfold here,
 Strive to keep up a frail and feverish being,
 Unmindful of the crown that Virtue gives,
 After this mortal change, to her true servants 10
 Amongst the enthron'd gods on fainted seats.
 Yet some there be that by due steps aspire
 To lay their just hands on that golden key,
 That opes the palace of eternity :
 To such my errand is ; and but for such, 15
 I would not soil these pure ambrosial weeds
 With the rank vapours of this sin-worn mold.
 But to my task. Neptune, besides the sway
 Of every salt flood, and each ebbing stream,

Took in by lot 'twixt high and nether Jove 20
Imperial rule of all the sea-girt isles,
That like to rich and various gems inlay
The unadorned bosom of the deep,
Which he to grace his tributary gods
By course commits to several government, 25
And gives them leave to wear their saphire crowns,
And wield their little tridents : but this isle,
The greatest and the best of all the main,
He quarters to his blue-hair'd deities ;
And all this tract that fronts the falling sun 30
A noble Peer of mickle trust and pow'r
Has in his charge, with temper'd awe to guide
An old, and haughty nation proud in arms :
Where his fair offspring nurs'd in princely lore
Are coming to attend their father's state, 35
And new-intrusted sceptre ; but their way
Lies through the perplex'd paths of this drear wood,
The nodding horror of whose shady brows
Threats the forlorn and wand'ring passenger ;
And here their tender age might suffer peril, 40
But that by quick command from sov'reign Jove
I was dispatch'd for their defence and guard ;
And listen why, for I will tell you now
What never yet was heard in tale or song,
From old or modern bard, in hall or bower. 45

Bacchus, that first from out the purple grape
Crush'd the sweet poison of misused wine,
After the Tuscan mariners transform'd,
Coasting the Tyrrhene shore, as the winds list'd,
On Circe's island fell : (who knows not Circe 50
The daughter of the Sun ? whose charmed cup
Whoever tasted, lost his upright shape,
And downward fell into a groveling swine) :

This nymph that gaz'd upon his clust'ring locks,
With ivy berries wreath'd, and his blithe youth 55
Had by him, ere he parted thence, a son
Much like his father, but his mother more,
Whom therefore she brought up, and Comus nam'd,
Who ripe, and frolic of his full grown age,
Roving the Celtic and Iberian fields, 60
At last betakes him to this ominous wood,
And in thick shelter of black shades imbow'r'd,
Excels his mother at her mighty art,
Offering to every weary traveller
His orient liquor in a crystal glass, 65
To quench the drought of Phœbus, which as they taste,
(For most do taste through fond intemp'rate thirst),
Soon as the potion works, their human count'nance,
Th' express resemblance of the gods, is chang'd
Into some brutish form of wolf, or bear, 70
Or ounce, or tyger, hog, or bearded goat,
All other parts remaining as they were ;
And they, so perfect is their misery,
Not once perceive their foul disfigurement,
But boast themselves more comely than before, 75
And all their friends and native home forget,
To roll with pleasure in a sensual sty.
Therefore when any favour'd of high Jove
Chances to pass through this advent'rous glade,
Swift as the sparkle of a glancing star 80
I shoot from heav'n, to give him safe convoy,
As now I do : but first I must put off
These my sky-robes spun out of Iris woof,
And take the weeds and likeness of a swain,
That to the service of this house belongs, 85
Who with his soft pipe and smooth-dittied song,
Well knows to still the wild winds when they roar,

And hush the waving woods, nor of less faith,
 And in this office of his mountain watch,
 Likeliest, and nearest to the present aid 90
 Of this occasion. But I hear the tread
 Of hateful steps, I must be viewless now.

*Comus enters with a charming rod in one hand, his glass
 in the other ; with him a rout of monsters headed like
 sundry sorts of wild beasts, but otherwise like men and
 women, their apparel glistening ; they come in making
 a riotous and unruly noise, with torches in their hands.*

Comus. The star that bids the shepherd fold,
 Now the top of heav'n doth hold,
 And the gilded car of day 95
 His glowing axle doth allay
 In the steep Atlantic stream,
 And the slope sun his upward beam
 Shoots against the dusky pole,
 Pacing toward the other goal 100
 Of his chamber in the east.
 Mean-while welcome Joy and Feast,
 Midnight Shout, and Revelry,
 Tipsy Dance, and Jollity.
 Braid your locks with rosy twine, 105
 Dropping odours, dropping wine.
 Rigour now is gone to bed,
 And Advice with scrupulous head ;
 Strict Age, and sour Severity,
 With their grave saws in slumber lie. 110
 We that are of purer fire
 Imitate the starry quire,
 Who in their nightly watchful spheres,
 Lead in swift round the months and years.

The founts and seas, with all their finny drove, 115
Now to the moon in wavering morrice move ;
And on the tawny sands and shelves
Trip the pert fairies and the dapper elves.
By dimpled brook, and fountain brim,
The wood-nymphs deck'd with daisies trim, 120
Their merry wakes and pastimes keep :
What hath night to do with sleep ?
Night hath better sweets to prove,
Venus now wakes, and wakens Love.
Come let us our rites begin, 125
'Tis only day-light that makes sin,
Which these dun shades will ne'er report.
Hail goddess of nocturnal sport,
Dark-veil'd Cotytto, t' whom the secret flame
Of midnight-torches burns ; mysterious dame, 130
That ne'er art call'd, but when the dragon womb
Of Stygian darkness spits her thickest gloom,
And makes one blot of all the air,
Stay thy cloudy ebon chair,
Wherein thou rid'st with Hecat', and befriend 135
Us thy vow'd priests, till utmost end
Of all thy dues be done, and none left out,
Ere the blabbing eastern scout,
The nice morn on th' Indian steep,
From her cabin'd loophole peep, 140
And to the tell-tale sun descry
Our conceal'd solemnity.
Come, knit hands, and beat the ground
In a light fantastic round.

The measure.

Break off, break off, I feel the different pace 145
Of some chaste footing near about this ground.

Run to your shrouds, within these brakes and trees ;
 Our number may affright : some virgin sure
 (For so I can distinguish by mine art)
 Benighted in these woods. Now to my charms, 150
 And to my wily trains ; I shall ere long
 Be well stock'd with as fair a herd as graz'd
 About my mother Circe. Thus I hurl
 My dazzling spells into the spongy air,
 Of pow'r to cheat the eye with blear illusion, 155
 And give it false presentments, lest the place
 And my quaint habits breed astonishment,
 And put the damsel to suspicious flight ;
 Which must not be : for that's against my course.
 I under fair pretence of friendly ends, 160
 And well-plac'd words of glozing courtesy
 Baited with reasons not unplaussible,
 Wind me into the easy-hearted man,
 And hug him into snares. When once her eye
 Hath met the virtue of this magic dust, 165
 I shall appear some harmless villager,
 Whom thrift keeps up about his country-gear.
 But here she comes, I fairly step aside,
 And hearken, if I may, her business here.

The Lady enters.

This way the noise was, if mine ear be true, 170
 My best guide now ; methought it was the sound
 Of riot and ill-manag'd merriment,
 Such as the jocund flute, or gamesome pipe
 Stirs up among the loose unletter'd hinds,
 When for their teeming flocks, and granges full, 175
 In wanton dance they praise the bounteous Pan,
 And thank the gods amiss. I should be loath
 To meet the rudeness, and swill'd insolence
 Of such late wassailers ; yet O where else

Shall I inform my unacquainted feet 180
In the blind mazes of this tangled wood ?
My brothers, when they saw me wearied out
With this long way, resolving here to lodge
Under the spreading favour of these pines,
Stept, as they said, to the next thicket-side 185
To bring me berries, or such cooling fruit
As the kind hospitable woods provide.
They left me then, when the gray-hooded Ev'n,
Like a sad votarist in palmer's weed, 189
Rose from the hindmost wheels of Phœbus' wain.
But where they are, and why they came not back,
Is now the labour of my thoughts ; 'tis likeliest
They had engag'd their wand'ring steps too far,
And envious darkness, ere they could return,
Had stole them from me ; else, O thievish Night, 195
Why shouldst thou, but for some felonious end,
In thy dark lantern thus close up the stars,
That Nature hung in heav'n, and fill'd their lamps
With everlasting oil, to give due light
To the misted and lonely traveller ? 200
This is the place, as well as I may guess,
Whence ev'n now the tumult of loud mirth
Was rife, and perfect in my list'ning ear,
Yet nought but single darkness do I find.
What might this be ? A thousand fantasies 205
Begin to throng into my memory,
Of calling shapes, and beck'ning shadows dire,
And airy tongues, that syllable mens names
On sands, and shores, and desert wildernesses.
These thoughts may startle well, but not astound 210
The virtuous mind that ever walks attended
By a strong siding champion, Conscience. —
O welcome pure-ey'd Faith, white-handed Hope,

Thou hovering angel girt with golden wings,
 And thou unblemish'd form of Chastity ; 215
 I see ye visibly, and now believe
 That he, the supreme Good, t' whom all things ill
 Are but as slavish officers of vengeance,
 Would send a glist'ring guardian, if need were,
 To keep my life and honour unassail'd. 220
 Was I deceiv'd, or did a fable cloud
 Turn forth her silver lining on the night ?
 I did not err, there does a fable cloud
 Turn forth her silver lining on the night,
 And casts a gleam over this tufted grove. 225
 I cannot halloo to my brothers, but
 Such noise as I can make to be heard farthest
 I'll venture, for my new-enliven'd spirits
 Prompt me ; and they perhaps are not far off.

S O N G.

Sweet Echo, sweetest nymph, that liv'st unseen 230
 Within thy airy shell,
 By slow Meander's margent green,
 And in the violet-embroider'd vale,
 Where the love-lorn nightingale
 Nightly to thee her sad song mourneth well ; 235
 Canst thou not tell me of a gentle pair
 That likest thy Narcissus are ?
 O if thou have
 Hid them in some flow'ry cave,
 Tell me but where, 240
 Sweet queen of parly, daughter of the sphere,
 So mayst thou be translated to the skies,
 And give resounding grace to all heav'n's harmonies.

Comus. Can any mortal mixture of earth's mold

Breathe such divine enchanting ravishment? 245
Sure something holy lodges in that breast,
And with these raptures moves the vocal air
To testify his hidden residence :
How sweetly did they float upon the wings
Of silence, through the empty-vaulted night, 250
At every fall smoothing the raven down
Of darkness till it smil'd ! I have oft heard
My mother Circe, with the Syrens three,
Amidst the flow'ry-kirtled Naiades
Culling their potent herbs, and baleful drugs, 255
Who, as they sung, would take the prison'd soul,
And lap it in Elysium ; Scylla wept,
And chid her barking waves into attention,
And fell Charybdis murmur'd soft applause :
Yet they in pleasing slumber lull'd the sense, 260
And in sweet madness robb'd it of itself.
But such a sacred, and home-felt delight,
Such sober certainty of waking bliss
I never heard till now. I'll speak to her, 264
And she shall be my queen. Hail foreign wonder,
Whom certain these rough shades did never breed,
Unless the goddess that in rural shrine
Dwell'st here with Pan, or Sylvan, by blest song
Forbidding every bleak unkindly fog 269
To touch the prosp'rous growth of this tall wood.

La. Nay, gentle shepherd, ill is lost that praise
That is address'd to unattending ears ;
Not any boast of skill, but extreme shift
How to regain my sever'd company,
Compell'd me to awake the courteous Echo 275
To give me answer from her mossy couch.

Co. What chance, good Lady, hath bereft you thus?

La. Dim darkness, and this leafy labyrinth.

Co. Could that divide you from near-usher's guides?

La. They left me weary on a grassy turf. 280

Co. By falsehood, or discourtesy, or why?

La. To seek i' th' valley some cool friendly spring.

Co. And left your fair side all unguarded, Lady?

La. They were but twain, and purpos'd quick return.

Co. Perhaps forestalling night prevented them. 285

La. How easy my misfortune is to hit!

Co. Imports their loss, beside the present need?

La. No less than if I should my brothers lose.

Co. Were they of manly prime, or youthful bloom?

La. As smooth as Hebe's their unrazor'd lips. 290

Co. Two such I saw, what time the labour'd ox

In his loose traces from the furrow came,

And the swink'd hedger at his supper sat;

I saw them under a green mantling vine

That crawls along the side of yon small hill, 295

Plucking ripe clusters from the tender shoots;

Their port was more than human, as they stood:

I took it for a fairy vision

Of some gay creatures of the element,

That in the colours of the rainbow live, 300

And play i' th' plighted clouds. I was awe-struck,

And as I pass'd, I worshipp'd; if those you seek,

It were a journey like the path to heaven,

To help you find them.

La. Gentle villager,

What readiest way would bring me to that place? 305

Co. Due west it rises from this shrubby point.

La. To find out that, good shepherd, I suppose,

In such a scant allowance of star-light,

Would overtake the best land-pilot's art,

Without the sure guess of well-practis'd feet. 310

Co. I know each lane, and every alley green,

Dingle, or bushy dell of this wild wood,
 And every bosky bourn from side to side,
 My daily walks and ancient neighbourhood ;
 And if your stray-attendance be yet lodg'd, 315
 Or shroud within these limits, I shall know
 Ere morrow wake, or the low-roosted lark
 From her thatch'd pallat rouse ; if otherwise,
 I can conduct you, Lady, to a low
 But loyal cottage, where you may be safe 320
 Till further quest.

La. Shepherd, I take thy word,
 And trust thy honest offer'd courtesy,
 Which oft is sooner found in lowly sheds
 With smoky rafters, than in tap'stry halls
 And courts of princes, where it first was nam'd, 325
 And yet is most pretended : in a place
 Less warranted than this, or less secure,
 I cannot be, that I should fear to change it.
 Eye me, blest'd Providence, and square my trial
 To my proportion'd strength. Shepherd, lead on. 330

The two Brothers.

Eld. Bro. Unmuffle ye faint stars, and thou fair moon,
 That wont'st to love the traveller's benizon,
 Stoop thy pale visage through an amber cloud,
 And disinherit Chaos, that reigns here
 In double night of darkness and of shades ; 335
 Or if your influence be quite damm'd up
 With black usurping mists, some gentle taper,
 Though a rush-candle from the wicker hole
 Of some clay habitation, visit us
 With thy long levell'd rule of streaming light, 340
 And thou shalt be our star of Arcady,
 Or Tyrian Cynosure.

2 *Bro.* Or if our eyes
 Be barr'd that happiness, might we but hear
 The folded flocks penn'd in their watled cots,
 Or found of past'ral reed with oaten stops, 345
 Or whistle from the lodge, or village-cock
 Count the night-watches to his feathery dames,
 'Twould be some solace yet, some little cheering
 In this close dungeon of innumerable boughs.
 But O that hapless virgin, our lost sister, 350
 Where may she wander now, whither betake her
 From the chill dew, amongst rude burs and thistles?
 Perhaps some cold bank is her bolster now,
 Or 'gainst the rugged bark of some broad elm
 Leans her unpillow'd head fraught with sad fears. 355
 What if in wild amazement, and affright,
 Or, while we speak, within the direful grasp
 Of savage hunger, or of savage heat?

Eld. Bro. Peace, brother, be not over-exquisite
 To cast the fashion of uncertain evils; 360
 For grant they be so, while they rest unknown,
 What need a man forestall his date of grief,
 And run to meet what he would most avoid?
 Or if they be but false alarms of fear,
 How bitter is such self-delusion? 365
 I do not think my sister so to seek,
 Or so unprincipled in Virtue's book,
 And the sweet peace that goodness bosoms ever,
 As that the single want of light and noise
 (Not being in danger, as I trust she is not) 370
 Could stir the constant mood of her calm thoughts,
 And put them into misbecoming plight.
 Virtue could see to do what virtue would
 By her own radiant light, though sun and moon
 Were in the flat sea sunk. And Wisdom's self 375

Oft seeks to sweet retired solitude,
Where with her best nurse Contemplation
She plumes her feathers, and lets grow her wings,
That in the various bustle of resort
Were all too ruffled, and sometimes impair'd. 380
He that has light within his own clear breast
May sit i' th' centre, and enjoy bright day :
But he that hides a dark soul, and foul thoughts,
Benighted walks under the mid-day sun ;
Himself is his own dungeon.

2 Bro. 'Tis most true, 385
That musing meditation most affects
The pensive secrecy of desert cell,
Far from the chearful haunt of men and herds,
And sits as safe as in a senate-house ;
For who would rob a hermit of his weeds, 390
His few books, or his beads, or maple dish,
Or do his gray hairs any violence ?
But Beauty, like the fair Hesperian tree
Laden with blooming gold, had need the guard
Of dragon-watch with uninchanted eye, 395
To save her blossoms, and defend her fruit
From the rash hand of bold incontinence.
You may as well spread out the unsunn'd heaps
Of misers treasure by an outlaw's den,
And tell me it is safe, as bid me hope 400
Danger will wink on opportunity,
And let a single helpless maiden pass
Uninjur'd in this wild surrounding waste.
Of night, or loneliness it recks me not ;
I fear the dread events that dog them both, 405
Lest some ill-greeting touch attempt the person
Of our unowned sister.

* Eld. Bro. I do not, brother,

Infer, as if I thought my sister's state
 Secure without all doubt, or controversy :
 Yet where an equal poise of hope and fear 410
 Does arbitrate th' event, my nature is
 That I incline to hope, rather than fear,
 And gladly banish squint suspicion.
 My sister is not so defenceless left
 As you imagine ; she' has a hidden strength 415
 Which you remember not.

2 Bro. What hidden strength,
 Unless the strength of Heav'n, if you mean that ?

Eld. Bro. I mean that too, but yet a hidden strength,
 Which, if Heav'n gave it, may be term'd her own :
 'Tis chastity, my brother, chastity : 420

She that has that, is clad in complete steel,
 And like a quiver'd nymph with arrows keen
 May trace huge forests, and unharbour'd heaths,
 Infamous hills, and sandy perilous wilds,
 Where through the sacred rays of chastity, 425
 No savage fierce, bandite, or mountaineer
 Will dare to foil her virgin-purity :

Yea there, where very desolation dwells
 By grots, and caverns shagg'd with horrid shades,
 She may pass on with unblench'd majesty, 430

Be it not done in pride, or in presumption.
 Some say no evil thing that walks by night,
 In fog, or fire, by lake, or moorish fen,
 Blue meager hag, or stubborn unlaid ghost,
 That breaks his magic chains at Curfeu time, 435

No goblin, or swart fairy of the mine,
 Hath hurtful pow'r o'er true virginity.
 Do ye believe me yet, or shall I call
 Antiquity from the old schools of Greece
 To testify the arms of chastity ? 440

Hence had the huntress Dian her dread bow,
 Fair silver-shafted queen, for ever chaste,
 Wherewith she tam'd the brinded lions
 And spotted mountain pard, and set at nought
 The frivolous bolt of Cupid ; gods and men 445
 Fear'd her stern frown, and she was queen o' th' woods.
 What was that snaky-headed Gorgon shield,
 That wise Minerva wore, unconquer'd virgin,
 Wherewith she freez'd her foes to congeal'd stone,
 But rigid looks of chaste austerity, 450
 And noble grace that dash'd brute violence
 With sudden adoration, and blank awe ?
 So dear to Heav'n is faintly chastity,
 That when a soul is found sincerely so,
 A thousand liveried angels lackey her, 455
 Driving far off each thing of sin and guilt,
 And in clear dream, and solemn vision,
 Tell her of things that no gross ear can hear,
 Till oft converse with heav'nly habitants
 Begin to cast a beam on th' outward shape, 460
 The unpolluted temple of the mind,
 And turns it by degrees to the soul's essence,
 Till all be made immortal : but when lust,
 By unchaste looks, loose gestures, and foul talk,
 But most by lewd and lavish act of sin, 465
 Lets in defilement to the inward parts,
 The soul grows clotted by contagion,
 Imbodies, and imbrutes, till she quite lose
 The divine property of her first being.
 Such are those thick and gloomy shadows damp 470
 Oft seen in charnel vaults, and sepulchres,
 Ling'ring, and sitting by a new-made grave,
 As loath to leave the body that it lov'd,
 And link'd itself by carnal sensuality

To a degenerate and degraded state. 475

2 *Bro.* How charming is divine philosophy !
Not harsh, and crabbed, as dull fools suppose,
But musical as is Apollo's lute,
And a perpetual feast of nectar'd sweets,
Where no crude surfeit reigns.

Eld. Bro. Lift, lift, I hear 480
Some far off halloo break the silent air.

2 *Bro.* Methought so too; what should it be?

Eld. Bro. For certain
Either some one like us night-founder'd here,
Or else some neighbour woodman, or, at worst,
Some roving robber calling to his fellows. 485

2 *Bro.* Heav'n keep my sister. Again, again, and near;
Best draw, and stand upon our guard.

Eld. Bro. I'll halloo ;
If he be friendly, he comes well ; if not,
Defence is a good cause, and Heav'n be for us.

The attendant spirit, habited like a shepherd.

That halloo I should know, what are you? speak ;
Come not too near, you fall on iron stakes else. 491

Spir. What voice is that? my young Lord? speak again.

2 *Bro.* O brother, 'tis my father's shepherd, sure.

Eld. Bro. Thyrsis? whose artful strains have oft delay'd
The huddling brook to hear his madrigal, 495
And sweeten'd every muskrose of the dale.

How cam'st thou here, good swain? hath any ram
Slipt from the fold, or young kid lost his dam,
Or straggling weather the pent flock forsook? 499
How couldst thou find this dark sequester'd nook?

Spir. O my lov'd master's heir, and his next joy,
I came not here on such a trivial toy
As a stray'd ewe, or to pursue the stealth

Of pilfering wolf ; not all the fleecy wealth
That doth enrich these downs, is worth a thought
To this my errand, and the care it brought. 506
But, O my virgin Lady, where is she ?
How chance she is not in your company ?

Eld. Bro. To tell thee sadly, shepherd, without blame,
Or our neglect, we lost her as we came. 510

Spir. Ay me unhappy ! then my fears are true.

Eld. Bro. What fears, good Thyrsis ? Pritheebriefly

Spir. I'll tell ye ; 'tis not vain or fabulous, [shew.
(Though so esteem'd by shallow ignorance),
What the sage poets, taught by th' heavenly Muse,
Story'd of old in high immortal verse, 516
Of dire chimera's and enchanted illes,
And rifted rocks whose entrance leads to hell ;
For such there be, but unbelief is blind.

Within the navel of this hideous wood, 520

Immur'd in cypress shades a forcerer dwells,

Of Bacchus and of Circe born, great Comus,

Deep skill'd in all his mother's witcheries,

And here to every thirsty wanderer

By sly enticement gives his baneful cup, 525

With many murmurs mix'd, whose pleasing poison

The visage quite transforms of him that drinks,

And the inglorious likeness of a beast

Fixes instead, unmolding Reason's mintage

Charaeter'd in the face ; this I have learn'd 530

Tending my flocks hard by i' th' hilly crofts,

That brow this bottom glade, whence night by night

He and his monstrous rout are heard to howl

Like stabled wolves, or tygers at their prey,

Doing abhorred rites to Hecate 535

In their obscured haunts of inmost bowers.

Yet have they many baits, and guileful spells,

To' inveigle and invite th' unwary sense
Of them that pass unweeting by the way.
This evening late, by then the chewing flocks 540
Had ta'en their supper on the savoury herb
Of knot-grass dew-besprent, and were in fold,
I sat me down to watch upon a bank
With ivy canopied, and interwove
With flaunting honeysuckle, and began, 545
Wrapt in a pleasing fit of melancholy,
To meditate my rural minstrelsy,
Till Fancy had her fill; but ere a close
The wonted roar was up amidst the woods,
And fill'd the air with barbarous dissonance; 550
At which I ceas'd, and listen'd them a while,
Till an unusual stop of sudden silence
Gave respite to the drowsy-flighted steeds,
That draw the litter of close-curtain'd sleep;
At last a soft and solemn breathing sound 555
Rose like a steam of rich distill'd perfumes,
And stole upon the air, that even Silence
Was took ere she was ware, and wish'd she might
Deny her nature, and be never more
Still to be so displac'd. I was all ear, 560
And took in strains that might create a soul
Under the ribs of death: but O ere long
Too well I did perceive it was the voice
Of my most honour'd Lady, your dear sister.
Amaz'd I stood, harrow'd with grief and fear, 565
And O poor hapless nightingale, thought I,
How sweet thou sing'st, how near the deadly snare!
Then down the lawns I ran with headlong haste,
Through paths and turnings often trod by day,
Till guided by mine ear I found the place, 570
Where that damn'd wizard hid in sly disguise

(For so by certain signs I knew) had met
 Already, ere my best speed could prevent
 The aidless innocent lady, his wish'd prey,
 Who gently ask'd if he had seen such two, 575
 Supposing him some neighbour villager.
 Longer I durst not stay, but soon I guess'd
 Ye were the two she meant; with that I sprung
 Into swift flight, till I had found you here;
 But further know I not.

2 *Bro.* O night and shades, 580
 How are ye join'd with hell in triple knot,
 Against th' unarmed weakness of one virgin,
 Alone and helpless! Is this the confidence
 You gave me, brother?

Eld. Bro. Yes, and keep it still,
 Lean on it safely; not a period 585
 Shall be unpaid for me: against the threats
 Of malice or of sorcery, or that power
 Which erring men call Chance, this I hold firm,
 Virtue may be assail'd, but never hurt;
 Surpris'd by unjust force, but not inthrall'd; 590
 Yea even that which mischief meant most harm,
 Shall in the happy trial prove most glory:
 But evil on itself shall back recoil,
 And mix no more with goodness, when at last
 Gather'd like scum, and settled to itself, 595
 It shall be in eternal restless change
 Self-fed, and self-consum'd: if this fail,
 The pillar'd firmament is rottenness,
 And earth's base built on stubble. But come let's on.
 Against th' opposing will and arm of Heaven 600
 May never this just sword be lifted up;
 But for that damn'd magician, let him be girt
 With all the grisly legions that troop

Under the footy flag of Acheron,
 Harpyes and Hydra's, or all the monstrous forms 605
 'Twixt Africa and Ind, I'll find him out,
 And force him to restore his purchase back,
 Or drag him by the curls to a foul death,
 Curs'd as his life.

Spir. Alas ! good vent'rous youth,
 I love thy courage yet, and bold emprise; 610
 But here thy sword can do thee little stead;
 Far other arms, and other weapons must
 Be those that quell the might of hellish charms :
 He with his bare wand can unthred thy joints,
 And crumble all thy sinews.

Eld. Bro. Why prithee, shepherd, 615
 How durst thou then thyself approach so near,
 As to make this relation ?

Spir. Care and utmost shifts
 How to secure the lady from surprisal,
 Brought to my mind a certain shepherd lad,
 Of small regard to see to, yet well skill'd 620
 In every virtuous plant and healing herb,
 That spreads her verdant leaf to th' morning-ray :
 He lov'd me well, and oft would beg me sing;
 Which when I did, he on the tender grass
 Would sit, and hearken even to ecstasy, 625
 And in requital ope his leathern scrip,
 And show me simples of a thousand names,
 Telling their strange and vigorous faculties :
 Amongst the rest a small unsightly root,
 But of divine effect, he cull'd me out ; 630
 The leaf was darkish, and had prickles on it,
 But in another country, as he said,
 Bore a bright golden flow'r, but not in this soil :
 Unknown, and like esteem'd, and the dull swain

Treads on it daily with his clouted shoon ; 635
 And yet more med'cinal is it than that Moly
 That Hermes once to wife Ulysses gave ;
 He call'd it Hæmony, and gave it me,
 And bade me keep it as of sov'reign use
 'Gainst all enchantments, mildew, blast, or damp, 640
 Or ghastly furies apparition.
 I purs'd it up, but little reck'ning made,
 Till now that this extremity compell'd :
 But now I find it true ; for by this means
 I knew the foul inchanter though disguis'd, 645
 Enter'd the very lime-twigs of his spells,
 And yet came off : if you have this about you,
 (As I will give you when we go), you may
 Boldly assault the necromancer's hall ;
 Where if he be, with dauntless hardihood, 650
 And brandish'd blade rush on him, break his glass,
 And shed the luscious liquor on the ground,
 But seize his wand ; though he and his curs'd crew
 Fierce sign of battle make, and menace high,
 Or like the sons of Vulcan vomit smoke, 655
 Yet will they soon retire, if he but shrink.

Eld. Bro. Thyrsis, lead on apace, I'll follow thee,
 And some good angel bear a shield before us.

The scene changes to a stately palace, set out with all manner of deliciousness : soft music, tables spread with all dainties. Comus appears with his rabble, and the lady set in an enchanted chair, to whom he offers his glass, which she puts by, and goes about to rise.

Comus. Nay, Lady, sit ; if I but wave this wand,
 Your nerves are all chain'd up in alabaster, 660
 And you a statue, or as Daphne was
 Root-bound, that fled Apollo.

La. Fool, do not boast,
Thou canst not touch the freedom of my mind
With all thy charms, although this corporal rind
Thou hast immanac'd, while Heav'n fees good. 665

Co. Why are you vex'd, Lady ? why do you frown ?
Here dwell no frowns, nor anger ; from these gates
Sorrow flies far : see here be all the pleasures
That fancy can beget on youthful thoughts,
When the fresh blood grows lively, and returns 670
Brisk as the April buds in primrose-season.
And first behold this cordial julep here,
That flames, and dances in his crystal bounds,
With spi'rits of balm, and fragrant syrups mix'd.
Not that Nepenthes, which the wife of Thone 675
In Egypt gave to Jove-born Helena,
Is of such pow'r to stir up joy as this,
To life so friendly, or so cool to thirst.
Why should you be so cruel to yourself,
And to those dainty limbs which Nature lent 680
For gentle usage, and soft delicacy ?
But you invert the covenants of her trust,
And harshly deal like an ill borrower
With that which you receiv'd on other terms,
Scorning the unexempt condition 685
By which all mortal frailty must subsist,
Refreshment after toil, ease after pain,
That have been tir'd all day without repast,
And timely rest have wanted ; but, fair virgin,
This will restore all soon.

La. 'Twill not, false traitor, 690
'Twill not restore the truth and honesty
That thou hast banish'd from thy tongue with lies.
Was this the cottage, and the safe abode
Thou told'st me of ? What grim aspects are these,

These ugly-headed monsters ? Mercy guard me ! 695
Hence with thy brew'd enchantments, foul deceiver ;
Hast thou betray'd my credulous innocence
With visor'd falsehood, and base forgery ?

And wouldst thou seek again to trap me here
With liquorish baits fit to insnare a brute ? 700

Were it a draft for Juno when she banquets,
I would not taste thy treasonous offer ; none
But such as are good men can give good things,
And that which is not good, is not delicious
To a well-govern'd and wise appetite. 705

Co. O foolishness of men ! that lend their ears
To those budge doctors of the Stoic fur,
And fetch their precepts from the Cynic tub,
Praising the lean and fallow Abstinence.

Wherefore did Nature pour her bounties forth, 710

With such a full and unwithdrawing hand,
Covering the earth with odours, fruits, and flocks,
Thronging the seas with spawn innumerable,
But all to please, and sate the curious taste ?

And set to work millions of spinning worms, 715

That in their green shops weave the smooth-hair'd silk
To deck her sons, and that no corner might

Be vacant of her plenty, in her own loins

She hutch'd th' all-worshipp'd ore, and precious gems

To store her children with : if all the world 720

Should in a pet of temp'rance feed on pulse,

Drink the clear stream, and nothing wear but frieze,

Th' all-giver would be' unthank'd, would be unprais'd,

Not half his riches known, and yet despis'd,

And we should serve him as a grudging master, 725

As a penurious niggard of his wealth,

And live like Nature's bastards, not her sons,

Who would be quite surcharg'd with her own weight,

And strangled with her waste fertility, 729
Th' earth cumber'd, and the wing'd air dark'd with
The herds would over-multitude their lords, [plumes,
The sea o'erfraught would swell, and th' unsought
Would so imblaze the forehead of the deep, [diamonds
And so bestud with stars, that they below
Would grow inur'd to light, and come at last 735
To gaze upon the sun with shameless brows.
Lift, Lady, be not coy, and be not cozen'd
With that same vaunted name Virginity.
Beauty is nature's coin, must not be hoarded,
But must be current, and the good thereof 740
Consists in mutual and partaken bliss,
Unfavoury in th' enjoyment of itself ;
If you let slip time, like a neglected rose
It withers on the stalk with languish'd head.
Beauty is Nature's brag, and must be shown 745
In courts, in feasts, and high solemnities,
Where most may wonder at the workmanship ;
It is for homely features to keep home,
They had their name thence ; coarse complexions
And cheeks of sorry grain will serve to ply 750
The sampler, and to tease the hufwife's wool.
What need a vermeil-tinctur'd lip for that,
Love-darting eyes, or tresses like the morn ?
There was another meaning in these gifts, 754
Think what, and be advis'd, you are but young yet.

La. I had not thought to have unlock'd my lips
In this unhallow'd air, but that this jugler
Would think to charm my judgment, as mine eyes,
Obtruding false rules pranked in reason's garb.
I hate when vice can bolt her arguments, 760
And virtue has no tongue to check her pride.
Impostor, do not charge most innocent Nature,

As if she would her children should be riotous
With her abundance ; she good caterers
Means her provision only to the good, 765
That live according to her sober laws,
And holy dictate of spare temperance :
If every just man, that now pines with want,
Had but a moderate and befitting share
Of that which lewdly-pamper'd luxury, 770
Now heaps upon some few with vast excess,
Nature's full blessings would be well dispens'd
In unsuperfluous even proportion,
And she no whit incumber'd with her store,
And then the giver would be better thank'd, 775
His praise due paid ; for swinish gluttony
Ne'er looks to Heav'n amidst his gorgeous feast,
But with besotted base ingratitude
Crams, and blasphemes his feeder. Shall I go on ?
Or have I said enough ? To him that dares 780
Arm his profane tongue with contemptuous words
Against the sun-clad pow'r of Chastity,
Fain would I something say, yet to what end ?
Thou hast nor ear, nor soul to apprehend
The sublime notion, and high mystery, 785
That must be utter'd to unfold the sage
And serious doctrine of Virginity,
And thou art worthy that thou shouldst not know
More happiness than this thy present lot.
Enjoy your dear wit, and gay rhetoric, 790
That hath so well been taught her dazzling fence,
Thou art not fit to hear thyself convinc'd ;
Yet should I try, the uncontrolled worth
Of this pure cause would kindle my rapt spirits
To such a flame of sacred vehemence, 795
That dumb things would be mov'd to sympathize,

And the brute earth would lend her nerves, and shake,
Till all thy magic structures rear'd so high,
Were shatter'd into heaps o'er thy false head.

Co. She fables not, I feel that I do fear 800

Her words set off by some superior power ;
And though not mortal, yet a cold shudd'ring dew
Dips me all o'er, as when the wrath of Jove
Speaks thunder, and the chains of Erebus
To some of Saturn's crew. I must dissemble, 805

And try her yet more strongly. Come, no more,
This is mere moral babble, and direct
Against the canon laws of our foundation ;
I must not suffer this, yet 'tis but the lees
And settlings of a melancholy blood : 810

But this will cure all strait, one sip of this
Will bathe the drooping spirits in delight
Beyond the bliss of dreams. Be wise, and taste. —

*The Brothers rush in with swords drawn, wrest his glass
out of his hand, and break it against the ground; his
rout make sign of resistance, but are all driven in;
the attendant Spirit comes in.*

Spir. What, have you let the false inchanter scape?
O ye mistook, ye should have snatch'd his wand, 815

And bound him fast ; without his rod revers'd,
And backward mutters of dis severing power,
We cannot free the lady that sits here
In stony fetters fix'd, and motionless :

Yet stay, be not disturb'd ; now I bethink me, 820
Some other means I have which may be us'd,
Which once of Melibœus old I learn'd,
The footiest shepherd that e'er pip'd on plains.

There is a gentle nymph not far from hence, 824
That with moist curb sways the smooth Severn stream,

Sabrina is her name, a virgin pure ;
 Whilome she was the daughter of Locrine,
 That had the sceptre from his father Brute.
 She guiltless damsel flying the mad pursuit
 Of her enraged stepdame Guendolen, 830
 Commended her fair innocence to the flood,
 That stay'd her flight with his cross-flowing course.
 The water-nymphs that in the bottom play'd,
 Held up their pearled wrists and took her in,
 Bearing her strait to aged Nereus' hall, 835
 Who, piteous of her woes, rear'd her lank head,
 And gave her to his daughters to imbathe
 In nectar'd lavers strow'd with asphodil,
 And through the porch and inlet of each sense,
 Dropt in ambrosial oils till she reviv'd, 840
 And underwent a quick immortal change,
 Made goddess of the river ; still she retains
 Her maiden gentleness, and oft at eve
 Visits the herds along the twilight meadows,
 Helping all urchin blasts, and ill-luck signs 845
 That the shrewd meddling elfe delights to make,
 Which she with precious vial'd liquors heals.
 For which the shepherds at their festivals
 Carol her goodness loud in rustic lays,
 And throw sweet garland wreaths into her stream
 Of pancies, pinks, and gaudy daffadils. 851
 And, as the old swain said, she can unlock
 The clasping charm, and thaw the numming spell,
 If she be right invok'd in warbled song,
 For maidenhood she loves, and will be swift 855
 To aid a virgin, such as was herself,
 In hard-besetting need ; this will I try,
 And add the pow'r of some adjuring verse.

S O N G.

Sabrina fair,

Listen where thou art sitting 860

Under the glassy, cool, translucent wave,

In twisted braids of lilies knitting

The loose train of thy amber-dropping hair ;

Listen for dear honour's sake,

Goddeſs of the ſilver lake, 865

Listen and ſave.

Listen and appear to us

In name of great Oceanus,

By th' earth-shaking Neptune's mace,

And Tethys grave majestic pace, 870

By hoary Nereus wrinkled look,

And the Carpathian wizard's hook,

By scaly Triton's winding shell,

And old ſoothſaying Glaucus ſpell,

By Leucothea's lovely hands, 875

And her ſon that rules the ſtrands,

By Thetis tinfel-flipper'd feet,

And the ſongs of Sirens ſweet,

By dead Parthenope's dear tomb,

And fair Ligea's golden comb, 880

Wherewith ſhe ſits on diamond rocks,

Sleeking her ſoft alluring locks,

By all the nymphs that nightly dance

Upon thy ſtreams with wily glance,

Riſe, riſe, and heave thy roſy head 885

From thy coral-paven bed,

And bridle in thy headlong wave,

Till thou our ſummons answer'd have.

Listen and ſave.

Sabrina rises, attended by water-nymphs, and sings.

By the rushy-fringed bank, 890
Where grows the willow and the osier dank,
My sliding chariot stays,
Thick set with agat, and the azurn sheen
Of turkis blue, and emerald green,
That in the channel strays; 895
Whilst from off the waters fleet
Thus I set my printless feet
O'er the cowslips velvet head,
That bends not as I tread;
Gentle swain, at thy request 900
I am here.

Spir. Goddess dear,
We implore thy pow'rful hand
To undo the charmed band
Of true virgin here distressed, 905
Through the force, and through the wile
Of unblest'd inchanter vile.

Sab. Shepherd, 'tis my office best
To help insnared chastity:
Brightest Lady, look on me; 910
Thus I sprinkle on thy breast
Drops that from my fountain pure
I have kept of precious cure,
Thrice upon thy fingers tip,
Thrice upon thy rubied lip; 915
Next this marble venom'd feat,
Smear'd with gums of glutinous heat,
I touch with chaste palms moist and cold:
Now the spell hath lost his hold;
And I must haste ere morning-hour 920
To wait in Amphitrite's bow'r.

Sabrina descends, and the Lady rises out of her seat.

Spir. Virgin, daughter of Locrine
 Sprung of old Anchises line,
 May thy brimmed waves for this
 Their full tribute never miss 925
 From a thousand petty rills,
 That tumble down the snowy hills;
 Summer drought, or singed air
 Never scorch thy tresses fair,
 Nor wet October's torrent flood 930
 Thy molten crystal fill with mud;
 May thy billows roll ashore
 The beryl, and the golden ore;
 May thy lofty head be crown'd
 With many a tow'r and terras round, 935
 And here and there thy banks upon
 With groves of myrrh, and cinnamon.
 Come, Lady, while Heav'n lends us grace,
 Let us fly this curfed place,
 Lest the forcerer us entice 940
 With some other new device.
 Not a waste, or needless sound,
 Till we come to holier ground;
 I shall be your faithful guide
 Through this gloomy covert wide, 945
 And not many furlongs thence
 Is your father's residence,
 Where this night are met in state
 Many a friend to gratulate
 His wish'd presence, and beside 950
 All the swains that near abide,
 With jigs, and rural dance resort;
 We shall catch them at their sport,

And our sudden coming there
Will double all their mirth and cheer ; 955
Come let us haste, the stars grow high,
But Night sits monarch yet in the mid sky.

*The scene changes, presenting Ludlow town, and the
President's castle ; then come in country-dancers, af-
ter them the attendant Spirit, with the two brothers
and the Lady.*

S O N G.

Spir. Back, shepherds, back, enough your play,
Till next sun-shine holiday ;
Here be without duck or nod 960
Other trippings to be trod
Of lighter toes, and such court-guise
As Mercury did first devise
With the mincing Dryades
On the lawns, and on the leas. 965

This second song presents them to their father and mother.
Noble Lord, and Lady bright,
I have brought ye new delight,
Here behold so goodly grown
Three fair branches of your own ;
Heav'n hath timely try'd their youth, 970
Their faith, their patience, and their truth,
And sent them here through hard assays
With a crown of deathless praise,
To triumph in victorious dance
O'er sensual folly, and intemperance. 975

The dances ended, the Spirit epiloguizes.

Spir. To the ocean now I fly,
And those happy climes that lie

Where day never shuts his eye,
Up in the broad fields of the sky:
There I suck the liquid air 980
All amidst the gardens fair
Of Hesperus, and his daughters three
That sing about the golden tree :
Along the crisped shades and bowers
Revels the spruce and jocund Spring, 985
The Graces, and the rosy-bosom'd Hours,
Thither all their bounties bring ;
There eternal Summer dwells,
And west-winds with musky wing
About the cedarn alleys fling 990
Nard and Cassia's balmy smells.
Iris there with humid bow
Waters the odorous banks, that blow
Flowers of more mingled hue
Than her purpled scarf can shew, 995
And drenches with Elysian dew
(Lift, mortals, if your ears be true)
Beds of hyacinth and roses,
Where young Adonis oft reposes,
Waxing well of his deep wound 1000
In slumber soft, and on the ground
Sadly sits th' Assyrian queen ;
But far above in spangled sheen
Celestial Cupid her fam'd son advanc'd,
Holds his dear Psyche sweet intranc'd, 1005
After her wand'ring labours long,
Till free consent the gods among
Make her his eternal bride,
And from her fair unspotted side
Two blissful twins are to be born 1010
Youth and Joy ; so Jove hath sworn

But now my task is smoothly done,
I can fly, or I can run
Quickly to the green earth's end,
Where the bow'd welkin slow doth bend, 1015
And from thence can soar as soon
To the corners of the moon.

Mortals that would follow me,
Love Virtue, she alone is free,
She can teach ye how to clime 1020
Higher than the sphery chime ;
Or if Virtue feeble were,
Heav'n itself would stoop to her.

XVII.

L Y C I D A S *.

In this monody the author bewails a learned friend, unfortunately drowned in his passage from Chester on the Irish seas, 1637 ; and by occasion foretels the ruin of our corrupted clergy, then in their height.

YET once more, O ye laurels, and once more
Ye myrtles brown, with ivy never fere,
I come to pluck your berries harsh and crude,
And with forc'd fingers rude
Shatter your leaves before the mellowing year. 5
Bitter constraint, and sad occasion dear,
Compels me to disturb your season due :
For Lycidas is dead, dead ere his prime,
Young Lycidas, and hath not left his peer :

* This poem was made upon the unfortunate and untimely death of Mr Edward King, son of Sir John King Secretary for Ireland, a fellow-collegian and intimate friend of Milton, who, as he was going to visit his relations in Ireland, was drowned Aug. 10. 1637, in the 25th year of his age. The poem is made of the pastoral kind, as both Mr King and Milton had been designed for holy orders and the pastoral care.

Who would not sing for Lycidas? he knew 10
Himself to sing, and build the lofty rhyme:
He must not float upon his wat'ry bier
Unwept, and welter to the parching wind,
Without the meed of some melodious tear.

Begin then, sisters of the sacred well, 15
That from beneath the seat of Jove doth spring,
Begin, and somewhat loudly sweep the string.
Hence with denial vain, and coy excuse,
So may some gentle Muse
With lucky words favour my destin'd urn, 20
And as he passes turn,
And bid fair peace be to my sable shroud.
For we were nurs'd upon the self-same hill,
Fed the same flock by fountain, shade, and rill.

Together both, ere the high lawns appear'd 25
Under the opening eyelids of the morn,
We drove afield, and both together heard
What time the gray-fly winds her sultry horn,
Batt'ning our flocks with the fresh dews of night,
Oft till the star that rose, at evening, bright, 30
Tow'ard heav'n's descent had stop'd his west'ring wheel.
Mean while the rural ditties were not mute,
Temper'd to th' oaten flute,
Rough Satyrs danc'd, and Fauns with cloven heel
From the glad sound would not be absent long, 35
And old Damoetas lov'd to hear our song.

But O the heavy change, now thou art gone,
Now thou art gone, and never must return!
Thee, shepherd, thee the woods, and desert cays
With wild thyme and the gadding vine o'ergrown, 40
And all their echoes mourn.
The willows, and the hazel copses green,
Shall now no more be seen,

Fanning their joyous leaves to thy soft lays.
 As killing as the canker to the rose, 45
 Or taint-worm to the weanling herds that graze,
 Or frost to flow'rs, that their gay wardrobe wear,
 When first the white-thorn blows ;
 Such, Lycidas, thy loss to shepherds ear.

Where were ye, nymphs, when the remorseless deep
 Clos'd o'er the head of your lov'd Lycidas ? 51
 For neither were ye playing on the steep,
 Where your old bards, the famous Druids, lie,
 Nor on the shaggy top of Mona high,
 Nor yet where Deva spreads her wizard stream : 55
 Ay me ! I fondly dream
 Had ye been there, for what could that have done ?
 What could the Muse herself that Orpheus bore,
 The Muse herself for her enchanting son,
 Whom universal Nature did lament, 60
 When by the rout that made the hideous roar,
 His goary visage down the stream was sent,
 Down the swift Hebrus to the Lesbian shore ?

Alas ! what boots it with incessant care
 To tend the homely slighted shepherd's trade, 65
 And strictly meditate the thankless Muse ?
 Were it not better done, as others use,
 To sport with Amaryllis in the shade,
 Or with the tangles of Næara's hair ?
 Fame is the spur that the clear spi'rit doth raise 70
 (That last infirmity of noble mind)
 To scorn delights, and live laborious days ;
 But the fair guerdon when we hope to find,
 And think to burst out into sudden blaze,
 Comes the blind Fury with th' abhorred shears, 75
 And slits the thin-spun life. But not the praise,
 Phœbus reply'd, and touch'd my trembling ears ;

Fame is no plant that grows on mortal soil,
 Nor in the glist'ring foil
 Set off to th' world, nor in broad rumour lies, 80
 But lives and spreads aloft by those pure eyes,
 And perfect witness of all-judging Jove;
 As he pronounces lastly on each deed,
 Of so much fame in heav'n expect thy meed.

O fountain Arethuse, and thou honour'd flood, 85
 Smooth-sliding Mincius, crown'd with vocal reeds,
 That strain I heard was of a higher mood:
 But now my oar proceeds,
 And listens to the herald of the sea
 That came in Neptune's plea; 90
 He ask'd the waves, and ask'd the felon winds,
 What hard mishap hath doom'd this gentle swain?
 And question'd every gust of rugged wings
 That blows from off each beaked promontory;
 They knew not of his story, 95
 And sage Hippotades their answer brings,
 That not a blast was from his dungeon stray'd,
 The air was calm, and on the level brine
 Sleek Panope with all her sisters play'd.
 It was that fatal and perfidious bark 100
 Built in th' eclipse, and rigg'd with curses dark,
 That sunk so low that sacred head of thine.

Next Camus, reverend sire, went footing slow,
 His mantle hairy, and his bonnet sedge,
 Inwrought with figures dim, and on the edge 105
 Like to that sanguine flow'r inscrib'd with wo.
 Ah! who hath rest (quoth he) my dearest pledge?
 Last came, and last did go,
 The pilot of the Galilean lake;
 Two massy keys he bore of metals twain, 110
 (The golden opes, the iron shuts amain);

He shook his miter'd locks, and stern bespake,
 How well could I have spar'd for thee, young swain,
 Enow of such as for their bellies fake
 Creep, and intrude, and climb into the fold? 115
 Of other care they little reck'ning make,
 Than how to scramble at the shearers' feast,
 And shove away the worthy bidden guest;
 Blind mouths! that scarce themselves know how to hold
 A sheep-hook, or have learn'd ought else the least 120
 That to the faithful herdman's art belongs!
 What recks it them? what need they? They are sped;
 And when they list, their lean and flashy songs
 Grate on their scrannel pipes of wretched straw;
 The hungry sheep look up, and are not fed, 125
 But swoln with wind, and the rank mist they draw,
 Rot inwardly, and foul contagion spread:
 Besides what the grim wolf with privy paw
 Daily devours apace, and nothing said,
 But that two-handed engine at the door 130
 Stands ready to smite once, and smite no more.
 Return Alpheus, the dread voice is past,
 That shrunk thy streams; return Silician Muse,
 And call the vales, and bid them hither cast
 Their bells, and flow'rets of a thousand hues. 135
 Ye valleys low, where the mild whispers use
 Of shades, and wanton winds, and gushing brooks,
 On whose fresh lap the swart star sparely looks,
 Throw hither all your quaint enamel'd eyes,
 That on the green turf suck the honied show'rs, 140
 And purple all the ground with vernal flow'rs.
 Bring the rathe pimpernel that forsaken dies,
 The tufted crow-toe, and pale jessamine,
 The white pink, and the pansy freakt with jet,
 The glowing violet, 145

The musk-rose, and the well-attir'd woodbine;
 With cowslips wan that hang the pensive head,
 And every flower that sad embroidery wears :
 Bid amarantus all his beauty shed,
 And daffadillies fill their cups with tears, 150
 To strow the laureat herse where Lycid lies:
 For so to interpose a little ease,
 Let our frail thoughts dally with false surmise.
 Ay me ! whilst thee the shores, and sounding seas
 Wash far away, where-e'er thy bones are hurl'd, 155
 Whether beyond the stormy Hebrides,
 Where thou perhaps under the whelming tide
 Visist the bottom of the monstrous world ;
 Or whether thou to our moist vows deny'd,
 Sleep'st by the fable of Bellerus old, 160
 Where the great vision of the guarded mount
 Looks tow'ard Namancos and Bayona's hold ;
 Look homeward angel now, and melt with ruth :
 And, O ye dolphins, waft the hapless youth.

Weep no more, woful shepherds, weep no more,
 For Lycidas your sorrow is not dead, 166
 Sunk though he be beneath the wat'ry floor ;
 So sinks the day-star in the ocean-bed,
 And yet anon repairs his drooping head,
 And tricks his beams, and with new spangled ore
 Flames in the forehead of the morning-sky : 171
 So Lycidas sunk low, but mounted high,
 Through the dear might of him that walk'd the waves,
 Where other groves, and other streams along,
 With Nectar pure his oozy locks he laves, 175
 And hears the unexpressive nuptial song,
 In the blest'd kingdoms meek of joy and love.
 There entertain him all the fairs above,
 In solemn troops, and sweet societies,

That sing, and singing in their glory move, 188
 And wipe the tears for ever from his eyes.
 Now, Lycidas, the shepherds weep no more;
 Henceforth thou art the genius of the shore,
 In thy large recompense, and shalt be good
 To all that wander in that perilous flood. 185

Thus sang the uncouth swain to th' oaks and rills,
 While the still morn went out with sandals gray,
 He touch'd the tender stops of various quills,
 With eager thought warbling his Doric lay:
 And now the sun had stretch'd out all the hills, 190
 And now was dropt into the western bay;
 At last he rose, and twitch'd his mantle blue:
 To-morrow to fresh woods, and pastures new.

XVIII.

On the new forcers of conscience under the long parliament.*

BEcause you have thrown off your Prelate Lord,
 And with stiff vows renounc'd his liturgy,
 To seize the widow'd whore Plurality
 From them whose sin ye envied, not abhorr'd,
 Dare ye for this adjure the civil sword 5
 To force our consciences that Christ set free,
 And ride us with a classic hierarchy †
 Taught ye by mere A. S. and Rotherford ‡?
 Men whose life, learning, faith, and pure intent 9
 Would have been held in high esteem with Paul,
 Must now be nam'd and printed heretics.

* This poem is supposed to have been made, when the Directory was established, and disputes ran high between the Presbyterians and Independents in 1645, the latter pleading for a toleration, and the former against it.

† In the Presbyterian form of government there are congregational, classical, provincial, and national assemblies.

‡ It is not known who is meant by A. S. Mr Samuel Rutherford

By shallow Edwards * and Scotch what-d'ye- call † :
 But we do hope to find out all your tricks,
 Your plots and packing worfe than those of Trent,
 That so the parliament

was Professor of Divinity at St Andrew's, and one of the Scotch commissioners to the Westminster assembly.

* Mr Thomas Edwards, author of the *Gangræna*.

† Either Mr Alexander Henderson or Mr George Gillespie, both commissioners to the Westminster assembly.

Ad PYRRHAM. ODE V.

Horatius ex Pyrrhæ illecebris tanquam e naufragio
 enataverat, cujus amore irretitos, affirmat esse mi-
 seros.

Quis multa gracilis te puer in rosa
 Perfusus liquidis urget odoribus,
 Grato, Pyrrha, sub antro ?
 Cui flavam religas comam,

Simplex munditiis ? heu quoties fidem
 Mutatosque deos flebit, et aspera
 Nigris aquora ventis
 Emirabitur insolens !

Qui nunc te fruitur credulus aurea,
 Qui semper vacuam, semper amabilem
 Sperat, nescius auræ
 Fallacis. Miseri quibus

Intentata nites. Me tabula sacer
 Votiva paries indicat uvida
 Suspendisse potenti
 Vestimenta maris Deo.

5

10

15

May with their wholesome and preventive shears 16
Clip your phylacteries, though bauk your ears,

And succour our just fears,
When they shall read this clearly in your charge,
New Presbyter is but Old Priest writ large. 20

XIX.

The fifth ode of Horace, lib. i.

Quis multa gracilis te puer in rosa, *rendered almost
word for word without rhyme, according to the Latin
measure, as near as the language will permit.*

What slender youth bedew'd with liquid odours
Courts thee on roses in some pleasant cave,
Pyrrha ? for whom bind'st thou
In wreaths thy golden hair,

Plain in thy neatness ? O how oft shall he 5
On faith and changed gods complain, and seas
Rough with black winds and storms
Unwonted shall admire !

Who now enjoys thee credulous, all gold,
Who always vacant, always amiable 10
Hopes thee, of flattering gales
Unmindful. Hapless they

To whom thou untry'd seem'st fair. Me in my vow'd
Picture the sacred wall declares t' have hung
My dank and dropping weeds 15
To the stern god of sea.

SONNETS*.

I.

To the Nightingale.

O Nightingale, that on yon bloomy spray
 Warblest at eve, when all the woods are *still*
 Thou with fresh hope the lover's heart dost fill,
 While the jolly hours lead on propitious May.
 Thy liquid notes that close the eye of day, 5
 First heard before the shallow cuckoo's bill,
 Portend success in love; O if Jove's will
 Have link'd that amorous pow'r to thy soft lay,
 Now timely sing, ere the rude bird of hate
 Foretel my hopeless doom in some grove nigh; 10
 As thou from year to year hast sung too late
 For my relief, yet hadst no reason why:
 Whether the Muse, or Love call thee his mate,
 Both them I serve, and of their train am I.

II.

Donna leggiadra il cui bel nome honora
 L'herbosa val di Rheno, e il nobil varco,
 Bene è colui d'ogni valore scarco
 Qual tuo spirto gentil non innamora,
 Che dolcemente mostra sì di fuori 5

* The Sonnet (says Dr Newton) is a species of poetry of Italian extraction. It consists generally of one thought, and that always turned in fourteen verses of the length of our heroics, two stanza's or measures of four verses each, and two of three, the first eight verses having no more than two rhymes. It is certainly one of the most difficult of all the lesser kinds of poetry, such simplicity and such correctness being required in the composition. — The Sonnet (says Mr Johnson) is a short poem consisting of fourteen lines, of which the rhymes are adjusted by a particular rule. It is not very suitable to the English language, and has not been used by any man of eminence since Milton.

De fui atti soavi giamai parco,
 E i don', che son d' amor faette ed arco,
 La onde l' alta tua virtù s'infiora.
 Quando tu vaga parli, o lieta canti
 Che mover possa duro alpestre legno,
 Guardi ciascun a gli occhi, ed a gli orecchi
 L'entrata, chi di te si truova indegno ;
 Gratia sola di fu gli vaglia, inanti
 Che'l disio amoroso al cuor s'invecchi.

III.

Qual in colle aspro, al imbrunir di sera
 L'avezza giovinetta pastorella
 Va bagnando l'herbetta strana e bella
 Che mal si spande a difusata spera
 Fuor di sua natia alma primavera,
 Così Amor meco insù la lingua snella
 Desta il fior novo di strana favella,
 Mentre io di te, vezzosamente altera,
 Canto, dal mio buon popol non inteso
 E'l bel Tamigi cangio col bel Arno.
 Amor lo volse, ed io a l'altrui peso
 Seppi ch' Amor cosa mai volse indarno.
 Deh ! foss' il mio cuor lento e'l duro seno
 A chi pianta dal ciel si buon terreno.

Canzone.

Ridonfi donne e giovani amorosi
 M' accostandosi attorno, e perche scrivi,
 Perche tu scrivi in lingua ignota e strana
 Verseggiando d' amor, e come t'osi ?
 Dinne, se la tua speme sia mai vana,
 E de pensieri lo miglior t' arrivi ;
 Così mi van burlando, altri rivi

Altri lidi t'aspettan, et altre onde
 Nelle cui verdi sponde
 Spuntati ad hor, ad hor a la tua chioma 10
 L'immortal guiderdon d' eterne frondi
 Perche alle spalle tue soverchia soma?
 Canzon dirotti, e tu per me rispondi
 Dice mia Donna, e'l suo dir, é il mio cuore
 Questa e lingua di cui si vanta Amore. 15

IV.

Diodati, e te'l dirò con maraviglia,
 Quel ritroso io ch'amor spreggiar soléa
 E de suoi lacci spesso mi ridea
 Già caddi, ov'huom dabben talhor s'impiglia.
 Ne treccie d'oro, ne guancia vermiglia 5
 M' abbaglian sì, ma sotto nova idea
 Pellegrina bellezza che'l cuor bea,
 Portamenti alti honesti, e nelle ciglia
 Quel sereno fulgor d'amabil nero,
 Parole adorne di lingua piu d'una, 10
 E'l cantar che di mezzo l'hemisfero
 Traviar ben puo la faticosa Luna,
 E degli occhi tuoi auventa sì gran fuoco
 Che l'incerar gli orecchi mi fia poco.

V.

Per certo i bei vostr'occhi, Donna mia
 Esser non puo che non sian lo mio sole
 Si mi percuoton forte, come ei fuole
 Per l'arene di Libia chi s'invia,
 Mentre un caldo vapor (ne sentì pria) 5
 Da quel lato si spinge ove mi duole,
 Che forse amanti nelle lor parole
 Chiaman sospir; io non so che si sia:

Parte rinchiusa, e turbida si cela
 Scoffo mi il petto, e poi n'uscendo poco 10
 Quivi d'attorno o s'agghiaccia, o s'ingiela;
 Ma quanto a gli occhi giunge a trovar loco
 Tutte le notti a me fuol far piovoſe
 Finche mia Alba rivien colma di roſe.

VI.

Giovane piano, e ſemplicetto amante
 Poi che fuggir me ſteſſo in dubbio ſono,
 Madonna a voi del mio cuor l'humil dono
 Faro divoto; io certo a prove tante
 L'hebbi fedele, intrepido, coſtante, 5
 De penſieri leggiadro, accorto, e buono;
 Quando rugge il gran mondo, e ſcocca il tuono,
 S'arma di ſe, e d'intero diamante,
 Tanto del forſe, e d'invidia ſicuro,
 Di timori, e ſperanze al popòl uſe 10
 Quanto d'ingegno, e d'alto valor vago,
 E di cetta ſonora, e delle muſe:
 Sol troverete in tal parte men duro
 Ove amor miſe l'infannabil ago.

VII.

On his being arrived to the age of 23.

How ſoon hath Time, the ſubtle thief of youth,
 Stoln on his wing my three and twentieth year!
 My haſting days fly on with full career,
 But my late ſpring no bud or bloſſom ſhew'th.
 Perhaps my ſemblance might deceive the truth, 5
 That I to manhood am arriv'd ſo near,
 And inward ripeneſs doth much leſs appear,
 That ſome more timely happy ſpirits indu'th.
 Yet be it leſs or more, or ſoon or ſlow,

It shall be still in strictest measure even 10
 To that same lot, however mean or high,
 Toward which Time leads me, and the will of Heav'n ;
 All is, if I have grace to use it so,
 As ever in my great taskmaster's eye.

VIII.

*When the assault was intended to the city *.*

Captain, or Colonel, or Knight in arms,
 Whose chance on these defenceless doors may seize,
 If deed of honour did thee ever please,
 Guard them, and him within protect from harms.
 He can requite thee, for he knows the charms 5
 That call fame on such gentle acts as these,
 And he can spread thy name o'er lands and seas,
 Whatever clime the sun's bright circle warms.
 Lift not thy spear against the Muses bow'r :
 The great Emathian conqueror bid spare 10
 The house of Pindarus, when temple' and tow'r
 Went to the ground: and the repeated air
 Of sad Electra's poet had the pow'r
 To save th' Athenian walls from ruin bare.

IX.

To a virtuous young Lady.

Lady that in the prime of earliest youth
 Wisely hast shunn'd the broad way and the green,
 And with those few art eminently seen,
 That labour up the hill of heav'nly truth,
 The better part with Mary and with Ruth 5

* In the manuscript, after the title, is added 1642. It was in November that year that the King marched with his army as near as Brentford, and put the city in great consternation.

Chosen thou hast ; and they that overween,
And at thy growing virtues fret their spleen,
No anger find in thee, but pity' and ruth.
Thy care is fix'd, and zealously attends
To fill thy odorous lamp with deeds of light, 10
And hope that reaps not shame. Therefore be sure
Thou, when the bridegroom with his feastful friends
Passes to bliss at the mid hour of night,
Hast gain'd thy entrance, virgin wife and pure.

X.

*To the Lady Margaret Ley *.*

Daughter to that good Earl, once President
Of England's council, and her treasury,
Who liv'd in both, unstain'd with gold or fee,
And left them both, more in himself content,
Till sad the breaking of that parliament 5
Broke him †, as that dishonest victory
At Chæroneæ, fatal to liberty,
Kill'd with report that old man eloquent.
Though later born than to have known the days
Wherein your father flourish'd, yet by you, 10
Madam, methinks I see him living yet ;
So well your words his noble virtues praise,
That all both judge you to relate them true,
And to possess them, Honour'd Margaret.

* This lady was daughter of Sir James Ley, afterward created Earl of Marlborough. He was Lord High Treasurer, and Lord President of the Council, to K. James I. This Lady Margaret was married to Capt. Hobson of the isle of Wight ; and it appears from Milton's life, that in 1643 he frequently visited her and her husband. And about that time we may suppose this sonnet was composed.

† This Lord died in an advanced age ; and Milton attributes his death to the breaking of the parliament, which was dissolved March 10. 1628-9, and the Earl died on the 14th of the same month.

XI.

On the detraction which followed upon my writing certain treatises.*

A book was writ of late call'd *Tetrachordon*,
 And woven close, both matter, form, and style;
 The subject new: it walk'd the town a while,
 Numb'ring good intellects; now seldom por'd on.
 Cries the stall-reader, Bless us! what a word on 5
 A title page is this! and some in file
 Stand spelling false, while one might walk to Mile-
 End Green. Why, is it harder, Sirs, than Gordon,
 Colkitto, or Macdonnel, or Galasp †? 9
 Those rugged names to our like mouths grow sleek,
 That would have made Quintilian stare and gasp.
 Thy age, like ours, O soul of Sir John Cheek,
 Hated not learning worse than toad or asp,
 When thou taught'st Cambridge, and King Edward
 Greek.

XII.

On the same.

I did but prompt the age to quit their clogs
 By the known rules of ancient liberty,
 When strait a barbarous noise environs me.

* When Milton published his book of divorce, he was greatly condemned by the Presbyterian ministers, whose advocate and champion he had been before. He published his *Tetrachordon*, or *Expositions upon the four chief places in scripture, which treat of marriage or nullities in marriage*, in 1645. — See his life.

† “We may suppose,” (says Dr Newton), “that these were persons of note and eminence amongst the Scotch ministers who were for pressing and enforcing the covenant.” Mr George Gillespie, here wrongously named *Galasp*, was one of the Scotch commissioners to the Westminster assembly. But who the other persons were, is not known. It appears from this sonnet, and the verses *on the forcers of conscience*, that Milton treats the Presbyterians with great contempt. — See his life annexed to this volume.

Of owls and cuckoos, asses, apes, and dogs :
As when those hinds that were transform'd to frogs 5
Rail'd at Latona's twin-born progeny,
Which after held the sun and moon in fee.
But this is got by casting pearl to hogs ;
That bawl for freedom in their senseless mood, 9
And still revolt when truth would set them free.
Licence they mean when they cry Liberty ;
For who loves that, must first be wise and good ;
But from that mark how far they rove we see,
For all this waste of wealth, and loss of blood.

XIII.

*To Mr H. LAWES on his airs *.*

Harry, whose tuneful and well-measur'd song
First taught our English music how to span
Words with just note and accent, not to scan
With Midas ears, committing short and long ;
Thy worth and skill exempts thee from the throng, 5
With praise enough for envy to look wan ;
To after age thou shalt be writ the man, [tongue.
That with smooth air couldst humour best our
Thou honour'st verse, and verse must lend her wing
To honour thee, the priest of Phœbus quire, 10
That tun'st their happiest lines in hymn, or story.
Dante shall give fame leave to set thee higher
Than his Casella, whom he woo'd to sing
Met in the milder shades of purgatory.

XIV.

*On the religious memory of Mrs Katharine Thomson, my
Christian friend, deceased Dec. 16. 1646.*

When Faith and Love, which parted from thee never,

* This Mr Henry Lawes was a gentleman of the King's chapel, and one of his band of music, and an intimate friend of Milton.

Had ripen'd thy just soul to dwell with God,
 Meekly thou didst resign this earthy load
 Of death, call'd life ; which us from life doth sever.
 Thy works, and alms, and all thy good endeavour, 5
 Staid not behind, nor in the grave were trod ;
 But as Faith pointed with her golden rod,
 Follow'd thee up to joy and bliss for ever.
 Love led them on, and Faith who knew them best
 Thy handmaids, clad them o'er with purple beams
 And azure wings, that up they flew so drest, 11
 And spake the truth of thee on glorious themes
 Before the Judge, who thenceforth bid thee rest,
 And drink thy fill of pure immortal streams.

XV.

*To the Lord General FAIRFAX *.*

Fairfax, whose name in arms through Europe rings,
 Filling each mouth with envy or with praise,
 And all her jealous monarchs with amaze
 And rumours loud, that daunt remotest kings ;
 Thy firm unshaken virtue ever brings 5
 Victory home, though new rebellions raise
 Their Hydra heads, and the false North displays
 Her broken league to imp their serpent-wings.
 O yet a nobler task awaits thy hand, 9
 (For what can war, but endless war still breed ?),
 Till truth and right from violence be freed,
 And public faith clear'd from the shameful brand
 Of public fraud. In vain doth valour bleed,
 While avarice and rapine share the land.

* This sonnet appears from the manuscript to have been addressed to Gen. Fairfax at the siege of Colchester, which was carried on in the summer 1648.

XVI.

*To the Lord General CROMWELL *.*

Cromwell, our chief of men, who through a cloud
Not of war only, but detractions rude,
Guided by faith and matchless fortitude,
To peace and truth thy glorious way hast plow'd,
And on the neck of crowned fortune proud 5
Hast rear'd God's trophies, and his work pursu'd,
While Darwen stream with blood of Scots imbru'd,
And Dunbar field resounds thy praises loud,
And Worcester's laureat wreath. Yet much remains
To conquer still; peace hath her victories 10
No less renown'd than war: new foes arise
Threat'ning to bind our souls with secular chains:
Help us to save free conscience from the paw
Of hireling wolves, whose gospel is their maw.

XVII.

To Sir HENRY VANE the younger.

Vane, young in years, but in sage counsel old,
Than whom a better senator ne'er held
The helm of Rome, when gowns, not arms repell'd
The fierce Epirot and the African bold,
Whether to settle peace, or to unfold 5
The drift of hollow states hard to be spell'd,
Then to advise how war may best upheld
Move by her two main nerves, iron and gold,
In all her equipage: besides, to know 9
Both spiritual pow'r and civil, what each means,

* In the author's manuscript is this inscription. *To the Lord General Cromwell, May 1652. On the proposals of certain ministers at the committee for propagation of the gospel.*

What severs each, thou hast learn'd, which few have
 The bounds of either sword to thee we owe: [done:
 Therefore on thy firm hand Religion leans
 In peace, and reckons thee her eldest son.

XVIII.

*On the late massacre in Piedmont *.*

Avenge, O Lord, thy slaughter'd saints, whose bones
 Lie scatter'd on the Alpine mountains cold;
 Ev'n them who kept thy truth so pure of old,
 When all our fathers worshipp'd stocks and stones,
 Forget not: in thy book record their groans 5
 Who were thy sheep, and in their ancient fold
 Slain by the bloody Piedmontese that roll'd
 Mother with infant down the rocks. Their moans
 The vales redoubled to the hills, and they 9
 To heav'n. Their martyr'd blood and ashes sow
 O'er all th' Italian fields, where still doth sway
 The triple tyrant; that from these may grow
 A hundred-fold, who having learn'd thy way
 Early may fly the Babylonian wo.

XIX.

On his blindness.

When I consider how my light is spent,

* This persecution of the Protestants in Piedmont broke out in 1655. In May that year Cromwell wrote several letters to the Duke of Savoy, and other potentates and states, complaining of that persecution. Echard tells us, that he proclaimed a fast, and caused large contributions be gathered for them in England; that he sent his agents to the Duke of Savoy, a prince with whom he had no correspondence or commerce, and the next year so engaged Card. Mazarine, and even terrified the Pope himself, without so much as doing any favour to the English Roman Catholics, that the Duke thought it necessary to restore all that he had taken from them, and renewed all those privileges they had formerly enjoyed. "So great" (adds Echard) "was the terror of his name; nothing being more usual than his saying, that his ships in the Mediterranean should visit Civita Vecchia, and the sound of his cannon should be heard in Rome."

Ere half my days, in this dark world and wide,
 And that one talent which is death to hide,
 Lodg'd with me useleſs, though my ſoul more bent
 To ſerve therewith my Maker, and preſent 5
 My true account, leſt he returning chide;
 Doth God exact day-labour, light deny'd,
 I fondly aſk: but Patience, to prevent
 That murmur, ſoon replies, God doth not need
 Either man's work or his own gifts; who beſt 10
 Bear his mild yoke, they ſerve him beſt: his ſtate
 Is kingly; thouſands at his bidding ſpeed,
 And poſt o'er land and ocean without reſt;
 They alſo ſerve who only ſtand and wait.

XX.

To Mr LAWRENCE *.

Lawrence, of virtuous father virtuous ſon,
 Now that the fields are dank, and ways are mire,
 Where ſhall we ſometimes meet, and by the fire
 Help waſte a fullen day, what may be won
 From the hard ſeaſon gaining? time will run 5
 On ſmoother, till Favonius re-inſpire
 The frozen earth, and clothe in freſh attire
 The lily' and roſe, that neither ſow'd nor ſpun.
 What neat repaſt ſhall feaſt us, light and choice,
 Of Attic taſte, with wine, whence we may riſe 10
 To hear the lute well touch'd, or artful voice
 Warble immortal notes and Tuſcan air?
 He who of thoſe delights can judge, and ſpare
 To interpoſe them oft, is not unwiſe.

* This Mr Lawrence was the ſon of the Preſident of Cromwell's council.

XXI.

To CYRIAC SKINNER *.

Cyriac, whose grandfire on the royal bench
 Of British Themis, with no mean applause
 Pronounc'd and in his volumes taught our laws,
 Which others at their bar so often wrench;
 To-day deep thoughts resolve with me to drench 5
 In mirth, that after no repenting draws;
 Let Euclid rest, and Archimedes pause,
 And what the Swede intends, and what the French.
 To measure life learn thou betimes, and know 9
 Toward solid good what leads the nearest way;
 For other things mild heav'n a time ordains,
 And disapproves that care, though wise in show,
 That with superfluous burden loads the day,
 And when God sends a cheerful hour, refrains.

XXII.

To the same.

Cyriac, this three years day these eyes, though clear,
 To outward view, of blemish or of spot,
 Bereft of light their seeing have forgot,
 Nor to their idle orbs doth sight appear
 Of sun, or moon, or star throughout the year, 5
 Or man or woman. Yet I argue not
 Against Heav'n's hand or will, nor bate a jot
 Of heart or hope; but still bear up and steer
 Right onward. What supports me, dost thou ask?
 The conscience, friend, to' have lost them overply'd

* Cyriac Skinner was the son of William Skinner, Esq; and grandson of Sir Vincent Skinner, and his mother was daughter of the famous Lord Chief Justice Coke. Mr Wood relates, that he was one of Harrington's political club, and sometimes held the chair; and farther adds, that he was a merchant's son of London, an ingenious young gentleman and scholar to John Milton.

In liberty's defence, my noble task, 11
Of which all Europe talks from side to side.
This thought might lead me through the world's vain
Content though blind, had I no better guide. [mask]

XXIII.

*On his deceased wife *.*

Methought I saw my late espoused faint
Brought to me like Alcestis from the grave,
Whom Jove's great son to her glad husband gave,
Rescu'd from death by force, though pale and faint.
Mine, as whom wash'd from spot of childbed-taint 5
Purification in the old law did save,
And such, as yet once more I trust to have
Full sight of her in heav'n without restraint,
Came vested all in white, pure as her mind :
Her face was veil'd, yet to my fancied sight 10
Love, sweetness, goodness, in her person shin'd
So clear, as in no face with more delight.
But O as to embrace me she inclin'd,
I wak'd, she fled, and day brought back my night.

* This was his second wife, Katharine the daughter of Capt. Woodcock of Hackney, who lived with him not above a year after their marriage, and died in childbed of a daughter.

The little poems or fragments contained in this and the four following pages, are commonly placed after the Sonnets ; but they are no where to be found in the author's own edition of 1673, or in that of Dr Newton.

*Galli ex concubitu gravidam te, Pontia, Mori
Quis bene moratam, morigeramque neget * ?*

* See the author's life annexed to this volume.

*Gaudete, Scombri, et quicquid est piscium Salo,
 Qui frigida hyeme incolitis algentes freta,
 Vestrum misertus ille Salmasius eques
 Bonus amicire nuditatem cogitat ;
 Chartæque largus apparat papyrinos
 Vobis cucullos præferentes Claudii
 Insignia, nomenque et decus Salmasii,
 Gestetis ut per omne cetarium forum
 Equitis clientes, scriniis mungentium
 Cubito virorum, et capsulis gratissimos.*

Brutus taking with him Geryon the diviner in the inward shrine of the temple of the goddess Diana, utters his request thus.

Diva potens nemorum, &c.

GOddeſs of ſhades, and huntreſs, who at will
 Walk'ſt on the lowring ſpheres, and through the
 On thy third reign the earth look now, and tell [deep,
 What land, what ſeat of reſt thou bidd'ſt me ſeek,
 What certain ſeat, where I may worſhip thee
 For ay, with temples vow'd and virgin choirs.

To whom ſleeping before the altar, Diana, in a viſion that night, thus answered.

Brute, ſub occaſum ſolis, &c.

Brutus, far to the weſt in th' ocean wide
 Beyond the realm of Gaul, a land there lies,
 Sea-girt it lies, where giants dwelt of old,
 Now void, it fits thy people ; thither bend
 Thy courſe : there ſhalt thou find a laſting ſeat,
 There to thy ſons another Troy ſhall riſe,
 And kings be born of thee, whoſe dreadful might
 Shall awe the world, and conquer nations bold.

Dante in the 19th canto of Inferno.

Ah, Constantine, of how much ill was cause,
Not thy conversion, but those rich domains
That the first wealthy Pope receiv'd of thee !

In the 20th canto of Paradise.

Founded in chaste and humble poverty,
'Gainst them that rais'd thee dost thou lift thy horn ?
Impudent whore, where hast thou plac'd thy hope ?
In thy adulterers, or thy ill-got wealth ?
Another Constantine comes not in haste.

Ariosto, cant. 34.

And to be short, at last his guide him brings
Into a goodly valley, where he sees
A mighty mass of things strangely confus'd,
Things that on earth were lost, or were abus'd.
Then pass'd he to a flow'ry mountain green,
Which once smell'd sweet, now stinks as odiously ;
This was that gift (if you the truth will have)
That Constantine to good Silvester gave.

Horace to Quintius.

Whom do we count a good man, whom but he
Who keeps the laws and statutes of the senate,
Who judges in great suits and controversies,
Whose witness and opinion wins the cause ?
But his own house, and the whole neighbourhood
Sees his foul inside through his whited skin.

Four Greek lines out of Euripides.

This is true liberty, when free-born men
Having t' advise the public, may speak free,
Which he who can, and will, deserves his praise ;

Who either can, or will, may hold his peace ;
What can be juster in a state than this ?

H O R A C E.

————— *Valet ima summis*
Mutare, et insignem attenuat Deus,
Obscura promens, &c.

The power that did create, can change the scene
Of things ; make mean of great, and great of mean :
The brightest glory can eclipse with night ;
And place the most obscure in dazzling light.

H O R A C E.

Te Dacus asper, te profugi Scythæ,
Regumque matres barbarorum, et
Purpurei metuunt tyranni.
Injurioso ne pede proruas
Stantem columnam, neu populus frequens
Ad arma cessantes, ad arma
Concitet, imperiumque frangat.

All barbarous people, and their princes too,
All purple tyrants honour you ;
The very wand'ring Scythians do.
Support the pillar of the Roman state,
Lest all men be involv'd in one man's fate,
Continue us in wealth and peace ;
Let wars and tumults ever cease.

C A T U L L U S.

Tanto pessimus omnium poeta,
Quanto tu optimus omnium patronus.

The worst of poets I myself declare,
By how much you the best of patrons are.

On SALMASIUS.

*Quis expeditivit Salmasio suam Hundredam,
Picamque docuit verba nostra conari?
Magister artis venter, et Jacobei
Centum, exulantis viscera marsupii regis.
Quod si dolosi spes refulserit nummi,
Ipse, antichristi modo qui primatum Papæ
Minatus uno est dissipare sufflatu,
Cantabit ultro cardinalitium melos.*

Englisbed.

Who taught Salmasius, that French chattering pye,
To aim at English, and Hundreda cry?
The starving rascal, flush'd with just a hundred
English Jacobus's, Hundreda blunder'd.
An outlaw'd king's last stock. — A hundred more
Would make him pimp for th' antichristian whore;
And in Rome's praise employ his poison'd breath,
Who threaten'd once to stink the Pope to death.

PSALMS.

P S A L M S,

PSALM I. *Done into verse, 1653.*

Bless'd is the man who hath not walk'd astray
 In counsel of the wicked, and i' th' way
 Of sinners hath not stood, and in the seat
 Of scorers hath not sat. But in the great
 Jehovah's law is ever his delight, 5
 And in his law he studies day and night.
 He shall be as a tree which planted grows
 By wat'ry streams, and in his season knows
 To yield his fruit, and his leaf shall not fall ;
 And what he takes in hand shall prosper all. 10
 Not so the wicked ; but as chaff which fann'd
 The wind drives, so the wicked shall not stand
 In judgment, or abide their trial then,
 Nor sinners in th' assembly of just men.
 For the Lord knows th' upright way of the just, 15
 And the way of bad men to ruin must.

PSAL. II. *Done Aug. 8. 1653. Terzette.*

Why do the Gentiles tumult, and the nations
 Muse a vain thing, the kings of th' earth up-
 stand

With pow'r, and princes in their congregations
 Lay deep their plots together through each land
 Against the Lord and his Messiah dear ? 5
 Let us break off, say they, by strength of hand,
 Their bonds, and cast from us, no more to wear,
 Their twisted cords. He who in heav'n doth dwell
 Shall laugh, the Lord shall scoff them, then severe
 Speak to them in his wrath, and in his fell 10

And fierce ire trouble them ; but I, faith he,
 Anointed have my King (though ye rebel)
 On Sion my holy' hill. A firm decree
 I will declare ; The Lord to me hath said,
 Thou art my Son, I have begotten thee 15
 This day ; ask of me, and the grant is made :
 As thy possession, I on thee bestow
 Th' Heathen, and, as thy conquest to be sway'd,
 Earth's utmost bounds : them shalt thou bring full low
 With iron sceptre bruis'd, and them disperse 20
 Like to a potter's vessel shiver'd so.
 And now be wise at length, ye kings averse,
 Be taught, ye judges of the earth ; with fear
 Jehovah serve, and let your joy converse
 With trembling ; kiss the Son lest he appear 25
 In anger, and ye perish in the way,
 If once his wrath take fire like fuel fere.
 Happy all those who have in him their stay.

PSAL. III. Aug. 9. 1653.

When he fled from Absalom.

Lord, how many are my foes !
 How many those
 That in arms against me rise !
 Many are they
 That of my life distrustfully thus say, 5
 No help for him in God there lies.
 But thou, Lord, art my shield, my glory,
 Thee through my story
 Th' exalter of my head I count ;
 Aloud I cry'd 10
 Unto Jehovah ; he full soon reply'd,
 And heard me from his holy mount.

I lay and slept, I wak'd again,
 For my sustain
 Was the Lord. Of many millions 15
 The populous rout
 I fear not, though incamping round about
 They pitch against me their pavilions.
 Rise, Lord, save me, my God, for thou
 Hast smote ere now 20
 On the cheek-bone all my foes,
 Of men abhorr'd
 Hast broke the teeth. This help was from the Lord;
 Thy blessing on thy people flows.

PSAL. IV. *Aug. 10. 1653.*

ANswer me, when I call,
 God of my righteousness,
 In straits and in distress
 Thou didst me disenthral
 And set at large; now spare, 5
 Now pity me, and hear my earnest pray'r.
 Great ones, how long will ye
 My glory have in scorn;
 How long be thus forborn
 Still to love vanity, 10
 To love, to seek, to prize
 Things false and vain, and nothing else but lies?
 Yet know, the Lord hath chose,
 Chose to himself apart,
 The good and meek of heart: 15
 (For whom to chuse he knows).
 Jehovah from on high
 Will hear my voice what time to him I cry,
 Be aw'd, and do not sin;

Speak to your hearts alone, 20
 Upon your beds, each one,
 And be at peace within,
 Offer the offerings just

Of righteousness, and in Jehovah trust,
 Many there be that say, 25
 Who yet will show us good?
 Talking like this world's brood:
 But, Lord, thus let me pray,
 On us lift up the light,

Lift up the favour of thy count'nance bright. 30
 Into my heart more joy
 And gladness thou hast put,
 Than when a year of glut
 Their stores doth overcloy,
 And from their plenteous grounds 35

With vast increase their corn and wine abounds.
 In peace at once will I
 Both lay me down and sleep,
 For thou alone dost keep
 Me safe where-e'er I lie; 40
 As in a rocky cell

Thou, Lord, alope in safety mak'st me dwell.

PSAL. V. *Aug. 12. 1653.*

JEhovah, to my words give ear,
 My meditation weigh,
 The voice of my complaining hear,
 My King and God; for unto thee I pray.
 Jehovah, thou my early voice 5
 Shalt in the morning hear,
 I' th' morning I to thee with choice
 Will rank my pray'rs, and watch till thou appear.

For thou art not a God that takes
In wickedness delight ; 10
Evil with thee no biding makes,
Fools or madmen stand not within thy sight.
All workers of iniquity
Thou hat'st ; and them unblest
Thou wilt destroy, that speak a lie ; 15
The bloody' and guileful man God doth detest,
But I will in thy mercies dear,
Thy numerous mercies, go
Into thy house ; I in thy fear
Will tow'rds thy holy worship low. 20
Lord, lead me in thy righteousness,
Lead me because of those
That do observe if I transgress ;
Set thy ways right before, where my step goes.
For in his falt'ring mouth unstable 25
No word is firm or sooth ;
Their inside, troubles miserable ;
An open grave their throat, their tongue they smooth,
God, find them guilty, let them fall
By their own counsels quell'd ; 30
Push them in their rebellions all
Still on ; for against thee they have rebell'd,
Then all who trust in thee shall bring
Their joy, while thou from blame
Defend'st them, they shall ever sing 35
And shall triumph in thee, who love thy name.
For thou, Jehovah, wilt be found
To bless the just man still,
As with a shield thou wilt surround
Him with thy lasting favour and good-will, 40

PSAL. VI. *Aug. 13. 1653.*

Lord, in thine anger do not reprehend me,
 Nor in thy hot displeasure me correct ;
 Pity me, Lord, for I am much deject,
 And very weak and faint ; heal and amend me :
 For all my bones, that even with anguish ake, 5
 Are troubled, yea my soul is troubled sore ;
 And thou, O Lord, how long ? turn, Lord, restore
 My soul, O save me for thy goodness sake :
 For in death no remembrance is of thee ;
 Who in the grave can celebrate thy praise ? 10
 Wearied I am with sighing out my days,
 Nightly my couch I make a kind of sea ;
 My bed I water with my tears ; mine eye
 Through grief consumes, is waxen old and dark
 I' th' midst of all mine enemies that mark. 15
 Depart, all ye that work iniquity,
 Depart from me, for the voice of my weeping
 The Lord hath heard, the Lord hath heard my
 My supplication with acceptance fair [pray'r,
 The Lord will own, and have me in his keeping. 20
 Mine enemies shall all be blank and dash'd
 With much confusion ; then grown red with shame,
 They shall return in haste the way they came,
 And in a moment shall be quite abash'd.

PSAL. VII. *Aug. 14. 1653.**Upon the words of Chush the Benjamite against him.*

Lord my God, to thee I fly,
 Save me and secure me under
 Thy protection while I cry,
 Lest as a lion (and no wonder)
 He haste to tear my soul asunder, 5
 Tearing, and no rescue nigh.

Lord my God, if I have thought
Or done this, if wickedness
Be in my hands, if I have wrought
Ill to him that meant me peace, 10
Or to him have render'd less,
And not freed my foe for nought ;

Let th' enemy pursue my soul,
And overtake it, let him tread
My life down to the earth, and roll 15
In the dust my glory dead,
In the dust, and there outspread
Lodge it with dishonour foul,

Rise, Jehovah, in thine ire,
Rouse thyself amidst the rage 20
Of my foes, that urge like fire ;
And wake for me, their fury' assuage ;
Judgment here thou didst engage,
And command which I desire.

So th' assemblies of each nation 25
Will surround thee, seeking right ;
Thence to thy glorious habitation
Return on high, and in their sight.
Jehovah judgeth most upright
All people from the world's foundation, 30

Judge me, Lord, be judge in this
According to my righteousness,
And the innocence which is
Upon me : cause at length to cease
Of evil men the wickedness, 35
And their power that do amiss.

But the just establish fast,
Since thou art the just God that tries

Hearts and reins. On God is cast
My defence, and in him lies, 40
In him, who, both just and wise,
Saves th' upright of heart at last.

God is a just judge and severe,
And God is every day offended;
If the unjust will not forbear, 45
His sword he whets, his bow hath bended
Already, and for him intended
The tools of death, that waits him near.

(His arrows purposely made he
For them that persecute). Behold 50
He travels big with vanity,
Trouble he hath conceiv'd of old
As in a womb, and from that mold
Hath at length brought forth a lie.

He digg'd a pit, and delv'd it deep, 55
And fell into the pit he made;
His mischief that due course doth keep,
Turns on his head, and his ill trade
Of violence will undelay'd
Fall on his crown with ruin steep. 60

Then will I Jehovah's praise
According to his justice raise,
And sing the name and deity
Of Jehovah the most high.

PSAL. VIII. *Aug. 14. 1653.*

O Jehovah our Lord, how wondrous great
And glorious is thy name through all the earth!
So as above the heav'ns thy praise to set
Out of the tender mouths of latest birth.

Out of the mouths of babes and sucklings thou 5
 Hast founded strength, because of all thy foes;
 To stint th' enemy, and slack th' avenger's brow,
 That bends his rage thy providence to' oppose.

When I behold thy heav'ns, thy fingers art,
 The moon and stars which thou so bright hast set
 In the pure firmament, then saith my heart, 11
 O what is man that thou remembrest yet,

And think'st upon him; or of man begot,
 That him thou visit'st, and of him art found?
 Scarce to be less than gods, thou mad'st his lot, 15
 With honour and with state thou hast him crown'd.

O'er the works of thy hand thou mad'st him lord,
 Thou hast put all under his lordly feet,
 All flocks, and herds, by thy commanding word,
 All beasts that in the field or forest meet, 20

Fowl of the heav'ns, and fish that through the wet
 Sea-paths in shoals do slide, and know no dearth.
 O Jehovah our Lord, how wondrous great
 And glorious is thy name through all the earth!

April 1648. J. M.

*Nine of the Psalms done into metrè, wherein all, but
 what is in a different character, are the very words
 of the text, translated from the original.*

PSAL. LXXX.

1 **T**Hou, Shepherd, that dost Israel keep,
 Give ear in time of need,
 Who leadest like a flock of sheep
 Thy loved Joseph's feed,

- That sitt'st between the Cherubs *bright*, 5
Between their wings outspread,
 Shine forth, *and from thy cloud give light,*
And on our foes thy dread.
- 2 In Ephraim's view and Benjamin's,
 And in Manasse's fight, 10
 Awake * thy strength, come, and *be seen* * *Gnorera.*
To save us by thy might.
- 3 Turn us again, *thy grace divine*
To us, O God, vouchsafe ;
 Cause thou thy face on us to shine, 15
 And then we shall be safe.
- 4 Lord God of Hosts, how long wilt thou,
 How long wilt thou declare
 Thy * smoking wrath, and angry brow * *Gnasbanta.*
 Against thy people's prayer ! 20
- 5 Thou feed'st them with the bread of tears,
 Their bread with tears they eat,
 And mak'st them * largely drink the tears * *Sbalisb.*
Wherewith their cheeks are wet.
- 6 A strife thou mak'st us and a prey 25
 To every neighbour foe,
 Among themselves they * laugh, they * play,
 And * flouts at us they throw. * *Jilgnagu.*
- 7 Return us, *and thy grace divine,*
 O God of Hosts, *vouchsafe ;* 30
 Cause thou thy face on us to shine,
 And then we shall be safe.
- 8 A vine from Egypt thou hast brought,
 Thy free love made it thine ;
 And drov'st out nations, *proud and haughty,* 35
 To plant this lovely vine.
- 9 Thou didst prepare for it a place,
 And root it deep and fast,

That it *began to grow apace,*
And fill'd the land at last. 40

10 With her *green* shade that cover'd all,
 The hills were *overspread,*
 Her boughs as *high as cedars tall*
Advanc'd their lofty head.

11 Her branches *on the western side* 45
 Down to the sea she sent,
 And *upward* to that river wide
 Her other branches *went.*

12 Why hast thou laid her hedges low,
 And broken down her fence, 50
 That all may pluck her, as they go,
With rudest violence?

13 The *tusked* boar out of the wood
 Up turns it by the roots,
 Wild beasts there brouze, and make their food 55
Her grapes and tender shoots.

14 Return now, God of Hosts, look down
 From heav'n, thy seat divine,
 Behold us, *but without a frown,*
 And visit this *thy* vine. 60

15 Visit this vine, which thy right hand
 Hath set, and planted *long,*
 And the young branch, that for thyself
 Thou hast made firm and strong.

16 But now it is consum'd with fire, 65
 And cut *with axes* down,
 They perish at thy dreadful ire,
 At thy rebuke and frown.

17 Upon the man of thy right hand
 Let thy *good* hand be *laid;* 70
 Upon the son of man, whom thou
 Strong for thyself hast made.

- 18 So shall we not go back from thee
To ways of sin and shame :
 Quicken us thou, then *gladly* we 75
 Shall call upon thy name.
- 19 Return us, *and thy grace divine,*
 Lord God of Hosts, *vouchsafe ;*
 Cause thou thy face on us to shine,
 And then we shall be safe. 80

PSAL. LXXXI.

- 1 **T**O God our strength sing loud, *and clear,*
 Sing loud to God *our King,*
 To Jacob's God, *that all may hear,*
 Loud acclamations ring.
- 2 Prepare a hymn, prepare a song, 5
 The timbrel hither bring ;
 The *cheerful* psalt'ry bring along,
 And harp *with pleasant string.*
- 2 Blow, *as is wont,* in the new moon
 With trumpets *lofty sound,* 10
 Th' appointed time, the day whereon
 Our solemn feast *comes round.*
- 4 This was a statute giv'n of old
 For Israel *to observe,*
 A law of Jacob's God, *to hold,* 15
 From whence they might not *swerve.*
- 5 This he a testimony ordain'd
 In Joseph, *not to change,*
 When as he pass'd through Egypt land ;
 The tongue I heard was strange. 20
- 6 From burden, *and from slavish toil,*
 I set his shoulder free :
 His hands from pots, *and miry soil,*
 Deliver'd were *by me.*

- 7 When trouble did thee fore assail, 25
On me then didst thou call,
 And I to free thee *did not fail,*
And led thee out of thrall.
 I answer'd thee in † thunder deep
 With clouds encompass'd round; 30
 I try'd thee at the water steep
 Of Meriba *renown'd.*
- 8 Hear, O my people, *hearken well,*
 I testify to thee,
Thou ancient stock of Israel, 35
 If thou wilt list to me;
 9 Throughout the land of thy abode
 No alien god shall be,
 Nor shalt thou to a foreign god
 In honour bend thy knee. 40
- 10 I am the Lord thy God which brought
 Thee out of Egypt land;
 Ask large enough, and I, *besought,*
 Will grant thy full demand.
- 11 And yet my people would not *hear,* 45
Nor hearken to my voice;
 And Israel, *whom I lov'd so dear,*
 Mislik'd me for his choice.
- 12 Then did I leave them to their will,
 And to their wand'ring mind; 50
 Their own conceits they follow'd still,
 Their own devices blind.
- 13 O that my people would *be wise,*
To serve me all their days,
 And O that Israel would *advise* 55
To walk my righteous ways.
- 14 Then would I soon bring down their foes,
 That now so proudly rise,

And turn my hand against *all those*

That are their enemies.

60

15 Who hate the Lord should *then be fain*

To bow to him and bend ;

But *they, his people, should remain,*

Their time should have no end.

16 And he would feed them *from the stock*

65

With flour of finest wheat,

And satisfy them from the rock

With honey *for their meat.*

PSAL. LXXXII.

1 GOD in the * great * assembly stands

*Of kings and lordly states ; * Bagnadath-cl.*

* Among the gods, * on both his hands, * *Bekerev.*

He judges and debates.

4

2 How long will ye * pervert the right

* *Tisbphetu*

With * judgment false and wrong,

gnavel.

Favouring the wicked *by your might,*

Who thence grow bold and strong ?

3 * Regard the * weak and fatherless, * *Shiphthu-dal.*

* Dispatch the * poor man's cause,

10

And † raise the man in deep distress

By † just and equal laws.

† *Hatzdiku.*

4 Defend the poor and desolate,

And rescue from the hands

Of wicked men the low estate

15

Of him *that help demands.*

5 They know not, nor will understand,

In darkness they walk on,

The earth's foundations all are * mov'd,

And * out of order gone.

* *Jimmotu.*

6 I said that ye were gods, yea all

21

The sons of God most high ;

238 P S A L M S. LXXXIII.

- 7 But ye shall die like men, and fall
As other princes *die*.
8 Rise, God, * judge thou the earth *in might*, 25
This *wicked* earth * redress; * *Shiphta*.
For thou art he who shalt by right
The nations all possess.

P S A L. LXXXIII.

- 1 **B**E not thou silent *now at length*,
O God, hold not thy peace,
Sit not thou still, O God of *strength*;
We cry, and do not cease.
2 For lo thy *furious* foes *now* * swell, 5
And * storm outrageously, * *Jehemajun*.
And they that hate thee, *proud and fell*
Exalt their heads full high.
3 Against thy people they * contrive * *Jagnarimu*.
* Their plots and counsels deep, * *Sod*. 10
† Them to insnare they chiefly strive,
* Whom thou dost hide and keep. * *Tsephuneca*.
4 Come, let us cut them off, say they,
Till they no nation be,
That Israel's name for ever may 15
Be lost in memory.
5 For they consult * with all their might,
And all as one in mind * *Lev jachdau*.
Themselves against thee they unite,
And in firm union bind. 20
6 The tents of Edom, and the brood
Of *scornful* Ishmael,
Moab, with them of Hagar's blood,
That in the desert dwell,
7 Gebal and Ammon *there conspire*, 52
And *hateful* Amalec,
† *Jiribjagnatsu gna*.

The Philistins, and they of Tyre,

Whose bounds the sea doth check.

8 With them great Ashur also bands,

And doth confirm the knot :

30

All these have lent their armed hands

To aid the sons of Lot.

9 Do to them as to Midian bold,

That wasted all the coast,

To Sifera, and as is told

35

Thou didst to Jabin's host,

When at the brook of Kishon old

They were repuls'd and slain,

10 At Endor quite cut off, and roll'd

As dung upon the plain.

40

11 As Zeb and Oreb evil sped,

So let their princes speed ;

As Zeba and Zalmunna bled,

So let their princes bleed.

12 For they amidst their pride have said,

45

By right now shall we feize

God's houses, and will now invade

* Their stately palaces. * *Neoth Elohim bears both.*

13 My God, oh make them as a wheel,

No quiet let them find ;

50

Giddy and restless let them reel,

Like stubble from the wind.

14 As when an aged wood takes fire,

Which on a sudden strays,

The greedy flame runs higher and higher,

55

Till all the mountains blaze ;

15 So with thy whirlwind them pursue,

And with thy tempest chase ;

16 † And till they † yield thee honour due,

Lord, fill with shame their face.

60

* They seek thy name, Heb.

- 17 Asham'd, and troubled let them be,
 Troubled, and sham'd for ever,
 Ever confounded, and so die
 With shame, *and scape it never.*
- 18 Then shall they know that thou whose name 65
 Jehovah is alone,
 Art the Most High, *and thou the same*
 O'er all the earth *art one.*

PSAL. LXXXIV.

- 1 **H**OW lovely are thy dwellings fair !
 O Lord of hosts, how dear
 The *pleasant* tabernacles are,
Where thou dost dwell so near !
- 2 My soul doth long, and almost die, 5
 Thy courts, O Lord, to see ;
 My heart and flesh aloud do cry,
 O living God, for thee.
- 3 There ev'n the sparrow, *freed from wrong,*
 Hath found a house of *rest* ; 10
 The swallow there, to lay her young,
 Hath built her *brooding* nest ;
 Ev'n by thy altars, Lord of Hosts,
They find their safe abode,
And home they fly from round the coasts 15
Tow'rd thee, my King, my God.
- 4 Happy, who in thy house reside,
 Where thee they ever praise ;
- 5 Happy, whose strength in thee doth bide,
 And in their hearts thy ways. 20
- 6 They pass through Baca's *thirsty* vale,
That dry and barren ground,
 As through a fruitful wat'ry dale
 Where springs and show'rs abound.

P S A L M S. LXXXV.

241

- 7 They journey on from strength to strength 25
With joy and gladſome cheer,
Till all before our God at length
In Sion do appear.
- 8 Lord God of hoſts, hear *now* my prayer,
 O Jacob's God, give ear; 30
- 9 Thou God, our ſhield, look on the face
 Of thy anointed *dear*.
- 10 For one day in thy courts to be
 Is better, *and more bleſt,*
 Than in the joys of vanity 35
 A thouſand days at beſt.
 I in the temple of my God
 Had rather keep a door,
 Than dwell in tents, *and rich abode,*
 With ſin for evermore. 40
- 11 For God the Lord both ſun and ſhield
 Gives grace and glory *bright*;
 No good from them ſhall be with-held
 Whoſe ways are juſt and right.
- 12 Lord God of Hoſts, *that reign'ſt on high,* 45
 That man is *truly* bleſt,
 Who *only* on thee doth rely,
 And in thee only reſt.

PSAL. LXXXV.

- 1 **T**HY land to favour graciously.
 Thou haſt not, Lord, been ſlack;
 Thou haſt from *hard* captivity
 Returned Jacob back,
- 2 Th' iniquity thou didſt forgive 5
That wrought thy people wo,
 And all their ſin, *that did thee grieve,*
 Haſt hid where none ſhall know.

- 3 Thine anger all thou hadst remov'd,
 And *calmly* didst return 10
 From thy † fierce wrath, which we had prov'd
 Far worfe than fire to burn.
- 4 God of our saving health and peace,
 Turn us, and us restore;
 Thine indignation cause to cease 15
 Toward us, and *chide no more.*
- 5 Wilt thou be angry without end,
 For ever angry thus?
 Wilt thou thy frowning ire extend
 From age to age on us? 20
- 6 Wilt thou not * turn, and *hear our voice,*
 And us again * revive, * Heb. *turn to quicken us.*
 That so thy people may rejoice
 By thee preserv'd alive?
- 7 Cause us to see thy goodness, Lord, 25
 To us thy mercy shew;
 Thy saving health to us afford,
 And life in us renew.
- 8 And *now* what God the Lord will speak,
 I will *go strait* and hear; 30
 For to his people he speaks peace,
 And to his saints *full dear*:
 To his dear saints he will speak peace;
 But let them never more
 Return to folly, *but surcease* 35
 To trespass as before.
- 9 Surely to such as do him fear,
 Salvation is at hand,
 And glory shall *ere long* appear
 To dwell within our land. 40
- 10 Mercy and Truth *that long were miss'd,*
 Now *joyfully* are met;
 † Heb. *The burning heat of thy wrath.*

*Sweet Peace and Righteousness have kiss'd,
And hand in hand are set.*

11 Truth from the earth, *like to a flow'r*, 45
Shall bud and blossom *then*,
And Justice from her heav'nly bow'r
Look down *on mortal men*.

12 The Lord will also then bestow 50
Whatever thing is good,
Our land shall forth in plenty throw
Her fruits *to be our food*.

13 Before him Righteousness shall go
His royal harbinger ;
Then * will he come, and not be flow, 55
His footsteps cannot err.

PSAL. LXXXVI.

1 **T**HY *gracious* ear, O Lord, incline ;
O hear me, *I thee pray* ;
For I am poor, and almost pine
With need, *and sad decay*.

2 Preserve my soul, for † I have trod 5
Thy ways, and love the just ;
Save thou thy servant, O my God,
Who *still* in thee doth trust.

3 Pity me, Lord, for daily thee
I call ; 4. O make rejoice 10
Thy servant's soul ; for, Lord, to thee
I lift my soul *and voice*.

5 For thou art good, thou, Lord, art prone
To pardon, thou to all
Art full of mercy, thou *alone* 15
To them that on thee call.

6 Unto my supplication, Lord,
Give ear, and to the cry

* Heb. *He will set his steps to the way*.

† Heb. *I am good, loving a doer of good and holy things*.

- Of my *incessant* prayers afford
Thy hearing graciously. 20
- 7 I in the day of my distress
Will call on thee *for aid*;
For thou wilt *grant me free access,*
And answer *what I pray'd.*
- 8 Like thee among the gods is none, 25
O Lord, nor any works
Of all that other gods have done
Like to thy *glorious* works.
- 9 The nations all whom thou hast made
Shall come, and all *shall frame* 30
To bow them low before thee, Lord,
And glorify thy name.
- 10 For great thou art, and wonders great
By thy strong hand are done;
Thou *in thy everlasting seat*
Remainest God alone. 35
- 11 Teach me, O Lord, thy way *most right,*
I in thy truth will bide;
To fear thy name my heart unite,
So *shall it never slide.* 40
- 12 Thee will I praise, O Lord my God,
Thee honour and adore
With my whole heart, and blaze abroad
Thy name for evermore.
- 13 For great thy mercy is tow'rd me, 45
And thou hast freed my soul,
Ev'n from the lowest hell set free,
From *deepest darkness foul.*
- 14 O God, the proud against me rise,
And violent men are met. 50
To seek my life, and in their eyes
No fear of thee have set.

- 15 But thou, Lord, art the God most mild,
 Readiest thy grace to shew,
 Slow to be angry, and *art styl'd* 55
 Most merciful, most true.
- 16 O turn to me *thy face at length*,
 And me have mercy on ;
 Unto thy servant give thy strength,
 And save thy handmaid's son. 60
- 17 Some sign of good to me afford,
 And let my foes *then* see,
 And be asham'd, because thou, Lord,
 Dost help and comfort me.

PSAL, LXXXVII.

- 1 **A**mong the holy mountains *high*
 Is his foundation fast ;
There seated is his sanctuary,
His temple there is plac'd.
- 2 Sion's *fair* gates the Lord loves more 5
 Than all the dwellings *fair*
 Of Jacob's land, *though there be store,*
And all within his care,
- 3 City of God, most glorious things
 Of thee *abroad* are spoke ; 10
- 4 I mention Egypt, *where proud kings*
Did our forefathers yoke.
 I mention Babel to my friends,
 Philistia *full of scorn,*
 And Tyre with Ethiops *utmost ends,* 15
 Lo this man there was born :
- 5 But *twice that praise shall in our ear*
 Be said of Sion *last,*
 This and this man was born in her,
 High God shall fix her fast, 20

- 6 The Lord shall write it in a scroll
 That ne'er shall be outworn,
 When he the nations doth inroll,
 That this man there was born.
- 7 Both they who sing, and they who dance, 25
With sacred songs are there ;
 In thee *fresh brooks, and soft streams glance,*
And all my fountains clear.

P S A L. LXXXVIII.

- 1 **L**ord God that dost me save and keep,
 All day to thee I cry ;
 And all night long before thee weep,
 Before thee *prostrate lie.*
- 2 Into thy presence let my pray'r 5
With sighs devout ascend,
 And to my cries, that *ceaseless are,*
 Thine ear with favour bend.
- 3 For cloy'd with woes and trouble store
 Surcharg'd my soul doth lie, 10
 My life *at death's uncheerful door*
 Unto the grave draws nigh.
- 4 Reckon'd I am with them that pass
 Down to the *dismal pit ;*
 I am a † man, but weak alas, 15
 And for that name unfit.
- 5 From life discharg'd and parted quite
 Among the dead to *sleep,*
 And like the slain *in bloody fight*
 That in the grave lie *deep :* 20
 Whom thou rememberest no more,
 Dost never more regard,
 Them from thy hand deliver'd o'er
Death's hideous house hath barr'd.

† Heb. *A man without manly strength.*

- 6 Thou in the lowest pit *profound*
 Hast set me *all forlorn*,
 Where thickest darkness *hovers round*,
 In horrid deeps *to mourn*.
 7 Thy wrath, *from which no shelter saves*,
 Full sore doth press on me ;
 * Thou break'st upon me all thy waves,
 * And all thy waves break me.
 8 Thou dost my friends from me estrange,
 And mak'st me odious,
 Me to them odious, *for they change*,
 And I here pent up thus.
 9 Through sorrow, and affliction great,
 Mine eye grows dim and dead ;
 Lord, all the day I thee intreat,
 My hands to thee I spread.
 10 Wilt thou do wonders on the dead ?
 Shall the deceas'd arise,
 And praise thee *from their loathsome bed*,
 With pale and hollow eyes ?
 11 Shall they thy loving-kindness tell,
 On whom the grave *hath hold* ;
 Or they *who* in perdition dwell,
 Thy faithfulness *unfold* ?
 12 In darkness can thy mighty *hand*
 Or wondrous acts be known,
 Thy justice in the *gloomy* land
 Of *dark* oblivion ?
 13 But I to thee, O Lord, do cry,
 Ere yet my life be spent ;
 And up to thee my pray'r doth hie
 Each morn, and thee prevent.
 14 Why wilt thou, Lord, my soul forsake,
 And hide thy face from me,

* The Heb. bears both.

* Heb. *Prae concussione.*

60

Astonish'd with thine ire.

65

Like waves they me pursue.

70

And as in darknes are.

*This and the following psalm were done by the author
at fifteen years old.*

५

10

Why turned Jordan tow'rd his crystal fountains?

Shake, earth, and at the presence be aghast 15
 Of him that ever was, and ay shall last;
 That glassy floods from rugged rocks can crush,
 And make soft rills from fiery flint-stones gush.

P S A L. CXXXVI.

LET us with a gladsome mind
 Praise the Lord, for he is kind;
 For his mercies ay endure,
 Ever faithful, ever sure.

Let us blaze his name abroad, 5
 For of gods he is the God.
 For his, &c.

O let us his praises tell,
 Who doth the wrathful tyrants quell, 10
 For his, &c.

Who with his miracles doth make
 Amazed heav'n and earth to shake.
 For his, &c. 15

Who by his wisdom did create
 The painted heav'ns so full of state.
 For his, &c.

Who did the solid earth ordain 20
 To rise above the wat'ry plain.
 For his, &c.

Who by his all-commanding might
 Did fill the new-made world with light, 25
 For his, &c.

And caus'd the golden-tressed sun,
 All the day long his course to run.
 For his, &c. 30

The horned moon to shine by night,
Amongst her spangled sisters bright.

For his, &c.

He with his thunder-clasping hand
Smote the first-born of Egypt land.

35

For his, &c.

And in despite of Pharaoh fell,
He brought from thence his Israel.

40

For his, &c.

The ruddy waves he cleft in twain
Of the Erythræan main.

For his, &c.

45

The floods stood still like walls of glass,
While the Hebrew bands did pass.

For his, &c.

But full soon they did devour
The tawny king with all his power.

50

For his, &c.

His chosen people he did bless
In the wasteful wilderness.

55

For his, &c.

In bloody battle he brought down
Kings of prowess and renown.

For his, &c.

60

He foil'd bold Seon and his host,
That rul'd the Amorrean coast.

For his, &c.

And large-limb'd Og he did subdue,
With all his over-hardy crew.

65

For his, &c.

And to his servant Israel
He gave their land therein to dwell.
For his, &c.

70

He hath with a piteous eye
Beheld us in our misery.
For his, &c.

75

And freed us from the slavery
Of the invading enemy.
For his, &c.

All living creatures he doth feed,
And with full hand supplies their need.
For his, &c.

80

Let us therefore warble forth
His mighty majesty and worth.
For his, &c.

85

That his mansion hath on high
Above the reach of mortal eye.
For his mercies ay endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

90

JOANNIS MILTONI

LONDINENSIS

P O E M A T A,

Quorum pleraque intra annum aetatis vigesimum conscripsit.

HAec quae sequuntur de authore testimonia, tametsi ipse intelligebat non tam de se quam supra se esse dicta, eo quod praeclaro ingenio viri, nec non amici ita fere solent laudare, ut omnia suis potius virtutibus, quam veritati congruentia nimis cupide affingant; noluit tamen horum egregiam in se voluntatem non esse notam; cum alii praesertim ut id faceret magnopere fuaderent. Dum enim nimiae laudis invidiam totis ab se viribus amolitur, sibi quod plus aequo est non attributum esse mavult, iudicium interim hominum cordatorum atque illustrium quin summo sibi honori ducat, negare non potest.

Joannes Baptista Mansus, Marchio Villensis, Neapolitanus, ad Joannem Miltonium Anglum.

UT mens, forma, decor, facies, mos, si pietas sic,
Non Anglus, verum hercle angelus ipse fores.

*Ad Joannem Miltonem Anglum, triplici poeseos laurea
coronandum, Graeca nimirum, Latina, atque Hetrus-
ca, epigramma Joannis Salsilli Romani.*

CEde, Melès, cedat depressa Mincius urna ;
Sebetus Tassum desinat usque loqui ;
At Thamesis victor cunctis ferat altior undas,
Nam per te, Milto, par tribus unus erit.

Ad Joannem Miltonum.

GRaecia Maeonidem, jactet sibi Romam Maronem,
Anglia Miltonum jactat utrique parem.
Selvaggi.

Al Signior Gio. Miltoni nobile Inglese.

O D E.

ERgimi all' Etra ò Clio
Perche di stelle intreccierò corona
Non più del Biondo Dio
La fronde eterna in Pindo, e in Elicona,
Dienfi a merto maggior, maggiori i fregi,
A' celeste virtù celesti pregi.
Non puo del tempo edace
Rimaner preda, eterno alto valore
Non puo l' oblio rapace
Furar dalle memorie excelsò onore,
Su l' arco di mia cetra un dardo forte
Virtù m'adatti, e ferirò la morte.
Del ocean profondo
Cinta dagli ampi gorghi Anglia risiede
Separata dal mondo,
Però che il suo valor l'umana eccede :
Questa seconda sà produrre Eroi,
Ch' hanno a ragion del sovrumano tra noi.

Alla virtù sbandita
Danno nei petti lor fido ricetto,
Quella gli è sol gradita,
Perche in lei fan trovar gioia, e diletto ;
Ridillo tu, Giovanni, e mostra in tanto
Con tua vera virtù, vero il mio canto.

Lungi dal patrio lido
Spinse Zeusi l'industre ardente brama ;
Ch' udio d' Helena il grido
Con aurea tromba rimbombar la fama,
E per poterla effigiare al paro
Dalle più belle Idee trasse il più raro.

Così l'ape ingegnosa
Trae con industria il suo liquor pregiato
Dal giglio e dalla rosa,
E quanti vaghi fiori ornano il prato ;
Formano un dolce suon diverse chorde,
Fan varie voci melodia concorde.

Di bella gloria amante
Milton dal ciel natio per varie parti
Le peregrine piante
Volgesti a ricercar scienze, ed arti ;
Del Gallo regnator vedesti i regni,
E dell' Italia ancor gl' Eroi piu degni.

Fabro quasi divino
Sol virtù rintracciando il tuo pensiero
Vide in ogni confino
Chi di nobil valor calca il sentiero ;
L' ottimo dal miglior dopo scegliea
Per fabbricar d'ogni virtù l' idea.

Quanti nacquero in Flora
O in lei del parlar Tosco appreser l' arte,

La cui memoria onora
Il mondo fatta eterna in dotte carte,
Volesti ricercar per tuo tesoro,
E parlasti con lor nell' opre loro.

Nell' altera Babelle
Per te il parlar confuse Giove in vano,
Che per varie favelle
Di se stessa trofeo cadde su'l piano :
Ch' ode oltr' all' Anglia il suo piu degno idioma
Spagna, Francia, Toscana, e Grecia, e Roma.

I piu profondi arcani
Ch' occulta la natura e in cielo e in terra
Ch' à ingegni sovrumani
Tropo avara tal' hor gli chiude, e ferra,
Chiaramente conosci, e giungi al fine
Della moral virtude al gran confine.

Non batta il tempo l'ale,
Fermisi immoto, e in un fermin si gl'anni,
Che di virtù immortale
Scorron di troppo ingiuriosi a i danni ;
Che s'opre degne di poema e storia
Furon gia, l' hai presenti alla memoria.

Dammi tua dolce Cetra
Se vuoi ch'io dica del tuo dolce canto,
Ch' inalzandoti all' Etra
Di farti huomo celeste ottiene il vanto,
Il Tamigi il dirà che gl' e concesso
Per te suo signo pareggiar Permesso.

Io che in riva del Arno
Tento spiegar tuo merto alto, e preclaro
So che fatico indarno,
E ad ammirar, non a lodarlo imparo ;

Freno dunque la lingua, e ascolto il core
Che ti prende a lodar con lo stupore.

Del Sig. Antonio Francini gentilhuomo Fiorentino.

JOANNI MILTONI Londinensi,

Juveni patria, virtutibus eximio,

VIro qui multa peregrinatione, studio cuncta orbis terrarum loca perspexit, ut novus Ulysses omnia ubique ab omnibus apprehenderet :

Polyglotto, in cujus ore linguae jam deperditae sic reviviscunt, ut idiomata omnia sint in ejus laudibus infacunda ; et jure ea percallet, ut admirationes et plausus populorum ab propria sapientia excitatos intelligat :

Illi, cujus animi dotes corporisque sensus ad admirationem commovent, et per ipsam motum cuique auferunt ; cujus opera ad plausus hortantur, sed venustate vocem laudatoribus adimunt.

Cui in memoria totus orbis ; in intellectu sapientia ; in voluntate ardor gloriae ; in ore eloquentia ; harmonicos coelestium sphaerarum sonitus, astronomia duce, audienti ; characteres mirabilium naturae, per quos Dei magnitudo describitur, magistra philosophia, legenti ; antiquitatum latebras, vetustatis excidia, eruditionis ambages, comite assidua autorum lectione,

Exquirenti, restauranti, percurrenti.

At cur nitor in arduum ?

Illi, in cujus virtutibus evulgandis ora famae non sufficiant, nec hominum stupor in laudandis satis est, reverentiae et amoris ergo, hoc ejus meritis debitum admirationis tributum offert *Carolus Datus Patricius Florentinus,*

Tanto homini servus, tantae virtutis amator.

ELEGIARUM

LIBER PRIMUS.

ELEGIA PRIMA.

Ad CAROLUM DIODATUM.

TAndem, chare, tuae mihi pervenere tabellae,
 Pertulit et voces nuncia charta tuas;
 Pertulit occidua Devae Cestrensis ab ora
 Vergivium prono qua petit amne salum.
 Multum, crede, juvat terras aluisse remotas 5
 Pectus amans nostri, tamque fidele caput;
 Quodque mihi lepidum tellus longinqua sodalem
 Debet, at unde brevi reddere iussa velit.
 Me tenet urbs reflua quam Thamesis alluit unda,
 Meque nec invitum patria dulcis habet. 10
 Jam nec arundiferum mihi cura revifere Camum,
 Nec dudum vetiti me laris angit amor.
 Nuda nec arva placent, umbrasque negantia molles,
 Quam male Phoebicolis convenit ille locus!
 Nec duri libet usque minas perferre magistri, 15
 Caeteraque ingenio non subeunda meo.
 Si sit hoc exilium patrios adiisse penates,
 Et vacuum curis otia grata sequi,
 Non ego vel profugi nomen, sortemve recuso,
 Laetus et exilii conditione fruor. 20
 O utinam vates nunquam graviora tulisset
 Ille Tomitano flebilis exul agro;
 Non tunc Ionio quicquam cessisset Homero,
 Neve foret victo laus tibi prima, Maro.

Tempora nam licet hîc placidis dare libera musis, 25
 Et totum rapiunt me mea vita libri.
 Excipit hinc fessum sinuosi pompa theatri,
 Et vocat ad plausus garrula scena suos.
 Seu catus auditur senior, seu prodigus heres,
 Seu procus, aut posita casside miles adest, 30
 Sive decennali foecundus lite patronus
 Detonat inculto barbara verba foro;
 Saepe vaser gnato succurrit servus amanti,
 Et nasum rigidi fallit ubique patris;
 Saepe novos illic virgo mirata calores, 35
 Quid sit amor nescit, dum quoque nescit, amat.
 Sive cruentatum furiosa Tragoedia sceptrum
 Quassat, et effusis crinibus ora rotat,
 Et dolet, et spectro, juvat et spectasse dolendo,
 Interdum et lacrymis dulcis amaror inest: 40
 Seu puer infelix indelibata reliquit
 Gaudia, et abrupto flendus amore cadit;
 Seu ferus e tenebris iterat Styga criminis ultor,
 Conscia funereo pectora torre movens;
 Seu moeret Pelopeia domus, seu nobilis Ili, 45
 Aut luit incestos aula Creontis avos.
 Sed neque sub tecto semper nec in urbe latemus,
 Irrita nec nobis tempora veris eunt.
 Nos quoque lucus habet vicina confitus ulmo,
 Atque suburbani nobilis umbra loci. 50
 Saepius hic blandas spirantia sidera flammâs
 Virgineos videas preteriisse choros.
 Ah quoties dignae stupui miracula formae
 Quae possit senium vel reparare Jovis!
 Ah quoties vidi superantia lumina gemmas, 55
 Atque faces quotquot volvit uterque polus;
 Collaque bis vivi Pelopis quae brachia vincant,
 Quaeque fluit puro nectare tincta via,

Et decus eximium frontis, tremulosque capillos,
Aurea quae fallax retia tendit amor ; 60
Pellacesque genas, ad quas hyacinthia sordet
Purpura, et ipse tui floris, Adoni, rubor !
Cedite laudatae toties Heroides olim,
Et quaecunque vagum cepit amica Jovem.
Cedite Achaemeniae turrita fronte puellae, 65
Et quot Susa colunt, Memnoniamque Ninon.
Vos etiam Danaae fasces submitte nymphae,
Et vos Iliacae, Romuleaeque nurus.
Nec Pompeianas Tarpëia musa columnas
Jactet, et Ausoniis plena theatra stolis. 70
Gloria virginibus debetur prima Britannis,
Extera sat tibi sit foemina posse sequi.
Tuque urbs Dardaniis Londinum structa colonis
Turrigerum late conspicienda caput,
Tu nimium felix intra tua moenia claudis 75
Quicquid formosi pendulus orbis habet.
Non tibi tot coelo scintillant astra sereno
Endymioneae turba ministra deae,
Quot tibi conspicuae formaque auroque puellae
Per medias radiant turba videnda vias. 80
Creditur huc geminis venisse inuenta columbis
Alma pharetrigero milite cincta Venus,
Huic Cnidon, et riguas Simoentis flumine valles,
Huic Paphon, et roseam posthabitura Cypron.
Ast ego, dum pueri finit indulgentia caeci, 85
Moenia quam subito linquere fausta paro ;
Et vitare procul malefidae infamia Circes
Atria, divini Molyos usus ope.
Stat quoque juncosque Cami remeare paludes,
Atque iterum raucae murmur adire scholae. 90
Interea fidi parvum cape munus amici,
Paucaque in alternos verba coacta modos.

ELEGIA SECUNDA, anno aetatis 17.

In obitum Praeconis Academici Cantabrigiensis.

TE, qui conspicuus baculo fulgente solebas
 Palladium toties ore ciere gregem,
 Ultima praeconum, praeconem te quoque saeva
 Mors rapit, officio nec favet ipsa suo.
 Candidiora licet fuerint tibi tempora plumis, 5
 Sub quibus accipimus delituisse Jovem,
 O dignus tamen Haemonio juvenescere succo,
 Dignus in Aesonios vivere posse dies,
 Dignus quem Stygiis medica revocaret ab undis
 Arte Coronides, saepe rogante dea. 10
 Tu si jussus eras acies accire togatas,
 Et celer a Phoebō nuncius ire tuo;
 Talis in Iliaca stabat Cyllenius aula
 Alipes, aetherea missus ab arce patris.
 Talis et Eurybates ante ora furentis Achillei 15
 Rettulit Atridae jussa severa ducis.
 Magna sepulchrorum regina, satelles Averni,
 Saeva nimis Musis, Palladi saeva nimis,
 Quin illos rapias qui pondus inutile terrae,
 Turba quidem est telis ista petenda tuis. 20
 Vestibus hunc igitur pullis, academia, luge,
 Et madeant lacrymis nigra feretra tuis.
 Fundat et ipsa modos querebunda elegia tristes,
 Perfonet et totis naenia moesta scholis.

ELEGIA TERTIA, anno aetatis 17.

*In obitum Praefulis Wintoniensis *.*

MOEStus eram, et tacitus nullo comitante sedebam,
 Haerebantque animo tristitia plura meo:

* Lancelot Andrews, who died Sept. 21. 1626.

Protinus en subiit funestae cladis imago,
 Fecit in Angliaco quam Libitina solo;
 Dum procerum ingressa est splendentes marmore turres,
 Dira sepulchrali mors metuenda face;
 Pulsavitque auro gravidos et jaspide muros,
 Nec metuit satrapum sternere falce greges.
 Tunc memini clarique ducis, fratrisque verendi
 Intempestivis ossa cremata rogis:
 Et memini heroum quos vidit ad aethera raptos,
 Flevit et amissos Belgia tota duces.
 At te praecipue luxi, dignissime praesul,
 Wintoniaeque olim gloria magna tuae;
 Delicui fletu, et tristi sic ore querebar,
 Mors fera Tartareo diva secunda Jovi,
 Nonne satis quod sylva tuas persentiat iras,
 Et quod in herbosos jus tibi detur agros;
 Quodque afflata tuo marcescant lilia tabo,
 Et crocus, et pulchrae Cypridi sacra rosa;
 Nec finis ut semper fluvio contermina quercus.
 Miretur lapsus praetereuntis aquae?
 Et tibi succumbit liquido quae plurima coelo
 Evehitur pennis, quamlibet augur, avis;
 Et quae mille nigris errant animalia sylvis,
 Et quod alunt mutum Proteos antra pecus.
 Invida, tanta tibi cum sit concessa potestas,
 Quid juvat humana tingere caede manus?
 Nobileque in pectus certas acuisse sagittas,
 Semideamque animam caede fugasse sua?
 Talia dum lacrymans alto sub pectore volvo,
 Roscidus occiduis Hesperus exit aquis,
 Et Tartessiaco submerferat aequore currum
 Phoebus ab eöo littore mensus iter.
 Nec mora, membra cavo posui refovenda cubili,
 Condiderant oculos noxque soporque meos:

Cum mihi visus eram lato spatiarier agro,
Heu nequit ingenium visa referre meum.
Illic punicea radiabant omnia luce,
Ut matutino cum juga sole rubent. 40
Ac veluti cum pandit opes *Thaumantia* proles,
Vestitu nituit multicolore solum.
Non dea tam variis ornavit floribus hortos
Alcinoi, *Zephyro* *Chloris* amata levi.
Flumina vernantes lambunt argentea campos, 45
Ditior *Hesperio* flavet arena *Tago*.
Serpit odoriferas per opes levis aura *Favoni*,
Aura sub innumeris humida nata rosis.
Talis in extremis terrae *Gangetidis* oris
Luciferi regis fingitur esse domus. 50
Ipse racemiferis dum densas vitibus umbras
Et pelluentes miror ubique locos,
Ecce mihi subito praeful *Wintonius* astat,
Sidereum nitido fulsit in ore jubar ;
Vestis ad auratos defluxit candida talos, 55
Infula divinum cinxerat alba caput.
Dumque senex tali incedit venerandus amictu,
Intremuit laeto florea terra sono.
Agmina gemmatis plaudunt coelestia pennis,
Pura triumphali personat aethra tuba. 60
Quisque novum amplexu comitem cantuque salutat,
Hosque aliquis placido misit ab ore sonos ;
Nate, veni, et patrii felix cape gaudia regni ;
Semper abhinc duro, nate, labore vaca.
Dixit, et aligerae tetigerunt nablia turmae, 65
At mihi cum tenebris aurea pulsa quies.
Flebam turbatos *Cephaleia* pellice somnos,
Talia contingant somnia saepe mihi !

ELEGIA QUARTA, anno aetatis 18.

*Ad Thomam Junium praeceptorem suum, apud mercatores
Anglicos Hamburgae agentes, Pastoris munere fun-
gentem.*

CURRE per immensum subito mea littera pontum,
I, pete Teutonicos laeve per aequor agros;
Segnes rumpe moras, et nil, precor, obftet eunti,
Et festinantis nil remoretur iter.
Ipse ego Sicanio fraenantem carcere ventos 5
Æolon, et virides sollicitabo deos,
Caeruleamque suis comitatam Dorida nymphis,
Ut tibi dent placidam per sua regna viam.
At tu, si poteris, celeres tibi fume jugales,
Vesta quibus Colchis fugit ab ore viri; 10
Aut queis Triptolemus Scythicas devenit in oras
Gratus Eleusina missus ab urbe puer.
Atque ubi Germanas flavere videbis arenas
Ditis ad Hamburgae moenia flecte gradum,
Dicitur occiso quae ducere nomen ab Hama, 15
Cimbrica quem fertur clava dedisse neci.
Vivit ibi antiquae clarus pietatis honore
Praeful, Christicolas pascere doctus oves:
Ille quidem est animae plusquam pars altera nostrae;
Dimidio vitae vivere cogor ego. 20
Hei mihi quot pelagi, quot montes interjecti
Me faciunt alia parte carere mei!
Charior ille mihi, quam tu, doctissime Graiūm,
Cliniadi, pronepos qui Telamonis erat;
Quamque Stagirites generoso magus alumno, 25
Quem peperit Libyco Chaonis alma Jovi.
Qualis Amyntorides, qualis Philyræius heros
Myrmidonum regi, talis et ille mihi.
Primus ego Aonios illo praeceunte recessus
Lustrabam, et bifidi sacra vireta jugi; 30

Pieriosque hausi latices, Clioque favente,
 Castalio sparsi laeta ter ora mero.
 Flammeus at signum ter viderat arietis Æthon,
 Induxitque auro lanea terga novo,
 Bisque novo terram sparsisti, Chlorig, senilem 35
 Gramine, bisque tuas abstulit Auster opes:
 Necdum ejus licuit mihi lumina pascere vultu,
 Aut linguae dulces aure bibisse sonos.
 Vade igitur, cursuque Eurum praevertes sonorum;
 Quam sit opus monitis res docet, ipsa vides. 40
 Invenies dulci cum conjuge forte sedentem,
 Mulcentem gremio pignora chara suo;
 Forsitán aut veterum praelarga volumina patrum
 Versantem, aut veri Biblia sacra Dei;
 Coelestive animas saturantem rore tenellas, 45
 Grande salutiferae religionis opus.
 Utque solet, multam sit dicere cura salutem,
 Dicere quam decuit, si modo adesset, herum.
 Haec quoque paulum oculos in humum defixa modestos
 Verba verecundo sis memor ore loqui: 50
 Haec tibi, si teneris vacat inter praelia Musis,
 Mittit ab Angliaco littore fida manus.
 Accipe sinceram, quamvis sit fera, salutem;
 Fiat et hoc ipso gratior illa tibi.
 Sera quidem, sed vera fuit, quam casta recepit 55
 Icaris a lento Penelopeia viro.
 Ast ego quid volui manifestum tollere crimen,
 Ipse quod ex omni parte levare nequit?
 Arguitur tardus merito, noxamque fatetur,
 Et pudet officium deseruisse suum. 60
 Tu modo da veniam falso, veniamque roganti,
 Crimina diminui, quae patuere, solent.
 Non ferus in pavidos rictus diducit hiantes,
 Vulnifico pronos nec rapit ungue leo.

Saepe sarissiferi crudelia pectora Thracis 65
Supplicis ad moestas deliquere preces.
Extensaeque manus avertunt fulminis ictus,
Placat et iratos hostia parva deos.
Jamque diu scripsisse tibi fuit impetus illi,
Neve moras ultra ducere passus amor. 70
Nam vaga Fama refert, heu nuncia vera malorum !
In tibi finitimis bella tumere locis,
Teque tuamque urbem truculento milite cingi,
Et jam Saxonicos arma parasse duces.
Te circum late campos populatur Enyo, 75
Et fata carne virum jam cruor arva rigat ;
Germanisque suum concessit Thracia Martem,
Illuc Odrysios Mars pater egit equos ;
Perpetuoque comans jam deflorescit oliva,
Fugit et aerisonam diva perosa tubam, 80
Fugit Io terris, et jam non ultima virgo
Creditor ad superas justa volasse domos.
Te tamen interea belli circumsonat horror,
Vivis et ignoto solus inopsque solo ;
Et, tibi quam patrii non exhibuere penates, 85
Sede peregrina quaeris egenus opem.
Patria, dura parens, et faxis saevior albis,
Spumea quae pulsat littoris unda tui,
Siccine te decet innocuos exponere foetus,
Siccine in externam ferrea cogis humum ; 90
Et finis ut terris quaerant alimenta remotis
Quos tibi prospiciens miserat ipse Deus,
Et qui laeta ferunt de coelo nuncia, quique
Quae via post cineres ducat ad astra, docent ?
Digna quidem Stygiis quae vivas clausa tenebris, 95
Aeternaquae animae digna perire fame !
Haud aliter vates terrae Thesbitidis olim
Pressit inassueto devia tesqua pede,

Desertasque Arabum salebras, dum regis Achabi
 Effugit, atque tuas, Sidoni dira, manus. 100
 Talis et horrifono laceratus membra flagello,
 Paulus ab Æmathia pellitur urbe Cilix.
 Piscosaeque ipsum Gergessae civis Iësum
 Finibus ingratus iussit abire suis.
 At tu fume animos, nec spes cadat anxia curis, 105
 Nec tua concutiat decolor ossa metus.
 Sis etenim quamvis fulgentibus obsitus armis,
 Intententque tibi millia tela necem,
 At nullis vel inerme latus violabitur armis,
 Deque tuo cuspis nulla cruore bibet. 110
 Namque eris ipse Dei radiante sub aegide tutus ;
 Ille tibi custos, et pugil ille tibi ;
 Ille Sionaeae qui tot sub moenibus arcis
 Assyrios fudit nocte silente viros,
 Inque fugam vertit quos in Samaritidas oras 115
 Misit ab antiquis prisca Damascus agris,
 Terruit et densas pavidò cum rege cohortes,
 Aëre dum vacuo buccina clara sonat,
 Cornea pulvereum dum verberat ungula campum,
 Currus arenosam dum quatit actus humum, 120
 Auditurque hinnitus equorum ad bella ruentum,
 Et strepitus ferri, murmuraque alta virum.
 Et tu (quod superest miseris) sperare memento,
 Et tua magnanimo pectore vince mala ;
 Nec dubites quandoque frui melioribus annis, 125
 Atque iterum patrios posse videre lares.

ELEGIA QUINTA, anno aetatis 20.

In adventum veris.

IN se perpetuo tempus revolubile gyro
 Jam revocat Zephyros vere tepente novos ;
 Induiturque brevem tellus reparata juventam,
 Jamque soluta gelu dulce virescit humus.

Fallor ? an et nobis redeunt in carmina vires, 5

Ingeniumque mihi munere veris adest ?

Munere veris adest, iterumque vigescit ab illo

(Quis putet ?) atque aliquod jam sibi poscit opus,
Castalis ante oculos, bifidumque cacumen oberrat,

Et mihi Pyrenen somnia nocte ferunt ; 10

Concitaque arcano fervent mihi pectora motu,

Et furor, et sonitus me facer intus agit.

Delius ipse venit, video Penëide lauro

Implicitos crines, Delius ipse venit.

Jam mihi mens liquidi raptatur in ardua coeli, 15

Perque vagas nubes corpore liber eo ;

Perque umbras, perque antra feror penetralia vatum,

Et mihi fana patent interiora deûm ;

Intuiturque animus tuto quid agatur Olympo,

Nec fugiunt oculos Tartara caeca meos. 20

Quid tam grande sonat distento spiritus ore ?

Quid parit haec rabies, quid facer iste furor ?

Ver mihi, quod dedit ingenium, cantabitur illo ;

Profuerint isto reddita dona modo.

Jam, Philomela, tuos foliis adoperta novellis 25

Instituis modulos, dum filet omne nemus :

Urbe ego, tu sylva, simul incipiamus utrique,

Et simul adventum veris uterque canat.

Veris Io rediere vices, celebremus honores

Veris, et hoc subeat Musa perennis opus. 30

Jam sol, Æthiopas fugiens Tithoniaque arva,

Flectit ad Arctoas aurea lora plagas.

Est breve noctis iter, brevis est mora noctis opacae,

Horrida cum tenebris exulat illa suis.

Jamque Lycaonius, plaustrum coeleste, Bootes 35

Non longa sequitur fessus ut ante via ;

Nunc etiam solitas circum Jovis atria toto

Excubias agitant sidera rara polo.

Nam dolus, et caedes, et vis cum nocte recessit,
Neve giganteum dî timuere scelus. 40
Forte aliquis scopuli recubans in vertice pastor,
Roscida cum primo sole rubescit humus,
Hac, ait, hac certe caruisti nocte puella
Phoebe tua, celeres quae retineret equos.
Laeta suas repetit sylvas, pharetramque resumit 45
Cynthia, luciferas ut videt alta rotas,
Et tenues ponens radios gaudere videtur
Officium fieri tam breve fratris ope.
Defere, Phoebus ait, thalamos, Aurora, feniles,
Quid juvat effoeto procubuisse toro? 50
Te manet Æolides viridi venator in herba,
Surge, tuos ignes altus Hymettus habet.
Flava verecundo dea crimen in ore fatetur,
Et matutinos ocus urget equos.
Exuit invisam Tellus rediviva senectam, 55
Et cupit amplexus, Phoebe, subire tuos;
Et cupit, et digna est; quid enim formosius illa,
Pandit ut omniferos luxuriosa sinus,
Atque Arabum spirat messes, et ab ore venusto
Mitia cum Paphiis fundit amoma rosis! 60
Ecce coronatur sacro frons ardua luco,
Cingit ut Idaeam pinea turris Opim;
Et vario madidos intexit flore capillos,
Floribus et visa est posse placere suis.
Floribus effusos ut erat redimita capillos, 65
Taenario placuit diva Sicana deo.
Aspice, Phoebe, tibi faciles hortantur amores,
Mellitaeque movent flamina verna preces.
Cinnamea Zephyrus leve plaudit odorifer ala,
Blanditiasque tibi ferre videntur aves. 70
Nec sine dote tuos temeraria quaerit amores
Terra, nec optatos poscit egena toros;

Alma salutiferum medicos tibi gramen in usus
Praebet, et hinc titulos adjuvat ipsa tuos.
Quod si te pretium, si te fulgentia tangunt 75
Munera, (muneribus saepe coemptus amor),
Illa tibi ostentat quascunque sub aequore vasto,
Et superinjectis montibus abdit opes.
Ah quoties, cum tu clivoso fessus Olympo
In vespertinas praecipitaris aquas, 80
Cur te, inquit, cursu languentem, Phoebe, diurno
Hesperii recipit caerulea mater aquis?
Quid tibi cum Tethy? Quid cum Tarteßide lympa?
Dia quid immundo perluis ora salo?
Frigora, Phoebe, mea melius captabis in umbra; 85
Huc ades, ardentes imbue rore comas.
Mollior egelida veniet tibi somnus in herba;
Huc ades, et gremio lumina pone meo.
Quaque jaces circum mulcebit lene susurrans
Aura per humentes corpora fusa rosas. 90
Nec me (crede mihi) terrent Semelëia fata,
Nec Phaetonteo fumidus axis equo;
Cum tu, Phoebe, tuo sapientius uteris igni;
Huc ades, et gremio lumina pone meo.
Sic Tellus lasciva suos suspirat amores; 95
Matris in exemplum caetera turba ruunt.
Nunc etenim toto currit vagus orbe Cupido,
Languentesque fovet solis ab igne faces.
Insonuere novis lethalia cornua nervis,
Triste micant ferro tela corusca novo. 100
Jamque vel invictam tentat superasse Dianam,
Quaeque sedet sacro Vesta pudica foco.
Ipsa senescentem reparat Venus annua formam,
Atque iterum tepido creditur orta mari.
Marmoreas juvenes clamant, Hymenaeae per urbes,
Littus, Io Hymen, et cava faxes forant. 106

Cultior ille venit tunicaque decentior apta,
 Puniceum redolet vestis odora crocum.
 Egrediturque frequens ad amoeni gaudia veris
 Virgineos auro cincta puella sinus. 110
 Votum est cuique suum, votum est tamen omnibus u.
 Ut sibi quem cupiat, det Cytherea virum. [num,
 Nunc quoque septena modulatur arundine pastor,
 Et sua quae jungat carmina Phyllis habet.
 Navita nocturno placat sua sidera cantu, 115
 Delphinasque leves ad vada summa vocat.
 Jupiter ipse alto cum conjuge ludit Olympo,
 Convocat et famulos ad sua festa deos.
 Nunc etiam Satyri, cum sera crepuscula surgunt,
 Pervolitant celeri florea rura choro; 120
 Sylvanusque sua cyparissi fronde revinctus,
 Semicaperque deus, semideusque caper.
 Quaeque sub arboribus Dryades latuere vetustis,
 Per juga, per solos expatiantur agros.
 Per fata luxuriat fruticetaque Maenalius Pan; 125
 Vix Cybele mater, vix sibi tuta Ceres;
 Atque aliquam cupidus praedatur Oreada Faunus,
 Consulit intrepidus dum sibi nympha pedes,
 Jamque latet, latitansque cupit male tecta videri,
 Et fugit, et fugiens pervelit ipsa capi. 130
 Dii quoque non dubitant coelo praepone sylvas,
 Et sua quisque sibi numina lucus habet.
 Et sua quisque diu sibi numina lucus habeto,
 Nec vos arborea, dii, precor, ite domo.
 Te referant miseris te, Jupiter, aurea terris 135
 Secla, quid ad nimbos aspera tela redis?
 Tu saltem lente rapidos age, Phoebe, jugales,
 Qua potes, et sensim tempora veris eant.
 Brumaque productas tarde ferat hispida noctes,
 Inguat et nostro serior umbra polo. 140

ELEGIA SEXTA.

Ad Carolum Diodatum ruri commorantem,

Qui cum Idibus Decemb. scripsisset, et sua carmina excusari postulasset, si solito minus essent bona, quod inter lautitias quibus erat ab amicis exceptus, haud satis felicem operam Musis dare se posse affirmabat, hoc habuit responsum.

Mitto tibi sanam non pleno ventre salutem,
 Qua tu distento forte carere potes.
 At tua quid nostram prolestat Musa camoenam,
 Nec finit optatas posse sequi tenebras?
 Carmine scire velis quam te redamemque colamque, 5
 Crede mihi vix hoc carmine scire queas.
 Nam neque noster amor modulis includitur arctis,
 Nec venit ad claudos integer ipse pedes.
 Quam bene solennes epulas, hilaremque Decembrim,
 Festaque coelifugam quae coluere Deum, 10
 Deliciasque refers, hyberni gaudia ruris,
 Haustaque per lepidos Gallica musta focos!
 Quid quereris refugam vino dapibusque poesin?
 Carmen amat Bacchum, carmina Bacchus amat.
 Nec puduit Phoebum virides gestasse corymbos, 15
 Atque hederam lauro praeposuisse suae.
 Saepius Aoniis clamavit collibus, Euoe!
 Misti Thyoneo turba novena choro.
 Naso Corallaeis mala carmina misit ab agris:
 Non illic epulae, non fata vitis erat. 20
 Quid nisi vina, rosasque racemiferumque Lyaeum,
 Cantavit brevibus Tëia musa modis?
 Pindaricosque inflat numeros Teumesius Euan,
 Et redolet sumptum pagina quaeque merum;
 Dum gravis everso currus crepat axe supinus, 25
 Et volat Eleo pulvere fuscus eques.

Quadrimoque madens Lyricen Romanus Iaccho
Dulce canit Glyceram, flavicomamque Chloen.
Jam quoque laeta tibi generoso mensa paratu
Mentis alit vires, ingeniumque fover. 30
Massica foecundam despumant pocula venam,
Fundis et ex ipso condita metra cado.
Addimus his artes, fufumque per intima Phoebum
Corda; favent uni Bacchus, Apollo, Ceres.
Scilicet haud mirum tam dulcia carmina per te, 35
Numine composito, tres peperisse deos.
Nunc quoque Thressa tibi caelato barbitos auro
Insonat, arguta molliter icta manu;
Auditurque chelys suspensa tapetia circum,
Virgineos tremula quae regat arte pedes. 40
Illa tuas saltem teneant spectacula Musas,
Et revocent, quantum crapula pellit iners.
Crede mihi, dum psallit ebur, comitataque plectrum
Implet odoratos festa chorea tholos,
Percipies tacitum per pectora serpere Phoebum, 45
Quale repentinus permeat ossa calor,
Perque puellares oculos digitumque sonantem
Irruet in totos lapsa Thalia sinus.
Namque elegia levis multorum cura deorum est,
Et vocat ad numeros quemlibet illa suos; 50
Liber adest elegis, Eratoque, Ceresque, Venusque,
Et cum purpurea matre tenellus Amor.
Talibus inde licent convivia larga poetis,
Saepius et veteri commaduisse mero.
At qui bella refert, et adulto sub Jove coelum, 55
Heroasque pios, semideosque duces,
Et nunc sancta canit superum consulta deorum,
Nunc latrata fero regna profunda cane,
Ille quidem parce, Samii pro more magistri,
Vivat, et innocuos praebeat herba cibos; 60

Stet prope fagineo pellucida lympha catillo,
 Sobriaque e puro pocula fonte bibat.
 Additur huic scelerisque vacans, et casta juvenus,
 Et rigidi mores, et sine labe manus.
 Qualis, veste nitens sacra, et lustralibus undis 65
 Surgis ad infensos, augur, iture deos.
 Hoc ritu vixisse ferunt post rapta sagacem
 Lumina Tiresian, Ogygiumque Linon,
 Et lare devoto profugum Calchanta, senemque
 Orpheon edomitis sola per antra feris; 70
 Sic dapis exiguus, sic rivi potor Homerus
 Dulichium vexit per freta longa virum,
 Et per monstrificam Perseiae Phoebados aulam,
 Et vada foemineis insidiosa sonis;
 Perque tuas, rex ime, domos, ubi sanguine nigro 75
 Dicitur umbrarum detinuisse greges.
 Diis etenim facer est vates, divûmque sacerdos;
 Spirat et occultum pectus, et ora Jovem.
 At tu, siquid agam, scitabere, (si modo saltem
 Esse putas tanti noscere siquid agam), 80
 Paciferum canimus coelesti semine regem,
 Faustaque sacratis secula pacta libris,
 Vagitumque Dei, et stabulantem paupere tecto
 Qui suprema suo cum Patre regna colit;
 Stelliparumque polum, modulantesque aethere turmas,
 Et subito elisos ad sua fana deos. 86
 Dona quidem dedimus Christi natalibus illa,
 Illa sub auroram lux mihi prima tulit.
 Te quoque pressa manent patriis meditata cicutis,
 Tu mihi, cui recitem, iudicis instar eris. 90

ELEGIA SEPTIMA, anno aetatis 19.

Nondum, blanda, tuas leges, Amathusia, noram,
 Et Paphio vacuum pectus ab igne fuit.

Saepe cupidineas, puerilia tela, sagittas,
 Atque tuum spreui, maxime, numen, Amor.
 Tu, puer, imbelles, dixi, transfige columbas ; 5
 Conveniunt tenero mollia bella duci.
 Aut de passeribus tumidos age, parve, triumphos ;
 Haec sunt militiae digna trophaea tuae.
 In genus humanum quid inania dirigis arma ?
 Non valet in fortes ista pharetra viros. 10
 Non tulit hoc Cyprius, (neque enim deus ullus ad iras
 Promptior), et duplici jam ferus igne calet.
 Ver erat, et summae radians per culmina villae
 Attulerat primam lux tibi, Maie, diem :
 At mihi adhuc refugam quaerebant lumina noctem, 15
 Nec matutinum sustinere jubar.
 Astat Amor lecto, pictis Amor impiger alis ;
 Prodidit astantem mota pharetra deum :
 Prodidit et facies, et dulce minantis ocelli,
 Et quicquid puero dignum et Amore fuit. 20
 Talis in aeterno juvenis Sigeius Olympo
 Miscet amatori pocula plena Jovi ;
 Aut qui formosas pellexit ad oscula nymphas
 Thiodamantaeus Naiade raptus Hylas.
 Addideratque iras, sed et has decuisse putares ; 25
 Addideratque truces, nec sine felle, minas.
 Et, miser, exemplo sapuisses tutius, inquit,
 Nunc mea quid possit dextera, testis eris.
 Inter et expertos vires numerabere nostras,
 Et faciam vero per tua damna fidem. 30
 Ipse ego, si nescis, strato Pythone superbum
 Edomui Phoebum, cessit et ille mihi ;
 Et quoties meminit Peneidos, ipse fatetur
 Certius et gravius tela nocere mea.
 Me nequit adductum curvare peritius arcum, 35
 Qui post terga solet vincere, Parthus eques :

Cydoniusque mihi cedit venator, et ille
Inscius uxori qui necis author erat.
Est etiam nobis ingens quoque victus Orion,
Herculeaeque manus, Herculeusque comes. 40
Jupiter ipse licet sua fulmina torqueat in me,
Haerebunt lateri spicula nostra Jovis.
Caetera, quae dubitas, melius mea tela docebunt,
Et tua non leviter corda petenda mihi.
Nec te, stulte, tuae poterunt defendere Musae, 45
Nec tibi Phoebaeus porriget anguis opem.
Dixit, et aurato quatiens mucrone sagittam,
Evolat in tepidos Cypridos ille sinus.
At mihi risuro tonuit ferus ore minaci,
Et mihi de puero non metus ullus erat. 50
Et modo qua nostri spatiantur in urbe Quirites,
Et modo villarum proxima rura placent.
Turba frequens, facieque simillima turba dearum,
Splendida per medias itque reditque vias.
Auctaque luce dies gemino fulgore coruscat; 55
Fallor? an et radios hinc quoque Phoebus habet,
Haec ego non fugi spectacula grata severus,
Impetus et quo me fert juvenilis, agor.
Lumina luminibus male providus obvia misi,
Neve oculos potui continuisse meos. 60
Unam forte aliis supereminuisse notabam,
Principium nostri lux erat illa mali.
Sic Venus optaret mortalibus ipsa videri,
Sic regina deum conspicienda fuit.
Hanc memor objecit nobis malus ille Cupido, 65
Solut et hos nobis texuit ante dolos.
Nec procul ipse vafer latuit, multaeque sagittae,
Et facis a tergo grande pependit onus.
Nec mora, nunc ciliis haesit, nunc virginis ori,
Insiluit hinc labiis, infidet inde genis: 70

Et quascunque agilis partes jaculator oberrat,
 Hei mihi, mille locis pectus inerme ferit.
 Protinus insoliti subierunt corda furores,
 Uror amans intus, flammaque totus eram.
 Interea misero quae jam mihi sola placebat, 75
 Ablata est oculis, non reditura, meis.
 Ast ego progredior tacite querebundus, et excors,
 Et dubius volui saepe referre pedem.
 Findor, et haec remanet; sequitur pars altera votum,
 Raptaque tam subito gaudia flere iuvat. 80
 Sic dolet amissum proles Junonia coelum,
 Inter Lemniacos praecipitata focos.
 Talis et abreptum solem respexit, ad Orcum
 Vectus ab attonitis Amphiarus equis.
 Quid faciam infelix, et luctu victus? amores 85
 Nec licet inceptos ponere, neve sequi.
 O utinam spectare semel mihi detur amatos
 Vultus, et coram tristia verba loqui;
 Forsitan et duro non est adamante creata,
 Forte nec ad nostras furdeat illa preces. 90
 Crede mihi, nullus sic infelicitè arsit;
 Ponar in exemplo primus et unus ego.
 Parce, precor, teneri cum sis deus ales amoris,
 Pugnent officio nec tua facta tuo.
 Jam tuus, O, certe est mihi formidabilis arcus, 95
 Nate dea, jaculis nec minus igne potens:
 Et tua fumabunt nostris altaria donis,
 Solus et in superis tu mihi summus eris.
 Deme meos tandem, verum nec deme furores;
 Nescio cur, miser est suaviter omnis amans: 100
 Tu modo da facilis, posthaec mea siqua futura est,
 Cuspis amatuos figat ut una duos.

HAec ego mente olim laeva, studioque supino
 Nequitiae posui vanà trophaea meae.

Scilicet abreptum sic me malus impulit error, 105
 Indocilisque aetas prava magistra fuit.
 Donec Socraticos umbrosa academia rivos
 Praebuit, admissum dedocuitque jugum.
 Protinus, extinctis ex illo tempore flammis,
 Cincta rigent multo pectora nostra gelu. 110
 Unde suis frigis metuit puer ipse sagittis,
 Et Diomedéam vim timet ipsa Venus.

In prodicionem bombardicam.

CUM simul in regem nuper satrapasque Britannos
 Ausus es infandum, perfide Fauxe, nefas,
 Fallor? an et mitis voluisti ex parte videri,
 Et pensare mala cum pietate scelus?
 Scilicet hos alti missurus ad atria coeli, 5
 Sulphureo curru flammivolisque rotis.
 Qualiter ille feris caput inviolabile Parcis
 Liquit Iördanios turbine raptus agros.

In eandem.

Siccine tentasti coelo donasse Iäcobum
 Quae septemgemino, Bellua, monte lates?
 Ni meliora tuum poterit dare munera numen,
 Parce, precor, donis insidiosa tuis.
 Ille quidem sine te consortia ferus adivit 5
 Astra, nec inferni pulveris usus ope.
 Sic potius foedos in coelum pelle cucullos,
 Et quot habet brutos Roma profana deos;
 Namque hac aut alia nisi quemque adjuveris arte,
 Crede mihi, coeli vix bene scandet iter. 10

In eandem.

Purgatorem animae derisit Iäcobus ignem,
 Et sine quo superum non adeunda domus.

Frenduit hoc trina monstrum Latiale corona,
 Movit et horrificum cornua dena minax.
Et nec inultus, ait, temnes mea sacra, Britanne; 5
 Supplicium spreta religione dabis.
Et si stelligeras unquam penetraveris arces,
 Non nisi per flammis triste patebit iter.
O quam funesto cecinisti proxima vero,
 Verbaque ponderibus vix caritura suis! 10
Nam prope Tartareo sublime rotatus ab igni
 Ibat ad aethereas umbra perusta plagas.

In eandem.

Quem modo Roma suis devoverat impia diris,
 Et Styge damnarat Taenarioque sinu,
Hunc, vice mutata, jam tollere gestit ad astra,
 Et cupit ad superos evehere usque deos.

In inventorem bombardae.

IApetionidem laudavit caeca vetustas,
 Qui tulit aetheream solis ab axe facem;
At mihi major erit, qui lurida creditur arma,
 Et trifidum fulmen surripuisse Jovi.

Ad Leonoram Romae canentem.

Angelus unicuique suus (sic credite gentes)
 Obtigit aethereis ales ab ordinibus.
Quid mirum, Leonora, tibi si gloria major?
 Nam tua praesentem vox sonat ipsa Deum.
Aut Deus, aut vacui certe mens tertia coeli 5
 Per tua secreta guttura serpit agens;
 Serpit agens, facilisque docet mortalia corda
 Sensim immortalis assuescere posse sono.
Quod si cuncta quidem Deus est, per cunctaque fusus,
 In te una loquitur, caetera mutus habet. 10

Ad eandem.

Altera Torquatum cepit Leonora poetam,
 Cujus ab infano cessit amore furens.
 Ah miser ille tuo quanto felicius aevo
 Perditus, et propter te, Leonora, foret !
 Et te Pieria sensisset voce canentem 5
 Aurea maternae fila movere lyrae !
 Quamvis Dircaeo torsisset lumina Pentheo
 Saevior, aut totus desipuisset iners,
 Tu tamen errantes caeca vertigine sensus
 Voce eadem poteras composuisse tua ; 10
 Et poteras aegro spirans sub corde quietem
 Flexanimo cantu restituisse sibi.

Ad eandem.

Credula quid liquidam Sirena, Neapoli, jactas,
 Claraque Parthenopes fana Achelöiados,
 Littoreamque tua defunctam Naiada ripa
 Corpora Chalcidico sacra dedisse rogo ?
 Illa quidem vivitque, et amoena Tiberidis unda 5
 Mutavit rauci murmura Pausilipi.
 Illic Romulidum studiis ornata secundis,
 Atque homines cantu detinet atque deos.

Apologus de rustico et hero.

Rusticus ex malo sapidissima poma quotannis
 Legit, et urbano lecta dedit domino :
 Hinc incredibili fructus dulcedine captus
 Malum ipsam in proprias transtulit areolas.
 Haecenus illa ferax, sed longo debilis aevo, 5
 Mota solo assueto, protinus aret iners.
 Quod tandem ut patuit domino, spe lusus inani,
 Damnavit celeres in sua damna manus.

Atque ait, heu quanto fatius fuit illa coloni
 (Parva licet) grato dona tulisse animo ? 10
 Possem ego avaritiam fraenare, gulamque voracem :
 Nunc periere mihi et foetus et ipse parens.

SYLVARUM LIBER.

Anno aetatis 16.

*In obitum Procancellarii medici *.*

PArere fati discite legibus,
 Manusque Parcae jam date supplices,
 Qui pendulum telluris orbem
 Iâpeti colitis nepotes.
 Vos si relicto mors vaga Taenaro 5
 Semel vocarit flebilis, heu morae
 Tentantur incassum dolique;
 Per tenebras Stygis ire certum est.
 Si destinatam pellere dextera
 Mortem valeret, non ferus Hercules 10
 Nessi venenatus cruore
 Æmathia jacuisset Oeta.
 Nec fraude turpi Palladis invidae
 Vidisset occisum Ilion Hectora, aut
 Quem larva Pelidis peremit 15
 Ense Locro, Jove lacrymante.
 Si triste fatum verba Hecatëia
 Fugare possint, Telegoni parens
 Vixisset infamis, potentique
 Ægiali soror usa virga. 20
 Numenque trinum fallere si queant
 Artes medentûm, ignotaque gramina,

* Dr John Gosslyn, Master of Caius college, and the King's Professor of Physic, who died when he was a second time Vice-Chancellor in October 1626.

Non gnarus herbarum Machaon
 Eurypyli cecidisset hasta.
 Laefisset et nec te, Philyrëie, 25
 Sagitta echidnae perlita sanguine,
 Nec tela te fulmenque avitum,
 Caese puer, genetricis alvo.
 Tuque, O alumno major Apolline,
 Gentis togatae cui regimen datum, 30
 Frondosa quem nunc Cirrha luget,
 Et mediis Helicon in undis,
 Jam praefuisses Palladio gregi
 Laetus, superstes, nec sine gloria,
 Nec puppe lustrasses Charontis 35
 Horribiles barathri recessus.
 At fila rupit Persephone tua
 Irata, cum te viderit artibus
 Succoque pollenti tot atris
 Faucibus eripuisse mortis. 40
 Colende praeses, membra, precor, tua
 Molli quiescant cespite, et ex tuo
 Crescant rosae, calthaeque busto,
 Purpureoque hyacinthus ore.
 Sit mite de te iudicium Aeci, 45
 Subrideatque Aetnaea Proserpina,
 Interque felices perennis
 Elysio spatieri campo.

In quintum Novembris, anno aetatis 17.

JAM pius extrema veniens Iacobus ab arcto
 Teucrigenas populos, lateque patentia regna
 Albionum tenuit; jamque inviolabile foedus
 Sceptra Caledoniis conjunxerat Anglica Scotis:
 Pacificusque novo felix divesque sedebat 5
 In folio, occultique doli securus et hostis:

Cum ferus ignifluo regnans Acheronte tyrannus,
 Eumenidum pater, aethereo vagus exul Olympo,
 Forte per immensum terrarum erraverat orbem,
 Dinumerans sceleris socios, vernaſque fideles, 10
 Participes regni poſt funera moeſta futuros;
 Hic tempeſtates medio ciet aëre diras,
 Illic unanimes odium ſtruit inter amicos,
 Armat et invictas in mutua viſcera gentes;
 Regnaque olivifera vertit florentia pace, 15
 Et quoscuque videt purae virtutis amantes,
 Hos cupit adjicere imperio, fraudumque magiſter
 Tentat inacceſſum ſcleri corrumpere pectus,
 Inſidiasque locat tacitas, caſſesque latentes
 Tendit, ut incautos rapiat; ſeu Caſpia tigris 20
 Inſequitur trepidam deſerta per avia praedam
 Nocte ſub illuni, et ſomno niſtantibus aſtris.
 Talibus infeſtat populos Summanus et urbes
 Cinctus caeruleae fumanti turbine flammae.
 Jamque fluentiſonis albenſia rupibus arva 25
 Apparent, et terra deo dilecta marino,
 Cui nomen dederat quondam Neptunia proles,
 Amphitryoniaden qui non dubitavit atrocem
 Æquore tranato furiali poſcere bello,
 Ante expugnatae crudelia ſecula Trojae. 30
 At ſimul hanc opibusque et feſta pace beatam
 Aſpicit, et pingues donis Cerealibus agros,
 Quodque magis doluit, venerantem numina veri
 Sancta Dei populum, tandem ſuſpiria rupit
 Tartareos ignes et luridum olentia ſulphur; 35
 Qualia Trinacria trux ab Jove clauſus in Ætna
 Efflat tabifico monſtroſus ab ore Typhoeus.
 Ignescunt oculi, ſtridetque adamantinus ordo
 Dentis, ut armorum fragor, iſtaque cuſpide cuſpis.
 Atque pererrato (ſolum hoc lachrymabile) mundo 40

Inveni, dixit ; gens haec mihi sola rebellis,
 Contemtrixque jugi, nostraque potentior arte.
 Illa tamen, mea si quicquam tentamina possunt,
 Non feret hoc impune diu, non ibit inulta.
 Haecenus ; et piceis liquido natat aëre pennis ; 45
 Qua volat, adversi praecursant agmine venti,
 Densantur nubes, et crebra tonitrua fulgent.

Jamque pruinofas velox superaverat Alpes,
 Et tenet Ausoniae fines ; a parte sinistra
 Nimbifer Appenninus erat, priscique Sabini, 50
 Dextra veneficiis infamis Hetruria, nec non
 Te furtiva, Tibris, Thetidi videt oscula dantem ;
 Hinc Mavortigenae consistit in arce Quirini.
 Reddiderant dubiam jam fera crepuscula lucem,
 Cum circumgreditur totam tricornifer urbem, 55
 Panificosque deos portat, scapulisque virorum
 Evehitur ; praeceunt submisso poplite reges,
 Et mendicantum series longissima fratrum ;
 Cereaque in manibus gestant funalia caeci,
 Cimneriis nati in tenebris, vitamque trahentes. 60
 Tempa dein multis subeunt lucentia tædis,
 (Vesper erat facer iste Petro) fremitusque canentum
 Saepe tholos implet vacuos, et inane locorum.
 Qualiter exululat Bromius, Bromiique caterva,
 Orgia cantantes in Echionio Aracyntho, 65
 Dum tremit attonitus vitreis Asopus in undis,
 Et procul ipse cava responsat rupe Cithaeron.

His igitur tandem solenni more peractis,
 Nox senis amplexus Erebi taciturna reliquit,
 Praecipitesque impellit equos stimulante flagello, 70
 Captum oculis Typhlonta, Melanchaetemque fero-
 Atque Acherontaeo prognatam patre Siopen [cem,
 Torpidam, et hirsutis horrentem Phryca capillis.
 Interea regum domitor, Phlegetontius heres,

Ingreditur thalamos (neque enim secretus adulter 75
 Producit steriles molli sine pellice noctes).

At vix compositos somnus claudebat ocellos,
 Cum niger umbrarum dominus, rectorque silentium,
 Prædatorque hominum falsa sub imagine tectus
 Astitit; assumptis micuerunt tempora canis, 80

Barba sinus promissa tegit, cineracea longo
 Syrmate verrit humum vestis, pendetque cucullus
 Vertice de raso; et, ne quicquam desit ad artes,
 Cannabeo lumbos constrixit fune falaces,
 Tarda fenestris figens vestigia calceis. 85

Talis, uti fama est, vasta Franciscus eremo
 Tetra vagabatur solus per lustra ferarum,
 Sylvestrique tulit genti pia verba salutis
 Impius, atque lupos domuit, Lybicosque leones.

Subdolus at tali serpens velatus amictu, 90
 Solvit in has fallax ora execrantia voces;
 Dormis, nate? Etiamne tuos sopor opprimit artus?
 Immemor O fidei, pecorumque oblite tuorum!

Dum cathedram, venerande, tuam, diademaque triplex
 Ridet Hyperboreo gens barbara nata sub axe, 95

Dumque pharetrati spernunt tua jura Britanni;
 Surge, age, surge, piger, Latius quem Caesar adorat,
 Cui referata patet convexi janua coeli,

Turgentes animos, et fastus frange procaces,
 Sacrilegique sciant, tua quid maledictio possit, 100

Et quid apostolicae possit custodia clavis;
 Et memor Hesperiae disiectam ulciscere classem,
 Merfaque Iberorum lato vexilla profundo,

Sanctorumque cruci tot corpora fixa probrosæ,
 Thermodoontea nuper regnante puella. 105

At tu si tenero mavis torpescere lecto,
 Crescentesque negas hosti contundere vires,
 Tyrrhenum implebit numerofo milite pontum,

Signaque Aventino ponet fulgentia colle :
Reliquias veterum franget, flammisque cremabit, 110
Sacraque calcabit pedibus tua colla profanis,
Cujus gaudebant soleis dare basia reges.
Nec tamen hunc bellis et aperto Marte laceſſes,
Irritus ille labor ; tu callidus utere fraude,
Quaelibet haereticis diſponere retia fas eſt ; 115
Jamque ad concilium extremis rex magnus ab oris
Patricios vocat, et procerum de ſtirpe creatos,
Grandaevosque patres trabea, canisque verendos ;
Hos tu membratim poteris conſpergere in auras,
Atque dare in cineres, nitrati pulveris igne 120
Ædibus injecto, qua convenere, ſub imis.
Protinus ipſe igitur, quoscuque habet Anglia fidos,
Propoſiti, factique mone ; quiſquamne tuorum
Audebit ſummi non juffa faceſſere Papae ?
Percuſoſque metu ſubito, caſuque ſtupentes 125
Invadat vel Gallus atrox, vel ſævus Iberus.
Secula ſic illic tandem Mariana redibunt,
Tuque in belligeros iterum dominaberis Anglos.
Et nequid timeas, divos divaque ſecundas
Accipe, quotque tuis celebrantur numina faſtis. 130
Dixit, et adſcitos ponens malefidus amiſtus,
Fugit ad infandam, regnum illaetabile, Lethen.

Jam roſea Eoas pandens Tithonia portas
Veſtit inauratas redeunti lumine terras ;
Moeſtaque adhuc nigri deplorans funera nati 135
Irrigat ambroſiis montana cacumina guttis ;
Cum ſomnos pepulit ſtellatae janitor aulae,
Nocturnos viſus, et ſomnia grata revolvens.

Eſt locus aeterna ſeptus caligine noctis,
Vaſta ruinoſi quondam fundamina tecti, 140
Nunc torvi ſpelunca Phoni, Prodoetaeque bilinguis,
Eſſera quos uno peperit Diſcordia partu.

Hic inter caementa jacent praeruptaque saxa,
 Offa inhumata virûm, et trajecta cadavera ferro;
 Hic Dolus intortis semper sedet ater ocellis, 145
 Jurgiaque, et stimulis armata Calumnia fauces,
 Et Furor, atque viae moriendi mille videntur,
 Et Timor, exanguisque locum circumvolat Horror;
 Perpetuoque leves per muta silentia Manes
 Exulant, tellus et sanguine conscia stagnat. 150
 Ipsi etiam pavidi latitant penetralibus antri
 Et Phonos, et Prodotes, nulloque sequente per antrum,
 Antrum horrens, scopulosum, atrum feralibus umbris
 Diffugiunt fontes, et retro lumina vortunt;
 Hos pugiles Romae per secula longa fideles 155
 Evocat Antistes Babylonius, atque ita fatur.
 Finibus occiduis circumfufum incolit aequor
 Gens exosa mihi, prudens natura negavit
 Indignam penitus nostro conjungere mundo:
 Illuc, sic jubeo, celeri contendite gressu, 160
 Tartareoque leves diffentur pulvere in auras
 Et rex et pariter satrapae, scelerata propago,
 Et quotquot fidei caluere cupidine verae:
 Consilii socios adhibete, operisque ministros.
 Finierat, rigidi cupide parvère gemelli. 165
 Interea longo flectens curvamine coelos
 Despicit aetherea Dominus qui fulgurat arce,
 Vanaque perversae ridet conamina turbae,
 Atque sui causam populi volet ipse tueri.
 Esse ferunt spatium, qua distat ab Aside terra 170
 Fertilis Europe, et spectat Mareotidas undas:
 Hic turris posita est Titanidos ardua Famae
 Aërea, lata, sonans, rutilis vicinior astris
 Quam superimpositum vel Athos vel Pelion Ossae.
 Mille fores aditusque patent, totidemque fenestrae,
 Amplaque per tenues translucent atria muros: 176

Excitat hic varios plebs agglomerata fufurros ;
Qualiter instrepitant circum mulctralia bombis
Agmina muscarum, aut texto per ovilia junco,
Dum Canis aestivum coeli petit ardua culmen. 180
Ipsa quidem summa sedet ultrix matris in arce,
Auribus innumeris cinctum caput eminet olli,
Queis sonitum exiguum trahit, atque levissima captat
Murmura, ab extremis patuli confinibus orbis.
Nec tot, Aristoride servator inique juvencae 185
Isidos, immiti volvebas lumina vultu,
Lumina non unquam tacito nutantia somno,
Lumina subjectas late spectantia terras.
Istis illa solet loca luce carentia saepe
Perlustrare, etiam radianti impervia soli : 190
Millenisque loquax auditaque visaque linguis
Cuilibet effundit temeraria, veraque mendax
Nunc minuit, modo confictis sermonibus auget.
Sed tamen a nostro meruisti carmine laudes,
Fama, bonum quo non aliud veracius ullum, 195
Nobis digna cani, nec te memorasse pigebit
Carmine tam longo ; servati scilicet Angli,
Officiis vaga diva tuis, tibi reddimus aequa.
Te Deus, aeternos motu qui temperat ignes,
Fulmine praemisso alloquitur, terraque tremante : 200
Fama, files ? an te latet impia Papistarum
Conjurata cohors in meque meosque Britannos,
Et nova sceptrigero caedes meditata Iacobo ?
Nec plura ; illa statim sensit mandata Tonantis,
Et, fatis ante fugax, stridentes induit alas, 205
Induit et variis exilia corpora plumis ;
Dextra tubam gestat Temesaeo ex aere sonoram.
Nec mora, jam pennis cedentes remigat auras,
Atque parum est cursu celeres praeverttere nubes ;
Jam ventos, jam solis equos post terga reliquit : 210

Et primo Angliacas solito de more per urbes
 Ambiguas voces, incertaque murmura spargit,
 Mox arguta dolos, et detestabile vulgat
 Proditionis opus, nec non facta horrida dictu,
 Authoresque addit sceleris, nec garrula caecis 213
 Infidiis loca structa filet; stupuere relatis,
 Et pariter juvenes, pariter tremuere puellae,
 Effoetique senes pariter, tantaeque ruinae
 Sensus ad aetatem subito penetraverat omnem.
 Attamen interea populi miserescit ab alto 220
 Æthereus Pater, et crudelibus obstitit ausis
 Papicolûm; capti poenas raptantur ad acres:
 At pia thura Deo, et grati solvuntur honores;
 Compita laeta focus genialibus omnia fumant;
 Turba choros juvenilis agit: Quintoque Novembris
 Nulla dies toto occurrit celebratio anno. 226

Anno aetatis 17. *In obitum Praefulis Eliensis* *.

Adhuc madentes rore squalebant genae,
 Et sicca nondum lumina
 Adhuc liquentes imbre turgebant salis,
 Quem nuper effudi pius,
 Dum moesta charo justa persolvi rogo 5
 Wintoniensis praefulis.
 Cum centilinguis Fama (proh semper mali
 Cladisque vera nuntia!)
 Spargit per urbes divitis Britanniae,
 Populosque Neptuno fatos, 10
 Cessisse morti, et ferreis sororibus
 Te, generis humani decus,
 Qui rex sacrorum illa fuisti in insula
 Quae nomen Anguillae tenet.

* Nicolas Felton, who died Oct. 5. 1626.

Tunc inquietum pectus ira protinus 15
 Ebulliebat fervida,
 Tumulis potentem saepe devovens deam :
 Nec vota Naso in Ibida
 Concepit alto diriora pectore,
 Graiusque vates parcius 20
 Turpem Lycambis execratus est dolum,
 Sponsamque Neobolen suam.
 At ecce diras ipse dum fundo graves,
 Et imprecor neci necem,
 Audisse tales videor attonitus sonos 25
 Leni, sub aura, flamine :
 Caecos furores pone, pone vitream
 Bilemque et irritas minas ;
 Quid temere violas non nocenda numina,
 Subitoque ad iras percita ? 30
 Non est, ut arbitraris elusus miser,
 Mors atra Noctis filia,
 Erebove patre creta, sive Erinnye,
 Vastove nata sub Chao :
 Ast illa, coelo missa stellato, Dei 35
 Messes ubique colligit ;
 Animasque mole carnea reconditas
 In lucem et auras evocat :
 Ut cum fugaces excitant Horae diem
 Themidos Jovisque filiae ; 40
 Et sempiterni ducit ad vultus patris ;
 At justa raptat impios
 Sub regna furvi luctuosa Tartari,
 Sedesque subterraneas.
 Hanc ut vocantem laetus audiivi, cito, 45
 Foedum reliqui carcerem,
 Volatilesque faustus inter milites
 Ad astra sublimis feror :

Vates ut olim raptus ad coelum senex
 Auriga currus ignei. 50
 Non me Boötis terruere lucidi
 Sarraca tarda frigore, aut
 Formidolosi Scorpionis brachia,
 Non ensis, Orion, tuus.
 Praetervolavi fulgidi solis globum, 55
 Longeque sub pedibus deam
 Vidi triformem, dum coërcebat suos
 Fraenis dracones aureis.
 Erraticorum siderum per ordines,
 Per lacteas vehor plagas, 60
 Velocitatem saepe miratus novam,
 Donec nitentes ad fores
 Ventum est Olympi, et regiam crySTALLINAM, et
 Stratum smaragdis atrium.
 Sed hic tacebo, nam quis effari queat 65
 Oriundus humano patre
 Amoenitates illius loci? mihi
 Sat est in aeternum frui.

Naturam non pati senium.

HEU quam perpetuis erroribus acta fatiscit
 Avia mens hominum, tenebrisque immersa pro-
 Oedipodioniam volvit sub pectore noctem! [fundis
 Quae vefana suis metiri facta deorum
 Audet, et incisas leges adamante perenni 5
 Assimilare suis, nulloque solubile seculo
 Consilium fati perituris alligat horis.
 Ergone marcescet fulcantibus obrita rugis
 Naturae facies, et rerum publica mater
 Omniparum contracta uterum sterilescet ab aevo? 10
 Et se fassa senem male certis passibus ibit

Sidereum tremebunda caput ? num tetra vetustas
Annorumque aeterna fames, squalorque situsque
Sidera vexabunt ? an et insatiabile Tempus
Efuriet Coelum, rapietque in viscera patrem ? 15

Heu, potuitne suas imprudens Jupiter arces
Hoc contra munisse nefas, et Temporis isto
Exemisse malo, gyroisque dedisse perennes ?
Ergo erit ut quandoque sono dilapsa tremendo
Convexi tabulata ruant, atque obuius ictu 20

Stridat uterque polus, superaue ut Olympius aula
Decidat, horribilisque resecta Gorgone Pallas ;
Qualis in Ægeam proles Junonia Lemnon
Deturbata sacro cecidit de limine coeli ?

Tu quoque, Phoebe, tui casus imitabere nati 25
Praecipiti curru, subitaue ferere ruina
Pronus, et extincta fumabit lampade Nereus,
Et dabit attonito feralia sibila ponto.

Tunc etiam aërei divulsus sedibus Haemi
Diffultabit apex, imoque allisa barathro 30

Terrebunt Stygium dejecta Ceraunia Ditem,
In superos quibus usus erat, fraternaue bella.

At Pater Omnipotens, fundatis fortius astris,
Consuluit rerum summae, certoque peregit
Pondere fatorum lances, atque ordine summo 35
Singula perpetuum iussit fervare tenorem.

Volvitur hinc lapsu mundi rota prima diurno ;
Raptat et ambitos socia vertigine coelos.

Tardior haud solito Saturnus, et acer, ut olim
Fulmineum rutilat cristata casside Mavors. 40

Floridus aeternum Phoebus juvenile coruscat,
Nec fovet effoetas loca per declivia terras

Devexo temone Deus ; sed semper amica
Luce potens eadem currit per signa rotarum.

Surgit odoratis pariret formosus ab Indis 45

Æthereum pecus albenti qui cogit Olympo
 Mane vocans, et ferus agens in pascua coeli,
 Temporis et gemino dispertit regna colore.
 Fulget, obitque vices alterno Delia cornu,
 Caeruleumque ignem paribus complectitur ulnis. 50
 Nec variant elementa fidem, solitoque fragore
 Lurida perculsas jaculantur fulmina rupes.
 Nec per inane furit leviori murmure Corus,
 Stringit et armiferos aequali horrore Gelonos
 Trux Aquilo, spiratque hyemem, nimbosque volutat,
 Utque solet, Siculi diverberat ima Pelori 56
 Rex maris, et rauca circumstrepit acquora concha
 Oceani Tubicen, nec vasta mole minorem
 Ægeona ferunt dorso Balearica cete,
 Sed neque, Terra, tibi secli vigor ille vetusti 60
 Priscus abest, servatque suum Narcissus odorem,
 Et puer ille suum tenet, et puer ille decorem
 Phoebe tuusque et Cypri tuus, nec ditior olim
 Terra datum sceleri celavit montibus aurum
 Conscia, vel sub aquis gemmas. Sic denique in aevum
 Ibit cunctarum series justissima rerum, 66
 Donec flamma orbem populabitur ultima, late
 Circumplexa polos, et vasti culmina coeli;
 Ingentique rogo flagrabit machina mundi.

De Idea Platonica, quemadmodum Aristoteles intellexit.

Dicite sacrorum praesides nemorum deae,
 Tuque O noveni perbeata numinis
 Memoria mater, quaeque in immenso procul
 Antro recumbis, otiosa Æternitas,
 Monumenta servans, et ratas leges Jovis,
 Coelique fastos atque ephemeridas deum,
 Quis ille primus, cujus ex imagine

Natura solers finxit humanum genus,
 Æternus, incorruptus, aequaevus polo,
 Unusque et universus, exemplar Dei? 10
 Haud ille Palladis gemellus innubae
 Interna proles infidet menti Jovis;
 Sed quamlibet natura sit communior,
 Tamen seorsus extat ad morem unius,
 Et, mira, certo stringitur spatio loci; 15
 Seu sempiternus ille siderum comes
 Coeli pererrat ordines decemplicis,
 Citimumve terris incolit Lunae globum:
 Sive inter animas corpus adituras sedens
 Obliviosas torpet ad Lethes aquas: 20
 Sive in remota forte terrarum plaga
 Incedit ingens hominis archetypus gigas,
 Et diis tremendus erigit celsum caput
 Atlante major portitore siderum.
 Non, cui profundum caecitas lumen dedit, 25
 Dircaeus augur vidit hunc alto sinu;
 Non hunc silenti nocte Pleïones nepos
 Vatum sagaci praepes ostendit choro;
 Non hunc sacerdos novit Assyrius, licet
 Longos vetusti commemoret atavos Nini, 30
 Priscumque Belon, inclytumque Osiridem.
 Non ille trino gloriosus nomine
 Ter magnus Hermes (ut sit arcani sciens)
 Talem reliquit Isidis cultoribus.
 At tu, perenne ruris academi decus, 35
 (Haec monstra si tu primus induxti scholis),
 Jam jam poetas urbis exules tuae
 Revocabis, ipse fabulator maximus,
 Aut institutor ipse migrabis foras.

Ad Patrem.

Nunc mea Pierios cupiam per pectora fontes
 Irriguas torquere vias, totumque per ora
 Volvere luxatum gemino de vertice rivum;
 Ut tenues oblita sonos audacibus alis
 Surgat in officium venerandi Musa parentis. 5
 Hoc utcunque tibi gratum, pater optime, carmen
 Exiguum meditatur opus, nec novimus ipsi
 Aptius a nobis quae possint munera donis
 Respondere tuis, quamvis nec maxima possint
 Respondere tuis, nedum ut par gratia donis 10
 Esse queat, vacuis quae redditur arida verbis.
 Sed tamen haec nostros ostendit pagina census,
 Et quod habemus opum charta numeravimus ista,
 Quae mihi sunt nullae, nisi quas dedit aurea Clio,
 Quas mihi semoto somni peperere sub antro, 15
 Et nemoris laureta sacri Parnassides umbrae.
 Nec tu vatis opus divinum despice carmen,
 Quo nihil aethereos ortus, et semina coeli,
 Nil magis humanam commendat origine mentem,
 Sancta Prometheae retinens vestigia flammae. 20
 Carmen amant Superi, tremebundaque Tartara carmen
 Ina ciere valet, divosque ligare profundos,
 Et triplici duos manes adamante coerces.
 Carmine sepositi retegunt arcana futuri
 Phoebades, et tremulae pallentes ora Sibyllae; 25
 Carmina sacrificus solennes pangit ad aras,
 Aurea seu sternit motantem cornua taurum;
 Seu cum fata sagax fumantibus abdita fibris
 Consulit, et tepidis Parcam scrutatur in extis.
 Nos etiam, patrium tunc cum repetemus Olympum, 30
 Aeternaeque morae stabunt immobilis aevi,
 Ibimus auratis per coeli templa coronis,
 Dulcia suaviloquo sociantes carmina plectro,

Astra quibus, geminique poli convexa sonabunt.
Spiritus et rapidos qui circinat igneus orbes, 35
Nunc quoque fidereis intercinat ipse choreis
Immortale melos, et inenarrabile carmen ;
Torrida dum rutilus compescit sibila serpens,
Demissoque ferox gladio mansuescit Orion ;
Stellarum nec sentit onus Maurusius Atlas. 40
Carmina regales epulas ornare solebant,
Cum nondum luxus, vastaeque immensa vorago
Nota gulae, et modico spumabat coena Lyaeo.
Tum de more sedens festa ad convivia vates
Æsculea intonsos redimitus ab arbore crines, 45
Heroumque actus, imitandaque gesta canebat,
Et Chaos, et positi late fundamina mundi,
Reptantesque deos, et alentes numina glandes,
Et nondum Ætnaeo quaesitum fulmen ab antro.
Denique quid vocis modulamen inane juvabit, 50
Verborum sensusque vacans, numerique loquacis ?
Silvestres decet iste choros, non Orphea cantus,
Qui tenuit fluvios et quercubus addidit aures
Carmine, non cithara, simulachraque functa canendo
Compulit in lacrymas ; habet has a carmine laudes.
Nec tu perge, precor, sacras contemnere Musas, 56
Nec vanas inopesque puta, quarum ipse peritus
Munere, mille sonos numeros componis ad aptos,
Millibus et vocem modulis variare canoram
Doctus, Arionii merito sis nominis heres. 60
Nunc tibi quid mirum, si me genuisse poetam
Contigerit, charo si tam prope sanguine juncti
Cognatas artes, studiumque affine sequamur ?
Ipse volens Phoebus se dispertire duobus,
Altera dona mihi, dedit altera dona parenti, 65
Dividuumque deum genitorque puerque tenemus.

Tu tamen ut simules teneras odisse camoenas,

Non odisse reor, neque enim, pater, ire jubebas
 Qua via lata patet, qua pronior area lucri,
 Certaue condendi fulget spes aurea nummi : 70
 Nec rapis ad leges, male custoditaue gentis
 Jura, nec insulsis damnas clamoribus aures.
 Sed magis excultam cupiens ditescere mentem,
 Me procul urbano strepitu, secessibus altis
 Abductum Aoniae jucunda per otia ripae 75
 Phoebaeo lateri comitem finis ire beatum.
 Officium chari taceo commune parentis,
 Me poscunt majora ; tuo, pater optime, sumptu
 Cum mihi Romuleae patuit facundia linguae,
 Et Latii veneres, et quae Jovis ora decebant 80
 Grandia magniloquis elata vocabula Graiis,
 Addere suafisti quos jactat Gallia flores,
 Et quam degeneri novus Italus ore loquelam
 Fundit, Barbaricos testatus voce tumultus,
 Quaeque Palaestinus loquitur mysteria vates. 85
 Denique quicquid habet coelum, subjectaque coelo
 Terra parens, terraeque et coelo interfluit aër,
 Quicquid et unda tegit, pontique agitabile marmor,
 Per te nosse licet, per te, si nosse libebit.
 Dimotaue venit spectanda scientia nube, 90
 Nudaue conspicuos inclinat ad oscula vultus,
 Ni fugisse velim, ni sit libasse molestum.

I nunc, confer opes quisquis maleficus avitas
 Austriaci gazas, Perùanaue regna praeoptas.
 Quae potuit majora pater tribuisse, vel ipse 95
 Jupiter, excepto, donasset ut omnia, coelo ?
 Non potiora dedit, quamvis et tuta fuissent,
 Publica qui juveni commisit lumina nato
 Atque Hyperionios currus, et fraena diei,
 Et circum undantem radiata luce tiaram. 100
 Ergo ego jam doctae pars quamlibet ima catervae

Vittrices hederas inter, laurosque sedebo,
 Jamque nec obscurus populo miscebor inertī,
 Vitabuntque oculos vestigia nostra profanos.
 Este procul vigiles curae, procul este querelae, 105
 Invidiaeque acies transverso tortilis hirquo,
 Saeva nec anguiferos extende Calumnia rictus;
 In me triste nihil foedissima turba potestis,
 Nec vestri sum juris ego; securaque tutus
 Pectora, vipereo gradiar sublimis ab ictu. 110

At tibi, chare pater, postquam non aequa merenti
 Posse referre datur, nec dona rependere factis,
 Sit memorasse satis, repetitaque munera grato
 Percensere animo, fidaeque reponere menti.

Et vos, O nostri, juvenilia carmina, lusus, 115
 Si modo perpetuos sperare audebitis annos,
 Et domini superesse rogo, lucemque tueri,
 Nec spisso rapient oblivia nigra sub Orco,
 Forsitan has laudes, decantatumque parentis
 Nomen, ad exemplum, fero servabitis aevo. 120

PSAL. CXIV.

Ἰσραὴλ ὅτε παῖδες, ὅτ' ἀγλαὰ φῶλ' Ἰακώβ
 Αἰγύπτιον λίπε δῆμον, ἀπεχθία, βαρβαρόφωνον,
 Δὴ τότε μένον ἦν ὅσιον γένος ὕιες Ἰσδὰ.
 Ἐν δὲ Θεὸς λαοῖσι μέγα κρείων βασίλευεν.
 Εἶδε καὶ ἐντροπαδὴν φῦγαδ' ἐρῶσσι θάλασσα
 Κύματι εἰλυμένη ῥοθίῳ, ὃδ' αἶ ἐσυφελίχθη
 Ἰρὸς Ἰερδάνης ποτὶ ἀργυροειδέα πηγὴν.
 Ἐκ δ' ὄρεα σκαρθμοῖσιν ἀπειρίσια κλονίσθη,
 Ὡς κριοὶ σφριγώντες εὐτραφεῶς ἐν ἀλαῇ.
 Βαιότεραι δ' ἅμα πάντῃ ἀνασκίρτησαν ἐρίπται, 10
 Οἷα παρὰ σύριγι φήλῃ ὑπὸ μητέρει ἄρσι.
 Τίπτε σὺν αἰνὰ θάλασσα πέλωρ φῦγαδ' ἐρῶσας
 Κύματι εἰλυμένη ῥοθίῳ; τί δ' αἶ ἐσυφελίχθης
 Ἰρὸς Ἰερδάνης ποτὶ ἀργυροειδέα πηγὴν;
 Τίπτε ὄρεα σκαρθμοῖσιν ἀπειρίσια κλονίσθῃ;
 Ὡς κριοὶ σφριγώντες εὐτραφεῶς ἐν ἀλαῇ; 15

Βαιοτέραι τι δ' ἄρ' ὕμεις ἀνασκηρίσας ἔρίπναι,
 Οἷα παρὰ σύριγι φίλῃ ὑπὸ μητέρι ἄρνες;
 Σείσο γαῖα τρεῖς αὖ Θεὸν μεγάλ' ἐκτυπέοις
 Γαῖα Θεὸν τρεῖς αὖ ἔπατο σέβας Ἰσθακίδαο, 20
 "Ὅς γε καὶ ἐκ σπιλάδων ποταμὸς χεῖ μορμύροντας,
 Κρήνηντ' αἶανον πέτρης ἀπὸ δακρυόισσης.

Philosophus ad regem quendam, qui eum ignotum et
 infontem inter eos forte captum inscius damnaverat,
 τὴν ἐπὶ θανάτῳ πορευόμενος haec subito misit.

ὦ ἄνα εἰ ὀλέσῃς με τὸν ἔννομον, ἔδ' εἰ τι' ἀνδρῶν
 Δεινὸν ὅλως δρᾶσαντα, σοφώτατον ἴσθι κέρηνον
 Ῥηιδίως ἀφίλοιο, τὸ δ' ὕστερον αὖθι νοήσεις,
 Μαυσιδίως δ' ἄρ' ἐπίλῃα τιὸν πρὸς θυμὸν ὀδυρῇ,
 Τοιοῦν δ' ἐκ πόλιος περιώνυμον ἄλκαρ ὀλέσσας.

In effigiei ejus sculptorem.

Ἀμαθεῖ γεγράφθαι χειρὶ τήνδ' ἐμὴν εἰκόνα
 Φαίης τάχ' ἂν πρὸς εἶδος αὐτοφύες βλέπων.
 Τὸν δ' ἐκλυπατὸν ἐκ ἐπιγνώτης φίλοι
 Γελαῖτε Φαῦλ' ἐν δυσμύμημα ζῶγράφῃ.

Ad Salsillum poetam Romanum aegrotantem.

SCAZONTES.

O Musa, gressum quae volens trahis claudum,
 Vulcanioque tarda gaudes incessu,
 Nec sentis illud in loco minus gratum,
 Quam cum decentes flava Dēiope furas
 Alternat aureum ante Junonis lectum, 5
 Adestum, et haec s'is verba pauca Salsillo
 Refer, camoena nostra, cui tantum est cordi,
 Quamque ille magnis praetulit immerito divis.
 Haec ergo alumnus ille Londini Milto,
 Diebus hisce qui suum relinquens nidum 10
 Polique tractum, (pessimus ubi ventorum,
 Infanientis impotensque pulmonis
 Pernix anhela sub Jove exercet flabra),

Venit feraces Itali soli ad glebas,
 Visum superba cognitas urbes fama 15
 Virosque doctae indolem juventutis,
 Tibi optat idem hic fausta multa, Salsille,
 Habitumque fesso corpori penitus sanum ;
 Cui nunc profunda bilis infestat renes,
 Praecordiisque fixa damnosum spirat. 20
 Nec id pepercit impia quod tu Romano
 Tam cultus ore Lesbium condis melos.
 O dulce divûm munus, O salus Hebes
 Germana ! Tuque Phoebe, morborum terror
 Pythone caeso, sive tu magis Paeon 25
 Libenter audis, hic tuus sacerdos est.
 Querceta Fauni, vosque rore vinoso
 Colles benigni, mitis Evandri sedes,
 Si quid salubre vallibus frondet vestris,
 Levamen aegro ferte certatim vati. 30
 Sic ille charis redditus rursus Musis
 Vicina dulci prata mulcebit cantu.
 Ipse inter atros emirabitur lucos
 Numa, ubi beatum degit otium aeternum,
 Suam reclivis semper Ægeriam spectans. 35
 Tumidusque et ipse Tiberis hinc delinitus
 Spei favebit annuae colonorum :
 Nec in sepulchris ibit obsessum reges,
 Nimium sinistro laxis irruens loro :
 Sed fraena melius temperabit undarum, 40
 Adusque curvi salsa regna Portumni.

M A N S U S.

Joannes Baptista Mansus, Marchio Villensis, vir ingenii
 laude, tum literarum studio, nec non et bellica vir-
 tute apud Italos clarus in primis est. Ad quem

Torquati Tassi dialogus extat de amicitia scriptus; erat enim Tassi amicissimus; ab quo etiam inter Campaniae principes celebratur, in illo poemate cui titulus, *Gerusalemme conquistata*, lib. 20.

Fra cavalier magnanimi, è cortesi.

Risplende il Manso——

Is authorem Neapoli commorantem summa benevolentia profecutus est, multaque ei detulit humanitatis officia. Ad hunc itaque hospes ille, antequam ab ea urbe discederet, ut ne ingratum se ostenderet, hoc carmen misit.

HAec quoque, Manse, tuae meditantur carmina laudi
 Pierides, tibi, Manse, choro notissime Phoebi,
 Quandoquidem ille alium haud aequo est dignatus ho-
 Post Galli cineres, et Mecaenatis Hetrusci. [nore,
 Tu quoque, si nostrae tantum valet aura camoenae, 5
 Victrices hederas inter, laurosque sedebis.
 Te pridem magno felix concordia Tasso
 Junxit, et aeternis inscripsit nomina chartis,
 Mox tibi dulciloquum non infcia Musa Marinum
 Tradidit, ille tuum dici se gaudet alumnum, 10
 Dum canit Assyrios divum prolixus amores;
 Mollis et Ausonias stupefecit carmine nymphas.
 Ille itidem moriens tibi soli debita vates
 Ossa, tibi soli, supremaque vota reliquit,
 Nec manes pietas tua chara fefellit amici, 15
 Vidimus arridentem operoso ex aere poetam.
 Nec satis hoc visum est in utrumque, et nec pia cessant
 Officia in tumulo, cupis integros rapere Orco,
 Qua potes, atque avidas Parcarum eludere leges:
 Amborum genus, et varia sub sorte peractam 20
 Describis vitam, moresque, et dona Minervae;

Æmulus illius Mycalen qui natus ad altam
 Rettulit Æolii vitam facundus Homeri.
 Ergo ego te Cliûs et magni nomine Phoebi,
 Manse pater, jubeo longum salvere per aevum, 25
 Missus Hyperboreo juvenis peregrinus ab axe.
 Nec tu longinquam bonus aspernabere Musam,
 Quae nuper gelida vix enutrita sub arcto
 Imprudens Italas ausa est volitare per urbes.
 Nos etiam in nostro modulantes flumine cygnos 30
 Credimus obscuras noctis sensisse per umbras,
 Qua Thamesis late puris argenteus urnis
 Oceani glaucos perfundit gurgite crines.
 Quin et in has quondam pervenit Tityrus oras.
 Sed neque nos genus incultum, nec inutile Phoebo, 35
 Qua plaga septeno mundi sulcata Trione
 Brumalem patitur longa sub nocte Boöten.
 Nos etiam colimus Phoebum, nos munera Phoebo,
 Flaventes spicas, et lutea mala canistris,
 Halantemque crocum (perhibet nisi vana vetustas) 40
 Misimus, et lectas Druidum de gente choreas.
 (Gens Druides antiqua sacris operata deorum,
 Heroum laudes imitandaque gesta canebant).
 Hinc quoties festo cingunt altaria cantu
 Delo in herbosa Graiae de more puellae 45
 Carminibus laetis memorant Corinëida Loxo,
 Fatidicamque Upin, cum flavicoma Hecaërge,
 Nuda Caledonio variatas pectora fuco.
 Fortunate senex, ergo quacunque per orbem
 Torquati decus, et nomen celebrabitur ingens, 50
 Claraque perpetui succrescet fama Marini,
 Tu quoque in ora frequens venies plausumque virorum,
 Et parili carpes iter immortale volatu.
 Dicetur tum sponte tuos habitasse penates
 Cynthius, et famulas venisse ad limina Musas : om 55

At non sponte domum tamen idem, et regis adivit
Rura Pheretiadae coelo fugitivus Apollo ;
Ille licet magnum Alciden fufceperat hospes ;
Tantum ubi clamofos placuit vitare bubulcos,
Nobile manfueti ceflit Chironis in antrum, 60
Irriguos inter faltus frondofaque tefta
Peneium prope rivum : ibi faepe fub ilice nigra
Ad citharae ftrepitum blanda prece victus amici
Exilii duros lenibat voce labores.
Tum neque ripa fuo, barathro nec fixa fub imo 65
Saxa ftetere loco, nutat Trachinia rupes,
Nec fentit folitas, immania pondera, fylvas,
Emotaeque fuis properant de collibus orni,
Mulcenturque novo maculofi carmine lynces.
Diis dilecte fenex, te Jupiter aequus oportet 70
Nafcentem, et miti luftrarit lumine Phoebus,
Atlantisque nepos ; neque enim nifi charus ab ortu
Diis fuperis poterit magno faviffe poëtae.
Hinc longaeva tibi lento fub flore fenectus
Vernat, et Æfonios lucratur vivida fufos, 75
Nondum deciduos fervans tibi frontis honores,
Ingeniumque vigen, et adultum mentis acumen.
O mihi fi mea fors talem concedat amicum
Phoebaeos decoraffe viros qui tam bene norit,
Si quando indigenas revocabo in carmina reges, 80
Arturumque etiam fub terris bella moventem ;
Aut dicam invictae fociali foedere menfae
Magnanimos heroas, et (O modo fpiritus adfit)
Frangam Saxonicas Britonum fub Marte phalanges.
Tandem ubi non tacitae permensus tempora vitae, 85
Annorumque fatur cineri fua jura relinquam,
Ille mihi lecto madidis afaret ocellis,
Aftanti fat erit fi dicam, fim tibi curae ;
Ille meos artus liventi morte folutos

Curaret parva componi molliter urna, 90
 Forsitan et nostros ducat de marmore vultus,
 Nectens aut Paphia myrti aut Parnasside lauri
 Fronde comas, at ego secura pace quiescam.
 Tum quoque, si qua fides, si praemia certa bonorum,
 Ipse ego coelicolûm semotus in aethera divûm, 95
 Quo labor et mens pura vehunt, atque ignea virtus,
 Secreti haec aliqua mundi de parte videbo,
 (Quantum Fata sinunt), et tota mente serenum
 Ridens purpureo suffundar lumine vultus,
 Et simul aethereo plaudam mihi laetus Olympo. 100

E P I T A P H I U M D A M O N I S.

A R G U M E N T U M.

Thyrsis et Damon ejusdem viciniae pastores, eadem studia secuti a pueritia, amici erant, ut qui plurimum. Thyrsis animi causa profectus peregre de obitu Damonis nuncium accepit. Domum postea reversus, et rem ita esse comperiens, se, suamque solitudinem, hoc carmine deplorat. Damonis autem sub persona hic intelligitur Carolus Diodatus, ex urbe Hetruriae Luca paterno genere oriundus, caetera Anglus; ingenio, doctrina, clarissimisque caeteris virtutibus, dum viveret, juvenis egregius.

Himerides nymphae, (nam vos et Daphnin et Hylan,
 Et plorata diu meministis fata Bionis),
 Dicite Sicelicum Thamesina per oppida carmen :
 Quas miser effudit voces, quae murmura Thyrsis,
 Et quibus assiduis exercuit antra querelis, 5
 Fluminaque, fontesque vagos, nemorumque recessus,
 Dum sibi praereptum queritur Damona, neque altam
 Luctibus exemit noctem loca solo pererrans.

Et jam bis viridi surgebat culmus arista,
 Et totidem flavas numerabant horrea messes, 10
 Ex quo summa dies tulerat Damona sub umbras,
 Nec dum aderat Thyrsis ; pastorem scilicet illum
 Dulcis amor Musae Thusca retinebat in urbe.
 Ast ubi mens expleta domum, pecorisque relictæ
 Cura vocat, simul assueta seditque sub ulmo, 15
 Tum vero amissum tum denique sentit amicum,
 Coepit et immensum sic exonerare dolorem.

Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.
 Hei mihi ! quae terris, quae dicam numina coelo,
 Postquam te immiti rapuerunt funere, Damon ! 20
 Siccine nos linquis, tua sic sine nomine virtus
 Ibit, et obscuris numero sociabitur umbris ?
 At non ille, animas virga qui dividit aurea,
 Ista velit, dignumque tui te ducat in agmen,
 Ignavumque procul pecus arceat omne silentium. 25

Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.
 Quicquid erit, certe nisi me lupo ante videbit,
 Indeplorato non comminuere sepulchro,
 Constabitque tuus tibi honos, longumque vigebit
 Inter pastores : Illi tibi vota secundo 30
 Solvere post Daphnin, post Daphnin dicere laudes
 Gaudebunt, dum rura Pales, dum Faunus amabit :
 Si quid id est, priscamque fidem coluisse, piumque,
 Palladiasque artes, sociumque habuisse canorum.

Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni. 35
 Hæc tibi certa manent, tibi erunt hæc præmia, Damon ;
 At mihi quid tandem fiet modo ? quis mihi fidus
 Haerebit lateri comes, ut tu sæpe solebas
 Frigoribus duris, et per loca foeta pruinis,
 Aut rapido sub sole, siti morientibus herbis ? 40
 Sive opus in magnos fuit eminus ire leones,
 Aut avidos terrere lupos præsepibus altis ;

Quis fando sopire diem, cantuque solebit ?

Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.
Pectora cui credam ? quis me lenire docebit 45
Mordaces curas, quis longam fallere noctem
Dulcibus alloquiis, grato cum sibilat igni
Molle pyrum, et nucibus strepitat focus, at malus Au-
Miscet cuncta foris, et desuper intonat ulmo ? [ster

Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.
Aut aestate, dies medio dum vertitur axe, 51
Cum Pan aesculea somnum capit abditus umbra,
Et repetunt sub aquis sibi nota sedilia nymphae,
Pastoresque latent, stertit sub sepe colonus,
Quis mihi blanditiasque tuas, quis tum mihi risus, 55
Cecropiosque sales referet, cultosque lepores ?

Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.
At jam solus agros, jam pascua solus oberro,
Sicubi ramosae densantur vallibus umbrae,
Hic serum expecto, supra caput imber et Euris 60
Triste sonant, fractaeque agitata crepuscula sylvae.

Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.
Heu quam culta mihi prius arva procacibus herbis
Involvuntur, et ipsa situ seges alta fatiscit !
Innuba neglecto marcescit et uva racemo, 65
Nec myrteta juvant ; ovium quoque taedet, at illae
Moerent, inque suum convertunt ora magistrum.

Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.
Tityrus ad corylos vocat, Alphefiboëus ad ornos,
Ad salices Ægon, ad flumina pulcher Amyntas : 70
Hic gelidi fontes, hic illita gramina musco,
Hic Zephyri, hic placidas interstrepit arbutus undas ;
Ista canunt furdo, frutices ego nactus abibam.

Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.
Mopsus ad haec, nam me redeuntem forte notarat, 75
(Et callebat avium linguas, et sidera Mopsus),

Thyrſi quid hoc ? dixit, quae te coquit improba bilis ?
 Aut te perdit amor, aut te male facinat aſtrum,
 Saturni grave ſaepe fuit paſtoribus aſtrum,
 Intimaque obliquo figit praecordia plumbo. 80

Ite domum impaſti, domino jam non vacat, agni.
 Mirantur nymphae, et quid te, Thyrſi, futurum eſt ?
 Quid tibi viſ ? aiunt ; non haec ſolet eſſe iuventae
 Nubila frons, oculique truces, vultuſque ſeveri :
 Illa choros, luſuſque leves, et ſemper amorem 85
 Jure petit : bis ille miſer qui ſerus amavit.

Ite domum impaſti, domino jam non vacat, agni.
 Venit Hyas, Dryopeque, et filia Baucidis Aegle
 Docta modos, citharaeque ſciens, ſed perdita faſtu,
 Venit Idumanii Chlores vicina fluenti ; 90
 Nil me blanditiae, nil me ſolantia verba,
 Nil me, ſi quid adeſt, movet, aut ſpes ulla futuri.

Ite domum impaſti, domino jam non vacat, agni.
 Hei mihi quam ſimiles ludunt per prata juvenci,
 Omnes unanimi ſecum ſibi lege ſodales, 95
 Nec magis hunc alio quiſquam ſecernit amicum
 De grege ; ſic denſi veniunt ad pabula thoes,
 Inque vicem hirsuti paribus junguntur onagri ;
 Lex eadem pelagi, deſerto in littore Proteus
 Agmina phocarum numerat, vilisſque volucrum 100
 Paſſer habet ſemper quicum ſit, et omnia circum
 Farra libens volitet, ſero ſua teſta reviſens,
 Quem ſi fors letho objecit, ſeu milvus adunco
 Fata tulit roſtro, ſeu ſtravit arundine foſſor,
 Protinus ille alium ſocio petit inde volatu. 105
 Nos durum genus, et diris exercita fatiſ
 Gens homines aliena animis, et peſtore diſcors,
 Vix ſibi quiſque parem de millibus invenit unum,
 Aut ſi fors dederit tandem non aſpera votis,
 Illum inopina dies qua non ſperaveris hora 110

Surripit, aeternum linquens in secula damnum.

Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.
 Heu quis me ignotas traxit vagus error in oras
 Ire per aëreas rupes, Alpemque nivofam !
 Ecquid erat tanti Romam vidisse sepultam, 115
 (Quamvis illa foret, qualem dum videret olim,
 Tityrus ipse suas et oves et rura reliquit),
 Ut te tam dulci possem caruisse fodale,
 Possem tot maria alta, tot interponere montes,
 Tot sylvas, tot faxa tibi, fluviosque sonantes ! 120
 Ah certe extremum licuisset tangere dextram,
 Et bene compositos placide morientis ocellos,
 Et dixisse vale, nostrî memor ibis ad astra.

Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.
 Quamquam etiam vestrî nunquam meminisse pigebit,
 Pastores Thusci, Musis operata juvenus, 126
 Hic Charis atque Lepos; et Thuscus tu quoque Damon,
 Antiqua genus unde petis Lucumonis ab urbe.
 O ego quantus eram, gelidi cum stratus ad Arni 129
 Murmura, populeumque nemus, qua mollior herba,
 Carpere nunc violas, nunc summas carpere myrtos,
 Et potui Lycidae certantem audire Menalcam !
 Ipse etiam tentare ausus sum, nec, puto, multum
 Displicui, nam sunt et apud me munera vestra
 Fiscellae, calathique, et cerea vincla cicutae, 135
 Quin et nostra suas docuerunt nomina fagos
 Et Datis, et Francinus, erant et vocibus ambo
 Et studiis noti, Lydorum sanguinis ambo.

Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.
 Haec mihi tum laeto dictabat roscida luna, 140
 Dum solus teneros claudebam cratibus hoedos.
 Ah quoties dixi, cum te cinis ater habebat,
 Nunc canit, aut lepori nunc tendit retia Damon,
 Vimina nunc texit, varios sibi quod sit in usus !

Et quae tum facili sperabam mente futura 145
 Arripui voto levis, et praesentia finxi,
 Heus bone numquid agis? nisi te quid forte retardat,
 Imus? et arguta paulum recubamus in umbra,
 Aut ad aquas Colni, aut ubi jugera Cassibelauni? 149
 Tu mihi percurres medicos, tua gramina, succos, [thi,
 Helleborumque, humilesque crocos, foliumque hyacin-
 Quasque habet ista palus herbas, artesque medentûm.
 Ah pereant herbae, pereant artesque medentûm,
 Gramina, postquam ipse nil profecere magistro.
 Ipse etiam, nam nescio quid mihi grande sonabat 155
 Fistula, ab undecima jam lux est altera nocte,
 Et tum forte novis admoram labra cicutis,
 Dissiluiere tamen rupta compage, nec ultra
 Ferre graves potuere sonos, dubito quoque ne sim
 Turgidulus, tamen et referam, vos cedite sylvae. 160
 Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.
 Ipse ego Dardanias Rutupina per aequora puppes
 Dicam, et Pandrasidos regnum vetus Inogeniae, [num,
 Brennumque Arvigarumque duces, priscumque Beli.
 Et tandem Armoricos Britonum sub lege colonos; 165
 Tum gravidam Arturo fatali fraude Iögeren,
 Mendaces vultus, assumptaque Gorlôis arma,
 Merlini dolus. O mihi tum si vita superfit,
 Tu procul annosa pendebis, fistula, pinu,
 Multum oblita mihi, aut patriis mutata camoenis 170
 Brittonicum strides, quid enim? omnia non licet uni,
 Non sperasse uni licet omnia, mi satis ampla
 Merces, et mihi grande decus, (sim ignotus in aevum
 Tum licet, externo penitusque inglorius orbi),
 Si me flava comas legat Ufa, et potor Alauni, 175
 Vorticibusque frequens Abra, et nemus omne Trean-
 Et Thamesis meus ante omnes, et fusca metallis [tae,
 Tamara, et extremis me discant Orçades undis.

Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.
Haec tibi servabam lenta sub cortice lauri, 180
Haec, et plura simul, tum quae mihi pocula Manus,
Manus Chalcidicae non ultima gloria ripae,
Bina dedit, mirum artis opus, mirandus et ipse,
Et circum gemino caelaverat argumento :
In medio rubri maris unda, et odoriferum ver, 185
Littora longa Arabum, et sudantes balsama sylvae,
Has inter Phoenix divina avis, unica terris
Caeruleum fulgens diversicoloribus alis
Auroram vitreis surgentem respicit undis.
Parte alia polus omnipatens, et magnus Olympus, 190
Quis putet ? hic quoque Amor, pictaeque in nubepha-
Arma corusca faces, et spicula tincta pyropo ; [retrac,
Nec tenues animas, pectusque ignobile vulgi
Hinc ferit, at circum flammantia lumina torquens
Semper in erectum spargit sua tela per orbes 195
Impiger, et pronos nunquam collimat ad ictus,
Hinc mentes ardere sacrae, formaeque deorum.

Tu quoque in his, nec me fallit spes lubrica, Damon,
Tu quoque in his certe es, nam quo tua dulcis abiret
Sanctaque simplicitas, nam quo tua candida virtus ?
Nec te Lethaeo fas quaesivisse sub orco, 201
Nec tibi conveniunt lacrymae, nec flebimus ultra :
Ite procul lacrymae, purum colit aethera Damon,
Aethera purus habet, pluvium pede reppulit arcum ;
Heroumque animas inter, divosque perennes, 205
Aethereos haurit latices et gaudia potat
Ore sacro. Quin tu coeli post jura recepta
Dexter ades, placidusque fave quicumque vocaris,
Seu tu noster eris Damon, sive aequior audis
Diodotus, quo te divino nomine cuncti 210
Coelicolae nōrint, sylvisque vocabere Damon.
Quod tibi purpureus pudor, et sine labe juvenus

Grata fuit, quod nulla tori libata voluptas,
 En etiam tibi virginei servantur honores ;
 Ipse caput nitidum cinctus rutilante corona, 215
 Laetaque frondentis gestans umbracula palmae
 Æternum perages immortales hymenaeos ;
 Cantus ubi, choreisque furit lyra mista beatis,
 Festa Sionaeo bacchantur et Orgia thyrsō.

Jan. 23. 1646.

Ad JOANNEM ROUSIUM, Oxoniensis Academiae
 Bibliothecarium.

De libro poematum amisso, quem ille sibi denuo mitti postulabat, ut cum aliis nostris in Bibliotheca publica reponeret, Ode.

Strophe 1.

GEmelle cultu simplici gaudens liber,
 Fronde licet gemina,
 Munditieque nitens non operosa,
 Quam manus attulit
 Juvenilis olim, 5
 Sedula tamen haud nimii poëtae ;
 Dum vagus Aufonias nunc per umbras,
 Nunc Britannica per vireta lufit
 Insons populi, barbitoque devius
 Indulsit patrio, mox itidem pectine Daunio 10
 Longinquum intonuit melos
 Vicinis, et humum vix tetigit pede ;

Antistrophe.

Quis te parve liber, quis te fratribus
 Subduxit reliquis dolo ?
 Cum tu missus ab urbe, 15
 Docto jugiter obsecrante amico,
 Illustre tendebas iter

Thamesis ad incunabula
 Caerulei patris,
 Fontes ubi limpidi 20
 Aonidum, thyasusque facer
 Orbi notus per immensos
 Temporum lapsus redeunte coelo,
 Celeberque futurus in aevum ;

Strophe 2.

Modo quis deus, aut editus deo 25
 Pristinam gentis miseratus indolem,
 (Si fatis noxas luimus priores,
 Mollique luxu degener otium),
 Tollat nefandos civium tumultus,
 Almaque révocet studia sanctus, 30
 Et relegatas sine sede Musas
 Jam pene totis finibus Angligenûm ;
 Immundasque volucres
 Unguibus imminentes
 Figat Apollinea pharetra, 35
 Phineamque abigat pestem procul amne Pegaseo.

Antistrophe.

Quin tu, libelle, nuncii licet mala
 Fide, vel oscitantia
 Semel erraveris agmine fratrum,
 Seu quis te teneat specus, 40
 Seu qua te latebra, forsan unde vili
 Callo tereris infitoris insulsi,
 Laetare felix ; en iterum tibi
 Spes nova fulget posse profundam
 Fugere Lethen, vehique superam 45
 In Jovis aulam remige penna ;

Strophe 3.

Nam te Roûsius sui
 Optat peculî, numeroque justo

Sibi pollicitum queritur abesse ;
 Rogatque venias ille, cujus inclyta 50
 Sunt data virum monumenta curae :
 Teque adytis etiam sacris
 Voluit reponi, quibus et ipse praesidet
 Aeternorum operum custos fidelis,
 Quaestorque gazae nobilioris, 55
 Quam cui praefuit Iön
 Clarus Erechtheides
 Opulenta Dei per templa parentis
 Fulvosque tripodas, donaque Delphica,
 Iön Actaea genitus Crëusa. 60

Antistrophe.

Ergo tu visere lucos
 Musarum ibis amoenos,
 Diamque Phoebi rursus ibis in domum,
 Oxonia quam valle colit,
 Delo posthabita, 65
 Bifidoque Parnassi jugo :
 Ibis honestus,
 Postquam egregiam tu quoque sortem
 Nactus abis, dextri prece sollicitatus amici.
 Illic legeris inter alta nomina 70
 Authorum, Graiae simul et Latinae
 Antiqua gentis lumina, et verum decus.

Epodos.

Vos tandem, haud vacui mei labores,
 Quicquid hoc sterile fudit ingenium,
 Jam fero placidam sperare jubeo 75
 Perfunctam invidia requiem, sedesque beatas
 Quas bonus Hermes
 Et tutela dabit solers Roüsî ;
 Quo neque lingua procax vulgi penetrabit, atque longe
 Turba legentum prava facesset ; 80

At ultimi nepotes,
 Et cordatior aetas
 Judicia rebus aequiora forsitan
 Adhibebit integro sinu.
 Tum livore sepulto,
 Si quid meremur sana posteritas sciet
 Rousio favente.

85

Ode tribus constat Strophis, totidemque Antistrophis, una demum Epodo clausis; quas, tametsi omnes nec versuum numero, nec certis ubique colis exacte respondeant, ita tamen secuimus, commode legendi potius, quam ad antiquos concinendi modos rationem spectantes. Alioquin hoc genus rectius fortasse dici monostrophicum debuerat. Metra partim sunt *κατά σχῆσιν*, partim *ἀπολελυμένα*. Phaleucia quae sunt, Spondaeum tertio loco bis admittunt, quod idem in secundo loco Catullus ad libitum fecit.

Ad CHRISTINAM Suecorum Reginam nomine Cromwelli.*

Bellipotens Virgo, septem Regina Trionum,
 Christina, Arctoi lucida stella poli,
 Cernis quas merui dura sub casside rugas,
 Utque senex armis impiger ora tero;
 Invia fatorum dum per vestigia nitor,
 Exequor et populi fortia iussa manu.
 Ast tibi submittit frontem reverentior umbra;
 Nec sunt hi vultus regibus usque truces.

5

* These verses were sent to Christina Queen of Sweden with Cromwell's picture, and are by some ascribed to Andrew Marvel, as by others to Milton: but I should rather think they were Milton's, being more within his province as Latin secretary. *Newton.*

A

G L O S S A R Y,

Explaining the antiquated and difficult words in
MILTON's poetical works.

P. L. stands for *Paradise Lost*; P. R. for *Paradise Regain'd*; S. A. for *Samson Agonistes*; P. for *the Poems*; and S. for *the Sonnets*. The letters i. ii. iii. &c. denote the books, poems, or sonnets; the figures 1. 2. 3. &c. the verses.

When a word occurs but once or twice, or is taken in a peculiar sense, or has different senses in different places; in all these cases the places are pointed out.

As Milton's critics differ as to the sense of some words, some preferring one sense, and some another, the different senses are often given.

The etymology of a great many words is given; and frequently the literal or original, as well as the metaphorical signification.

A

TO *Abash*, to put into confusion, to make ashamed.

To *Abide*, P. L. iv. 87. to bear or support the consequences of a thing.

Abject, contemptible, or of no value, P. L. ix. 571.; without hope or regard, S. A. 169.

Absolved, *Absolute*, P. L. vii. 94. viii. 421. 547. finished, completed, perfected; from the Latin *absolutus*.

Acanthus, the herb bears-foot.

Acclaim, a shout of praise, acclamation.

Acquist, S. A. 1765. the same as acquisition; acquirement, attainment, gain.

To *Admit*, to commit, used in the Latin sense, P. L. viii. 637.

Adorn, P. L. viii. 576. an adjective. *Made so adorn*, &c. finely dressed.

Adust, *Adusted*, burnt up, hot as with fire, scorched, dried with fire.

Advis'd, P. L. vi. 674. (a participial adverbial), advisedly, designedly.

Afer, P. L. x. 702. the south-west wind.

Afflicted, P. L. i. 186. routed, ruined, utterly broken; in the Latin sense of the word. It otherwise signifies put to pain, grieved, tormented.

Affront, outrage, contempt, P. R. iii. 161.; open opposition, encounter, S. A. 531.

Agape, P. L. v. 357. (an adverb), staring with the mouth.

Aghast, struck with horror, as at the sight of a spectre; stupified with terror.

Agonistes,

Agonistes, an actor, a prize-fighter; Gr. *Αγωνιστης*, *ludio*, *bistrio*, *a-*
For scenicus.

Alchemy, P. L. ii. 517. the name of that art which is the sublimer part of chemistry, the transmutation of metals. 'Tis what is corruptly pronounced *ockomy*, i. e. any mixed metal.

Alp, P. L. ii. 620. S. A. 628. for mountain in general. In the strict etymology of the word it signifies a mountain white with snow. It is commonly appropriated to the high mountains which separate Italy from France and Germany.

Altern, P. L. vii. 348. (an adjective), acting by turns, in succession each to the other.

To *Alternate*, to perform alternately. *Alternate hymns*, P. L. v. 656. 657. *sing by turns, and answer one another*.

Amarant, P. L. iii. 353. *Αμαραντος*, for unfading, that decayeth not; a flower of a purple velvet colour, which though gathered, keeps its beauty, and when all other flowers fade, recovers its lustre by being sprinkled with a little water.

Ambition, that which adds fewel to the flame of pride, and claps spurs to those furious and inordinate desires that break forth into the most execrable acts to accomplish mens haughty designs. Milton stigmatizes *ambition* as a worse sin than pride, P. L. iv. 40. See *Pride*. A going about with studiousness and affectation to gain praise, as the origin of the Latin word imports, S. A. 247.

Ambrosial, partaking of the nature or qualities of ambrosia, the imaginary food of the gods; fragrant, delicious, delectable. Milton applies this epithet to the night, P. L. v. 642.

To *Amerce*, P. L. i. 609. to deprive, to forfeit. It properly signifies, to mulct, to fine; but here it has a strange affinity with the Greek *αμειδω*, to deprive, to take away.

Anice, P. R. iv. 427. cloathing; the first or undermost part of a priest's habit, over which he wears the alb; derived from the Latin *amicio*, to clothe.

Ammiral, P. L. i. 294. the same as *Admiral*, the principal commander of a fleet.

Amorous. Milton seems to use this word, P. R. ii. 162. rather in the sense of the Italian *amoroso*, which is applied to any thing relating to the passion of love, than in its common English acceptation, in which it generally expresses something of the passion itself.

Amphisbæna, P. L. x. 524. a serpent said to have a head at both ends; so named of *αμφι* and *βαινω*, because it went forward either way.

Anarch, P. L. ii. 988. the author of confusion.

Angelic virtue, P. L. v. 371. an angel.

To *Announce*, P. R. iv. 504. to publish, to proclaim.

Antarctic, P. L. ix. 79. the southern pole, so called, as opposite to the northern.

Antic, S. A. 1325. one that plays antics; he that uses odd gesticulation; a buffoon.

Apatby, P. L. ii. 564. not feeling, exemption from passion; freedom from mental perturbation.

Apocalyps, P. L. iv. 2. a revelation, a discovery.

- To *Appay*, P. L. xii. 401. to satisfy, to content.
Appetence, P. L. xi. 619. carnal, sensual desire.
 To *Appoint*, S. A. 373. to arraign, to summon to answer.
Arbitres, P. L. i. 785. a witness, a spectatres.
Architrave, P. L. i. 715. that part of a column, or order of a column, which lies immediately upon the capital, and is the lowest member of the entablature.
Arctic, P. L. ii. 710. northern. lying under the Bear.
Ardour, P. L. v. 249. a person ardent or bright, an angel. The Latin *ardor* implies fervency, exceeding love, eager desire, fiery nature; all included in the idea of angel.
Arges, P. L. x. 699. the north-east wind.
 To *Arreed*, P. L. iv. 962. to decree, to award.
Askance, awry.
Asphaltus, P. L. i. 729. bitumen, a pitchy substance.
Asthma, P. L. xi. 488. a frequent, difficult, and short respiration, joined with a hissing sound and a cough.
 To *Astound*, to astonish, to confound with fear or wonder.
Atheous, P. R. i. 487. atheistic, godless.
Atrophy, P. L. xi. 486. want of nourishment; a disease in which what is taken at the mouth cannot contribute to the support of the body.
Attent, P. R. i. 385. intent, attentive, heedful, regardful.
Attest, P. R. i. 37. witness, testimony, attestation.
 To *Attune*, P. L. iv. 265. to make any thing musical.
Autumn, P. L. v. 394. for the fruits of autumn.
Azure, P. xvi. 893. the same as *Azure*, blue, faint blue.

B

- Baleful*, full of misery, full of grief, sorrowful, sad, woful.
Bandite, P. xvi. 426. a man outlawed.
Barbaric, P. L. ii. 4. foreign, far-fetched.
Barbed, bearded, headed.
Base, P. L. ix. 36. that part of any ornament which hangs down, as housing; from the French *bas*, low; because housing falls low to the ground.
 To *Batten*, P. xvii. 29. to fatten, or make fat; to feed plenteously.
Behest, a command, precept, mandate.
Belated, P. L. i. 783. benighted, out of doors late at night.
Beldam, P. ii. 46. an old woman, generally a term of contempt, marking the last degree of old age, with all its faults and miseries. From the French *belle dame*, which of old signified an old woman.
Benediction, well speaking, thanks, P. L. viii. 645. P. R. iii. 127.; blessing, P. L. xii. 125.
Beryl, P. L. vi. 756. a precious stone of a sea-green colour.
Besprent, P. xvi. 542. sprinkled.
Bestrown, P. L. i. 311. iv. 631. sprinkled over.
Bevy, P. L. xi. 582. a company, an assembly; of the Italian *beva*, a covey of partridges.
Bickering, P. L. vi. 766. fighting, and thence destroying; from the Welch *bicre*, a contest, a combat. Mr Johnson thinks it means here quivering, playing backward and forward.
Blanc, or *Blank*, white, P. L. x. 656.; confused, crushed, dispirited, subdued, depressed, P. L. ix. 890. P. R. ii. 120.

Bland,

- Bland*, P. L. v. 5. ix. 855. 1047. soft, mild, gentle.
 To *Blank*, S. A. 471. to confuse, to damp, to dispirit.
Blear, P. xvi. 155. dim, obscure, or that which makes dimness.
Blithe, gay, airy, merry, joyous, sprightly, mirthful.
Bolt, the bar of a door, P. L. ii. 877. ; lightning, a thunderbolt, P. L. vi. 491. ; an arrow, P. xvi. 445.
 To *Bolt*, P. xvi. 760. to dart, to shoot, to sift. Mr Johnson thinks it signifies here to blurt out, or throw out precipitantly.
Boreas, P. L. x. 699. the north wind.
Bosky, P. xvi. 313. woody ; from the Belgian *boscbe*, and the Italian *bosco*, a wood.
Bourn, P. xvi. 313. a bound, a limit ; from the French *borne*.
Brand, P. L. xii. 643. a sword. *Brando* in Italian too signifies a sword ; and the reason of this denomination seems to be derived from hence, because men fought with burnt stakes, and firebrands, before arms were invented.
 To *Breathe*, P. L. ii. 244. to smell, to throw out the smell, to exhale, to send out as breath.
 To *Braid*, to plait, to weave, to twist. *Braided train*, P. L. iv. 349. plaited or twisted tail.
 To *Bray*, P. L. vi. 209. (probably from the Greek *βραχμα*, *strepo*), to make an offensive or disagreeable noise. It signifies to make any kind of noise, though now it be commonly appropriated to a certain animal.
Brigandine, S. A. 1120. a coat of mail.
 To *Brim*, P. L. iv. 336. P. xvi. 924. to fill to the top.
Brinded, P. L. vii. 466. P. xvi. 443. streaked, tabby, marked with branches.
 To *Bristle*, P. L. vi. 82. to erect in bristles. The Latins express this by the word *borrere*, taken from the *bristling* on a wild boar's or other animal's back. Milton has the expression of *borrent arm*, P. L. ii. 513. See *Horrent*.
Budge, P. xvi. 707. furred, furly, stiff, formal.
Bullion, P. L. i. 704. gold or silver in the lump, unwrought, uncoined. *Bullion dross*, the dross which arose from the metal in refining it.
But, P. L. iii. 377. except, unless.
Buxome, is vulgarly understood for wanton, jolly ; but it properly signifies flexible, yielding, obedient, obsequious, as P. L. ii. 842. v. 270. ; and also gay, lively, brisk, as P. xiii. 24.

C

- Cæcias*, P. L. x. 699. the north-west wind.
Callow, P. L. vii. 420. unfledged, naked, without feathers.
 To *Calve*, P. L. vii. 463. to bring forth ; from the Belgic word *calven*, to bring forth.
Caparison, P. L. ix. 35. a horse-cloth, or a sort of cover for a horse, which is spread over his furniture.
Caravan, P. L. vii. 428. P. R. i. 323. a great convoy of merchants, which meet at certain times and places, to put themselves into a condition of defence from thieves, who ride in troops in several desert places upon the road, in Persia and Turkey. It is like an army, consisting ordinarily of 5 or 600 camels, and near as many horses, and sometimes more.

Carbuncle,

Carbuncle, a jewel shining in the dark like a lighted coal or candle.

To Career, P. L. vi. 756. to run with swift motion. *Careering fires*, are lightnings darting out by fits; a metaphor taken from the running in tilts, says Dr Newton.

Carol, P. L. xii. 367. a song of devotion.

To Carol, P. xvi. 849. to praise, to celebrate.

To Cast, P. L. iii. 634. to consider, to contrive, to turn the thoughts.

Cataphracts, S. A. 1619. men or horses completely armed; from *καταφραστον*, *armis munio*.

Cataract, P. L. ii. 176. xi. 824. a fall of water from on high, a shoot of water, a cascade.

Catarrh, P. L. xi. 483. a defluxion of sharp serum from the glands about the head and throat.

Cates, P. R. ii. 348. viands, food, dish of meat; generally employed to signify nice and luxurious food.

Cedarn, P. xvi. 990. the same as *cedrine*, of or belonging to the cedar-tree.

Ceiling, P. L. xi. 743. the inner roof. It may be thought (says Mr Richardson) too mean a word in poetry; but Milton had a view to its derivation from the Latin *cælum*, and the Italian *cielo*, heaven.

Centaur, P. L. x. 328. the sign Sagittarius, or the Archer, in the zodiac.

Centric, P. L. x. 671. placed in the centre. *Centric* (or concentric) *spheres*, P. L. viii. 83. are such spheres whose centre is the same with that of the earth.

Cerastes, P. L. x. 525. a serpent having horns, or supposed to have horns; from *κερας*, a horn.

Charity, P. L. iv. 756. tenderness, kindness, love. *Charities* is used in the Latin signification, and, like *caritates*, comprehends all the relations, all the endearments of consanguinity and affinity. The theological virtue of universal love, P. L. iii. 216. xii. 584.

Chimera, P. L. ii. 628. a monster feigned to have the head of a lion, the belly of a goat, and the tail of a dragon. Hence it signifies a vain and wild fancy, as remote from reality as the existence of this poetical chimera.

Chivalry, P. L. i. 307. (from the French *chevalerie*), signifies knight-hood, and also those who use horses in fight, both such as ride on horses, and such as ride in chariots drawn by them. In the sense of riding and fighting the word is used ver. 765.; and in the sense of riding and fighting in chariots drawn by horses, P. R. iii. 343. compared with ver. 328.

Chrysolite, P. L. iii. 596. a precious stone of a dusky green, with a cast of yellow.

Cimmerian, P. xiii. 10. which sees no sun, obscure, dark. The Cimmerians were a people who lived in caves under ground, and never saw the light of the sun. Whence comes the phrase *cimmerian darkness*, i. e. great obscurity.

Clang, a sharp, shrill noise.

Clarion, P. L. i. 532. a small shrill treble trumpet; *a claro quem edit sono*.

To Cluster, P. L. iv. 303. vii. 320. to grow in bunches, to gather into bunches, to congregate.

Collateral, running parallel, diffused on either side, P. L. viii. 426.; side

fide by fide, a sense agreeable to the etymology of the word, P. L. x. 86.

Colures, P. L. ix. 66. two great circles supposed to pass through the poles of the world, intersecting each other at right angles, and encompassing the earth from north to south, and from south to north again.

Combustion, conflagration, burning in a dreadful manner, P. L. i. 46.; tumult, hurry, hubbub, bustle, hurly burly, P. L. vi. 225.

To Commerce, P. xiv. 39. to hold intercourse with.

Compeer, P. L. i. 127. equal companion, colleague, associate.

Cone, P. L. iv. 776. a figure round at bottom, and lessening all the way ends in a point.

To Conglobe, to gather into a round mass, to consolidate in a ball, to assemble, and associate together, P. L. vii. 239.; to coalesce into a round mass, P. L. vii. 292.

To Conjure, P. L. ii. 693. to conspire, to band and league together, to bind many by an oath to some common design; from the Latin *conjurare*, to bind one another by an oath to be true and faithful in a design undertaken.

Convex, bending down on all sides round, rising in a circular form. *Convex* is spoken properly of the exterior surface of a globe, and *concave* of the interior surface, which is hollow.

Cormorant, P. L. iv. 196. a bird that lives upon fish, eminently greedy and rapacious.

Cornice, P. L. i. 716. the uppermost member of the entablature of a column; the highest projection of a wall or column.

Corny, P. L. vii. 321. strong or hard like horn, horny; of the Latin *corneus*, horny.

To Couch, P. L. ii. 536. to fix or place the spear in the rest, in the posture of an attack; from the French *coucher*, to place.

Couchant, P. L. iv. 406. lying down, squatting.

To Cover, P. L. i. 763. to inclose.

Crank, P. xiii. 27. any conceit formed by twisting or changing, in any manner, the form or meaning of a word.

To Craze, P. L. xii. 210. S. A. 571. to crush, bruise or break in pieces, to weaken.

Crescent, P. L. x. 434. any similitude of the moon increasing. The Turks bear the horned moon, the crescent, in their ensigns.

Crescent, P. L. i. 439. increasing, growing, in a state of increase.

Cresset, P. L. i. 728. a great blazing light set upon a beacon, light-house, or watch-tower.

To Crown, P. L. v. 445. to fill above the brim, yet not so as to run over.

Crude, not brought to perfection, unfinished, immature, P. L. vi. 511.; premature, and coming before its time, S. A. 700.

Cubic, P. L. vi. 399. four square.

Cuirassiers, P. R. iii. 328. horsemen armed with cuirasses, which covered the body quite round, from the neck to the waste.

To Culminate, P. L. iii. 617. to be vertical and shoot directly, to be in the meridian.

Curfeu, P. xiv. 74. (of the French *couvre feu*). William the Conqueror, in the first year of his reign, commanded that in every town and village a bell should be rung every night at eight of the clock,

- clock, and that all persons should then put out their fire and candle, and go to bed; the ringing of which bell was called *curfeu*.
Cycle, P. L. viii. 84. a circle in the heavens, imaginary orbs.
Cynosure, P. xiii. 80. the star next the north pole, by which sailors steer; the constellation of Ursa Minor.

D

- Dank*, damp, humid, moist, wet.
Dapper, P. xvi. 118. little and active, lively without bulk.
To Dapple, P. xiii. 44. to streak, to vary, to diversify with colours.
To Damask, P. L. iv. 334. to variegate, to diversify.
Darkling, P. L. iii. 39. in the dark, without light; a word merely poetical.
To Debel, P. R. iv. 605. to conquer, to overcome in war; of the Latin *debello*.
To Defend, P. L. xi. 86. xii. 207. P. R. ii. 370. to forbid, prohibit, keep off, hinder; of the French *defendre*, to forbid.
Dell, P. xvi. 312. a steep place or valley, a pit, a hole in the ground, any cavity in the earth.
Debonair, P. xiii. 24. elegant, civil, well-bred, gentle, complaisant.
Democratie, P. R. iv. 269. a popular government.
Diapason, P. vii. 23. perfect concord through all the tones; Gr. *διαπασων*. It is the same with an octave; because there are but seven tones or notes, and then the eighth is the same again with the first.
To Dight, P. xiii. 62. to dress, to deck, to bedeck, to embellish, to adorn.
Dingle, P. xvi. 312. a narrow valley between two steep hills.
Dipsas, P. L. x. 526. a serpent, whose bite produces the sensation of unquenchable thirst; of *διψα*, thirst.
Discontinuous wound, P. L. vi. 329. said in allusion to the old definition of a wound, that it separates the continuity of the parts. *Vulnus est solutio continui*.
To Dispart, to divide in two, to separate, to break, to burst, to rive.
To Dispense, to distribute, to deal out in parcels.
Divan, P. L. x. 457. any council assembled.
To Divert, P. R. ii. 349. to turn aside, to withdraw the mind.
Divine, P. L. ix. 845. presaging, foreboding.
Divinely, (from the Latin *divinitus*), of God, from heaven, P. L. viii. 500. P. R. i. 26. Excellently in the supreme degree, P. L. ix. 489.
To Doff, S. A. 1410. P. iii. 33. to put off dress.
Dole, S. A. 1529. gifts and portions, blows dealt out; from a Saxon word, or from the Greek *απο τε διελειν*, *distribuere*.
Doughty, S. A. 1181. brave, valiant.
Drear, P. L. x. 525. sad, dreadful, mournful, dismal, sorrowful.
To Drizzle, P. L. vi. 545. to fall in short slow drops.
Drop serene, P. L. iii. 25. a disease of the eye, proceeding from an inspissation of the humour.
To Drug, P. L. x. 568. to physic, to torment with the hateful taste usually found in drugs; to tincture with something offensive.
Dryad, P. L. ix. 387. a wood-nymph.
Dulcimer, P. L. vii. 596. a musical instrument played by striking the brass wires with little sticks.
Dun, P. L. iii. 72. dark, gloomy.

Eccentric,

E

Eccentric, such spheres whose centres are different from that of the earth.

To Eclipse, P. L. v. 776. to disgrace.

Ecliptic, P. L. iii. 740. a great circle of the sphere, supposed to be drawn through the middle of the zodiac, and making an angle with the equinoctial.

Eld, P. i. 13. old age.

Elfe, P. xvi. 846. a wandering spirit, supposed to be seen in wild unfrequented places.

Elops, P. L. x. 525. a dumb serpent that gives no notice by hissing to avoid him.

Emblem, P. L. iv. 703. in the Greek and Latin sense, for inlaid floors of stone or wood, to make figures mathematical or pictural.

To Embow, P. xiv. 157. to arch, to vault.

Embryon, the offspring yet unfinished in the womb.

Emergent, P. L. vii. 286. rising into view or notice.

Empiric, P. L. v. 440. versed in experiments, who makes bold trials and experiments, without much skill and knowledge.

Emprise, P. L. xi. 642. P. xvi. 610. an old word for enterprise.

Engine, P. L. i. 750. device, wit, contrivance.

Ens, P. ii. any being or existence.

To Envermeil, P. i. 6. to paint with vermilion.

Epicyle, P. L. viii. 84. a circle upon another circle; or a little circle whose centre is in the circumference of a greater.

Epilepsy, P. L. xi. 483. a convulsion, or convulsive motion of the whole body, or of some of its parts, with a loss of sense.

Eremit, P. L. iii. 474. P. R. i. 8; a solitary, an anchoret, an inhabitant of the desert, one who retires from society to contemplation and devotion.

Erst, at first, in the beginning, P. xv. 9; formerly, long ago, S. A. 339; before, till then, till now, P. L. ix. 876.

Eternal, P. L. v. 173. fixed and continual, perpetual, constant.

Euphrasy, P. L. xi. 414. the herb eyebright, so named from its clearing virtue.

Eurus, P. L. x. 705. the east wind.

Even, P. L. iv. 555. that part of the hemisphere where it was then evening.

Excess, P. L. xi. 111. P. vi. 24. sin, offence; literally, a going beyond the bounds of our duty.

To Exercise, P. L. ii. 89. to vex and trouble, to keep employed as a penal injunction. It is used in this sense also in Latin.

Ery, P. L. vii. 424. the nest of a bird of prey.

F

Falsities and lies, P. L. i. 367. false idols.

Fanatic, P. L. i. 480. enthusiastic, struck with a superstitious frenzy.

Fatal, upheld by fate, P. L. ii. 104; appointed by destiny, P. L. v. 861.

Favonius, S. xx. 6. the western wind that blows in the spring.

Faye, P. iii. 235. a fairy, an elf.

To Fet, P. R. ii. 401. to fetch, to go and bring.

Flamen, P. iii. 194. a priest.

- Flaw*, P. L. x. 698. a sudden gust, a violent blast; from the Greek *φλαω*, to break.
 To *Flare*, P. xiv. 132. to glitter offensively.
Fledge, full feathered, able to fly, qualified to leave the nest.
Flown, P. L. i. 502. puffed, inflated, elate, raised, heightened.
Founded, P. L. i. 703. melted; from *funder*, to melt, to cast metal.
Fraud, misery, misfortune, mischief, punishment consequent upon deceit, P. L. vii. 143.; hurt and damage, P. L. ix. 643. P. R. i. 372.
 To *Freak*, P. xvii. 144. to freckle, to spot, to variegate, to check.
Freeze, P. L. i. 716. that part of the entablature of columns between the architrave and cornice.
Frequency, P. R. ii. 130. croud, concourse, assembly.
 To *Fret*, to form into raised work, P. L. i. 717.; to hurt by attrition, S. ix. 7.
Fret, P. L. vii. 597. that stop of the musical instrument which causes or regulates the vibrations of the string.
Friars, P. L. iii. 474, 5. *white*, Carmelites; *black*, Dominicans; *gray*, Franciscans.
From, P. R. i. 165. used as *ὑπο* and *prae*, to signify *for* or *because of*.
Frore, P. L. ii. 595. an old word for frosty.
 To *Frounce*, P. xiv. 123. to crisp, to curl, to frizzle.
Fugue, P. L. xi. 563. (of *fuga*, a flight), in music the correspondency of parts, answering one another in the same notes, either above or below.

G

- Gabble*, P. L. xii. 56. loud talk without meaning.
Galaxy, P. L. vii. 579. the milky way, a stream of light in the sky.
Garish, P. xiv. 141. gaudy, splendid, showy, fine.
Garrulity, S. A. 491. loquacity, incontinence of tongue, inability to keep a secret.
Gauntlet, S. A. 1121. an iron glove used for defence, and thrown down in challenges.
Gear, P. xvi. 167. furniture, accoutrements.
 To *Gem*, P. L. vii. 325. to put forth the first buds; of the Latin *gemmare*.
Glare, P. L. iv. 402. a fierce piercing look.
 To *Glare*, to shoot such splendour as the eye cannot bear, P. L. vi. 849.; to look with fierce piercing eyes, P. L. x. 714. P. R. i. 313.
Globe, P. L. ii. 512. a body of soldiers drawn into a circle.
 To *Gloze*, to flatter, to wheedle, to insinuate, to fawn.
God, P. L. v. 117. for angel.
Gonfalon, P. L. v. 589. a kind of streamer or banner, an ensign, a standard.
Gordian twine, P. L. iv. 348. intricate turnings and twistings, like the famous Gordian knot, which no body could untie, but Alexander cut it with his sword.
Gorgon, P. L. ii. 628. a monster with snaky hairs, of which the sight turned beholders to stone.
Graces, P. L. iv. 267. the beautiful seasons,

Grange,

Grange, P. xvi. 175. a farm; generally a farm with a house at a distance from neighbours.

Greaves, S. A. 1121. armour for the legs; a sort of boots.

To *Gride*, P. L. vi. 329. to cut, to make way by cutting.

Gris-amber, P. R. ii. 344. for ambergris.

Grunsel, P. L. i. 460. the groundfil, the lower part of the building.

Gryphon, P. L. ii. 943. a fabulous creature, said to be generated between the lion and eagle, and to have the head and paws of the lion, and the wings of the eagle.

Guerdon, P. xvii. 73. a prize, a reward, a recompense.

Guise, manner, mien, habit, cast of behaviour.

Gurge, P. L. xii. 41. whirlpool, gulf.

Gust, a sudden violent blast of wind, P. L. x. 698.; height of perception, height of sensual enjoyment, P. L. x. 565.

Gymnic, S. A. 1324. such as practise the athletic or gymnastic exercises.

Gyves, S. A. 1093. fetters, chains for the legs.

H

Habergeon, S. A. 1120. a coat of mail for the neck and shoulders.

Habitable, P. L. viii. 157. an adjective used substantively, to which earth is understood; like the Greek οἰκουμενη, the inhabited, the earth.

Hair, P. L. vii. 323. for leaves, twigs, and branches; as the Latin *coma* is used.

Hand, P. R. iv. 59. for handywork.

Hardibood, P. xvi. 650. stoutness, bravery.

To *Harness*, P. iii. 244. to dress, to arm, to accoutre.

To *Harrow*, P. xvi. 565. to disturb, to put into commotion.

Hermes, P. L. iii. 603. mercury or quicksilver.

To *Hie*, P. L. ii. 1055. to hasten, to go in haste.

Hippogris, P. R. iv. 542. an imaginary creature, part like a horse, and part like a gryphon; a winged horse.

Holocaust, S. A. 1702. an entire burnt-offering.

Horrent, P. L. ii. 513. terrible, prickly, set up like the bristles of a wild boar.

To *Hoff*, P. L. vi. 93. to encounter in battle. The word *boffing* (says Newton) seems to have been first coined by Milton. It is a very expressive word, and plainly formed from the substantive *boff*. And if ever it is right to make new words, it is when the occasion is so new and extraordinary.

Hours, P. L. iv. 267. the time requisite for the production and perfection of things.

To *Hull*, P. L. xi. 840. to float, to drive to and fro upon the water without sails or rudder.

Hutch, P. xvi. 719. coffered; from *butch*, a corn-chest.

Hyacinthin, P. R. iv. 301. dark or black.

Hyaline, P. L. vii. 619. the glassy sea.

Hydra, P. L. ii. 628. S. xv. 7. a monster with many heads; whence any multiplicity of evils is termed *hydra*.

Hydrus, P. L. x. 525. the water-snake; of ὕδωρ, water.

Hyæna, S. A. 748. a creature somewhat like a wolf, and said to imitate

tate a human voice so artfully, as to draw people to it, and then devour them,

I

- Jasper*, P. L. iii. 363. a precious stone of a bright beautiful green colour; it bears some resemblance to the sea.
Idolism, P. R. iv. 234. the worship of images.
Idolist, S. A. 453. a worshipper of images.
If, P. L. iii. 117. for though.
Fig, P. xvi. 952. a light careless dance, or tune.
Il Penseroso, P. xiv. the thoughtful melancholy man.
Illaudable, P. L. vi. 382. unworthy of praise or commendation.
Illimitable, P. L. ii. 892. that which cannot be bounded or limited.
To Imblaze, to adorn with glittering embellishments.
To Imboft, S. A. 1700. to inclose in a thicket, to conceal, to cover.
To Imbrown, P. L. iv. 246. to shade, to darken, to obscure, to cloud.
To Imbrute, to degrade to brutality, P. L. ix. 166.; to sink down to brutality, P. xvi. 468.
Imp, P. L. ix. 89. a stock to graft upon, a subaltern devil, a puny devil.
To Imp, S. xv. 8. to lengthen or enlarge with any thing adscititious.
To Impale, P. L. ii. 647. to inclose, to pale or shut in as it were.
To Imparadise, P. L. iv. 506. to put in a place or state resembling Paradise in felicity.
Impassion'd, P. L. ix. 678. seized with passion.
Impassive, P. L. vi. 455. exempt from the agency of external causes.
To Impearl, P. L. v. 747. to form in resemblance of pearls.
Impediment, P. L. vi. 548. carriages and baggage. They were called in Latin *impedimenta*.
Impervious, P. L. x. 254. unpassable, impenetrable.
Implicit, P. L. vii. 323. intangled.
Impotence, P. L. ii. 156. *animi impotentia*, weakness of mind, ungovernableness of passion, an unsteadiness in the government of our passions, or the conduct of our designs. It is meant for the opposite to wisdom.
To Impregn, to fill with any matter or quality.
Impress, P. L. ix. 35. a device, a motto.
To Impurple, P. L. iii. 364. to make red, to colour as with purple.
Inabstinence, P. L. xi. 476. intemperance.
Incubus, P. R. ii. 152. the night-mare.
To Indent, P. L. ix. 496. to notch, to mark any thing with inequalities like the teeth of a saw, to go in and out.
To Indorse, P. R. iii. 329. to cover on the back.
To Infer, P. L. vii. 116. to make by inference.
Infuriate, P. L. vi. 486. enraged, raging.
Inhabitation, S. A. 1512. habitation, place of dwelling.
Insensate, P. L. vi. 787. S. A. 1685. stupid, wanting thought, wanting sensibility.
To Insinuate, P. L. iv. 348. to infold, to imbosom, to wrap or roll up, to wind.
Intercourse, P. L. x. 260. passing frequently backward and forward.

Interlunar,

Interlunar, S. A. 89. belonging to the time when the moon, about the change, is invisible.

To Intrench, P. L. i. 601. to cut into, to make trenches in, to break with hollows; from the French *intrencher*, to cut.

Joust, P. L. ix. 37. tilt, tournament, mock-fight.

To Joust, P. L. i. 583. to run in the tilt.

Iris, P. L. iv. 698. the flower de-luce; so called from resembling the colours of the rainbow.

Irrigulous, P. L. iv. 255. well watered, full of springs and rills.

Jugler, P. xvi. 757. one who practises sleight of hand, a cheat.

Judicious, P. L. viii. 591. chuses with prudence and skill.

K

To Kennel, P. L. ii. 658. to lie, to dwell.

Kerchief, P. xiv. 125. dressed, hooded; from *kerchief*, a head-dress; French *couvre-chef*.

Kirtle, P. xvi. 254. a woman's gown.

Knee-tribute, P. L. v. 782. genuflexion, worship or obeisance shown by kneeling,

L

Lair, P. L. vii. 457. the couch or bed of a boar or wild beast.

L'Allegro, P. xiii. the cheerful merry man.

Larboard, P. L. ii. 1019. the left-hand side of a ship, when you stand with your face to the head.

Lars, P. iii. 191. household gods.

Lazar-house, P. L. xi. 479. a house for the reception of the diseased; an hospital.

Lea, P. xvi. 965. ground inclosed, not open; pastures, or corn-fields.

Lee, or *Lee-shore*, P. L. i. 207. is that on which the wind blows. *To be under the lee*, is to be close under the weather-shore.

Leer, P. L. iv. 503. an oblique view.

Lemures, P. iii. 191. night-spirits, hobgoblins.

Lenient, S. A. 659. assuasive, softening, mitigating.

Leis, P. L. ix. 320. for too little.

Levant, P. L. x. 704. rising, eastern.

Leviathan, P. L. i. 201. a water-animal described in the book of Job; by some imagined to be the crocodile, but in poetry generally taken for the whale.

Libbard, P. L. vii. 467. a leopard, a spotted beast of prey.

Libeccio, P. L. x. 706. the south-west wind.

Limbeck, P. L. iii. 605. a still.

Limitary, P. L. iv. 971. placed at the boundaries as a guard or superintendant; set to guard the bounds.

Limbe, P. L. iv. 347. limber, pliant, flexible, easily bent.

Longitude, length or distance, P. L. iv. 539. ; the sun's course from east to west in a strait and direct line, P. L. vii. 373.

Lore, lesson, instruction.

Lubbar, P. xiii. 110. a sturdy drone; an idle, fat, bulky lofel; a booby.

M

Madrigal, P. xvi. 495. a pastoral song.

Magnetic, P. L. iii. 583. attractive, having the power to draw things distant.

- To Manure*, P. L. iv. 628. to cultivate by manual labour.
- Marasmus*, P. L. xi. 487. a kind of consumption, accompanied with a fever wasting the body by degrees.
- Marish*, P. L. xii. 630. an old word for marsh, a bog, a fen.
- Marle*, P. L. i. 296. a kind of clay, used for fattening land.
- To May*, P. xiii. 20. to gather flowers on May morning.
- Meatb*, P. L. v. 345. sweet drink like mead.
- Meed*, P. xvii. 14. reward, recompense.
- Mellifluous*, P. L. v. 429. flowing with honey, with sweetness.
- Memory*, reminiscence, recollection, P. L. iv. 24.; time of knowledge, P. L. vii. 66. 637.
- Mickle*, P. xvi. 31. much, great. An obsolete word.
- Midriff*, P. L. xi. 445. the diaphragm, a nervous muscle separating the breast from the belly.
- Mimic*, S. A. 1325. a ludicrous imitator. This is *mimirs* in all the editions, though the table of errata to the first edition directs to read *mimics*.
- Mimic*, P. L. v. 110. imitative, befitting a mimic.
- Minim*, P. L. vii. 482. a small being, a dwarf.
- Mintage*, P. xvi. 529. that which is coined or stamped.
- Miscreated*, P. L. ii. 683. formed unnaturally or illegitimately; made as by a blunder of nature.
- Misery*, P. L. ix. 12. xi. 476. sickness, disease, and all sorts of mortal pains.
- To Mix*, P. L. ii. 69. to fill with.
- Mold*, P. L. ii. 355. vi. 576. substance.
- Moment*, P. L. vi. 239. x. 45. force, impulsive weight, actuating power. It is the weight that turns the balance.
- To Moor*, P. L. i. 207. to be fixed, to be stationed. It is the laying out of anchors in a proper place for the secure riding of a ship.
- To Mope*, P. L. xi. 485. to be stupid; to drowse; to be spiritless, inactive, and inattentive; to be stupid and delirious.
- Morrice*, P. xvi. 116. a dance in which bells are gingled, or staves or swords clashed.
- Mosaic*, P. L. iv. 700. a kind of painting in small pebbles, cockles, and shells of sundry colours.
- Mound*, P. L. iv. 134. any thing raised to fortify or defend, a bank of earth and stone.
- Mummer*, S. A. 1325. a masker, one who performs antics in a personated dress.
- Murky*, P. L. x. 280. dark, cloudy, tainted, wanting light.
- Murren*, P. L. xii. 179. the plague in cattle.
- Must*, P. L. v. 345. new wine.
- Mysterious*, including a hidden meaning in it, inaccessible to the understanding, awfully obscure.

N

- Naphtha*, P. L. i. 729. a very pure, clear, and thin mineral fluid, of a very pale yellow, with a cast of brown in it. It is of so unctuous and fiery a nature, that it kindles at approaching the fire, or the sun-beams.
- Nard*, P. L. v. 293. spikenard.
- Nathless*, P. L. i. 299. nevertheless.

Navel,

- Navel*, P. xvi. 520. the middle, the interior part.
To Need, P. L. x. 80. S. A. 1554. to be wanting.
Nepenthes, P. xvi. 675. a drug that drives away all pains.
Night, P. L. v. 93. for the visions and dreams frequent in it.
Noctent, P. L. ix. 186. hurtful, mischievous.
Noctus, P. L. x. 702. the south wind.
Number, P. L. iii. 580 measure, harmony.
Number'd, P. L. viii. 19. numerous.

O

- To Oblige*, P. L. ix. 980. to render obnoxious to guilt or punishment.
 It is used in the large sense of the Latin *obligo*.
Of, P. L. iv. 411. for among.
Offal, P. L. x. 633. carrion, coarse meat.
Omnific, P. L. vii. 217. all-creating.
Ooze, P. L. vii. 303. soft mud, mire at the bottom of water, slime.
Opal, P. L. ii. 1049. a precious stone of diverse colours, partaking of the carbuncle's faint fire, the amethyst's bright purple, and the emerald's cheering green.
Opiate, P. L. xi. 133. soporiferous, somniferous, narcotic, causing sleep.
Orc, P. L. xi. 835. a large kind of sea-beast.
Oread, P. L. ix. 387. a mountain-nymph.
Orgies, P. L. i. 415. mad rites of Bacchus, frantic revels.
Orient, P. xvi. 65. bright, shining, glittering, gaudy, sparkling.
Orisons, a prayer, a supplication.
Ounce, a lynx, a panther.

P

- Pact*, P. R. iv. 191. the technical term for the contracts of force-ers with the devil; a bargain, a covenant.
Palmer, P. xvi. 189. a pilgrim; they who returned from the Holy land carrying branches of *palm*, whither they had made a vow to go, and are therefore called *votarists*.
To Pamper, P. L. v. 214. to be overgrown with superfluous leaves and fruitless branches; from the French *pampré*, of the Latin *pampinus*, a vine-branch full of leaves.
Pan, P. L. iv. 266. nature.
Pandæmonium, the capital, or chief residence of the devils.
Panim, P. L. i. 765. P. R. iii. 343. pagan, infidel.
Panoply, P. L. vi. 527. armour from head to foot; from the Greek πανοπλία, armour at all points.
Pansy, P. L. ix. 1040. a kind of violet.
To Paragon, P. L. x. 426. to compare, to be equal to, like to; of παρα *juxta*, and αγων *certamen*; an exact idea or likeness of a thing, able to contest with the original.
Paranymph, S. A. 1020. a bride-man, one who leads the bride to her marriage.
Pard, P. L. iv. 344. the leopard, a spotted beast of prey.
Parle, P. L. vi. 296. conversation, talk.
Parly, P. xvi. 241. talk, conference.
To Peer, P. iii. 140. to come just in sight.
Peerless, unequalled, having no peer.

Peccant,

- Peccant*, P. L. xi. 70. guilty, criminal.
Pen, P. L. vii. 421. a feather; from *penna*.
Penance, P. L. ii. 92. punishment, suffered as an expression of repentance for sin.
Pennon, P. L. ii. 933. vulgarly spelt *pinion*, a wing; from *penna*.
Pernicious, P. L. vi. 520. quick, speedy; from the Latin *pernix*.
Petrific, P. L. x. 294. having the power to change to stone.
Phylactery, P. xix. 17. a bandage on which was inscribed some memorable sentence.
Pied, P. xiii. 75. variegated, particoloured.
Pilaster, P. L. i. 713. a pillar jutting out of the wall.
Platan, P. L. iv. 478. the plane-tree, so named from the breadth of its leaves. Πλάτυς, Gr. broad.
Plate, P. L. vi. 368. broad solid armour.
Pledge, P. xvii. 107. a child; as children were simply called by the Latins *pignora*, pledges.
Pleiades, P. L. vii. 374. a northern constellation.
To Plight, P. xvi. 301. to plait, to braid, to weave.
Plurality, P. xix. 3. more cures of souls than one.
To poise, P. L. ii. 905. to give weight or balast to; to hold or place in equiponderance.
Ponent, P. L. x. 704. setting, western.
Pontifical, P. L. x. 313. bridge-building.
Pontifice, P. L. x. 348. bridgework, edifice of a bridge.
Porcupine, S. A. 1138. a hedgehog, a creature wholly covered with quills.
To Port, P. L. iv. 980. to carry in form. *Ported spears*, spears orne pointed towards Satan.
Portcullis, P. L. ii. 874. a sort of machine like a harrow, hung over the gates of a city, to be let down to keep out an enemy.
To Prank, P. xvi. 759. to dress, to decorate; to dress, or adjust to ostentation.
Predicament, P. ii. 56. a class or arrangement of beings or substances ranked according to their natures.
To Pretend, P. L. x. 872. to hold or place before; to hold out as a delusive appearance; to exhibit as a cover of something hidden: from the Latin *prætere*.
Pride, P. L. iv. 40. a kind of excessive and vitious self-esteem, that raises men in their own opinions above what is just and right. See Ambition.
Proboscis, P. L. iv. 347. the snout or trunk of an elephant.
Procinet, P. L. vi. 19. complete preparation, preparation brought to the point of action. *In procinet*, ready girded; in allusion to the ancients, who just before the battle used to gird their garments close to them, which on other occasions they wore very loose.
Proof, P. L. v. 384. for armour.
Provision, P. L. ix. 623. what is provided for men, accumulation of stores beforehand, stock collected. It usually signifies what men have provided.
To Prowl, P. L. iv. 183. to prey, to plunder.
Punctual, P. L. viii. 23. comprised or consisting in a point, no bigger than a point.

Puny, P. L. ii. 367. weak, little, born since, created long after; from the French *puis ne*.

To *Purffe*, P. xvi. 995. to decorate with a wrought or flowered border, to embroider. *Purffed*, flourished, or wrought upon with a needle.

Purlieu, P. L. iv. 404. border, inclosure.

To *Purloin*, P. ii. 946. to steal, to take by theft.

To *Purvey*, P. L. ix. 1021. to procure provisions.

Q

Quaint, P. L. viii. 78. subtly excogitated, finespun.

Quality, P. ii. nature relatively considered; or property, accident.

Quantity, P. ii. that property of any thing which may be increased or diminished.

Quaternion, P. L. v. 181. a fourfold mixture and combination.

Quintessence, an extract from any thing, containing all its virtues in a small quantity.

Quip, P. xiii. 27. a sharp jest, a taunt, a sarcasm.

R

Ratbe, P. xvii. 142. early, coming before the time.

To *Reak*, P. L. viii. 256. to steam, to smoke, to emit vapour; from the Saxon *rec*, smoke.

Realty, P. L. vi. 115. loyalty. A word peculiar to Milton.

Relec, P. xiii. 94. a three-stringed fiddle.

Rebell'd, P. L. vi. 737. for those who have rebelled, rebellious.

To *Reck*, to care, to heed, to mind, to make account of, to rate at much.

To *Record*, P. L. vii. 338. to celebrate, to cause to be remembered.

Recreant, P. R. iii. 138. apostate, false.

Reign, P. L. i. 543. kingdom; us'd like *regnum*.

Relation, P. ii. manner of belonging to any person or thing.

Religion, P. L. i. 372. religious rites; or a system of worship opposite to others.

Reluctant, P. L. vi. 58. unwilling, acting with repugnance.

To *Remark*, S. A. 1309. to distinguish, to point out, to mark.

To *Repeal*, P. L. vii. 59. to abrogate, to revoke. In the same sense as a law is said to be *repealed*, when an end is put to all the force and effect of it; so when *doubts* are at an end, they may be said to be *repealed*.

Reprobate, P. L. i. 697. lost to virtue, lost to grace, abandoned.

Reptile, P. L. vii. 388. an animal that creeps upon many feet.

To *Retain*, P. L. ix. 601. to confine.

Rheum, P. L. xi. 488. a thin watery matter oozing through the glands, chiefly about the mouth.

Rbomb, a figure of four sides; which being converted into one of three makes a *wedge*, P. R. iii. 309.

Rubied, red as a ruby.

Ruin, P. L. i. 46. falling with violence and precipitation.

To *Ruin*, P. L. vi. 868. to fall down with ruin and precipitation.

Ruffet, P. xiii. 71. rustic.

Ruth, P. xvii. 163. pity, mercy, tenderness, sorrow for the misery of another.

S

- Sable*, P. L. ii. 962. black. A *sable* is a creature whose skin is of the greater price, the blacker it is.
- Sad*, P. L. vi. 541. four and fullen, serious or in earnest.
- Sadly*, P. xvi. 509. soberly, seriously.
- Sagacious*, P. L. x. 281. quick of scent.
- Sappir*, a precious stone of a blue colour.
- Saw*, P. xvi. 110. a maxim, a saying, a sentence, a proverb.
- Scape*, P. R. ii. 189. a loose act of vice or lewdness.
- To *Scatbe*, P. L. i. 613. to damage, to hurt, to waste, to destroy.
- Sciential*, P. L. ix. 837. producing science or knowledge.
- Scrannel*, P. xvii. 124. vile, worthless, grating to the sound.
- Scull*, P. L. vii. 402. a shoal or vast multitude of fish.
- To *Sdeign*, P. L. iv. 50. to disdain.
- Sensible*, P. L. ii. 278. the sense. To *sensible*, the adjective used for a substantive.
- Seneshal*, P. L. ix. 38. one who had in great houses the care of feasts or domestic ceremonies; a steward.
- Sere*, P. L. x. 1071. P. xvii. 2. dry, withered; from the Greek *ξηρος*.
- Serenate*, P. L. iv. 769. music or songs with which ladies are entertained by their lovers in the night.
- To *Serry*, P. L. i. 548. vi. 599. to press close; to drive hard together; to link and clasp together; from the French *ferrer*, to lock, to shut close.
- Servitude*, P. L. xii. 132. servants; the abstract for the concrete.
- Sewer*, P. L. ix. 38. an officer who serves up a feast.
- Sextile*, P. L. x. 659. a position or aspect of two planets, when at sixty degrees distant, or at the distance of two signs from one another.
- To *Shatter*, P. L. x. 1066. P. xvii. 5. to shake or break in pieces, to break so as to scatter the parts.
- Sheen*, brightness, splendour.
- Sheen*, or *Sheeny*, bright, glittering; shewy.
- Skeer*, clean, quick, at once.
- Shifier*, P. xi. 5. one who plays tricks, a man of artifice.
- Sboon*, P. xvi. 635. shoes.
- Sideral*, x. 693. starry, astral.
- Sirocco*, P. L. x. 706. the south-east or Syrian wind.
- Sky-tinctured*, P. L. v. 285. sky-coloured, died in grain, to express beauty and durableness.
- Smouldring*, P. iii. 159. burning and smoking without vent.
- Soldan*, P. L. i. 764. a Sultan, the emperor of the Turks.
- Solitary*, P. L. vi. 139. single.
- Sooth*, truth. In *sooth*, indeed.
- Sooth*, P. xvi. 823. true, faithful, pleasing, delightful.
- Sord*, P. L. xi. 433. turf, grassy ground.
- Soul*, P. L. v. 197. an intelligent being, any creature that has life besides man.
- Speculation*, P. L. xii. 589. a watching on a tower or high place, thence a discovery.
- Squat*, P. L. iv. 800. cowering, close to the ground.

- To Stand**, P. L. viii. 3. to remain, to continue.
Station of a planet, P. L. vii. 563. a term of art, when the planet appears neither to go backwards nor forwards, but to stand still and keep the same place in its orbit.
Staist, P. R. iv. 354. a statesman, a politician.
To Subscribe, P. L. xi. 182. to assent, to agree to. *Subscribere* literally signifies to underwrite, thence to agree to.
Substance, P. ii. a being subsisting in and by itself.
Success, P. L. ii. 9. vi. 161. for ill success. It imports the termination of any affair happy or unhappy; but without any epithet it is commonly taken for good success.
Succinct, P. L. iii. 643. ready prepared; the metaphorical sense of the word. Literally it signifies *girded*, or *tucked up*.
Suffusion, P. L. iii. 26. that which is suffused or spread.
To Sum, P. L. vii. 421. P. R. i. 14. to have feathers full grown, or to their full strength; to want nothing of the sum of its feathers. A term in falconry.
Superior, free from emotion or concern, unconquered.
To Supplant, P. L. x. 513. to trip up one's heels, to overthrow; from the Latin *supplanto*, a *planta pedis subtus emota*.
Swart, black, gloomy, malignant. **Swart star**, P. xvii. 138. the dog-star.
To Swerve, P. L. vi. 386. to wander out of its place, to deviate, to rove; by analogy, to bend, to ply.
To Swinge, P. iii. 172. to move as a lash. In this sense the word is not now in use.
To Swink, P. xvi. 293. to overlabour, to work, to tire, to fatigue.
Sylvan, a wood-god, or Satyr.
Symphony, concert of instruments, harmony of mingled sounds.
Syris, P. L. ii. 939. a quick-sand, a bog.

T

- To Tangle**, to insnare, to intrap, to be intangled.
Tangle, a knot of things mingled in one another.
Tassel'd, P. xv. 57. adorned with tassels.
To Ted, P. L. ix. 450. to lay grass newly mown in rows, for drying.
To Tempest, P. L. vii. 412. (from the Italian *tempestare*), to disturb as by a tempest.
Tepid, P. L. vii. 417. lukewarm.
Thankless, P. xvii. 66. that earns no thanks, is not thanked. It otherwise signifies unthankful, ungrateful.
Thraſcias, P. L. x. 700. the wind blowing from Thrace, northward of Greece.
To Thrill, P. iii. 103. to pierce, to bore, to penetrate.
Tiar, P. L. iii. 625. a Persian word for a round cap, high and ending in a point; the usual covering and ornament the eastern princes wore on their heads.
To Tilt, to run in tilts, P. L. ix. 34.; to play unsteadily, P. L. xi. 747.
Tilth, P. L. xi. 430. arable, tilled.
To Tine, P. L. x. 1075. to light, to kindle, to set on fire; from the Saxon *tynan*, to light, to kindle. From this we have the word *tinder*.
Tippy, P. xvi. 104. drunk, overpowered with drink.

- To *Torment*, P. L. vi. 244. to put into great agitation ; from the French *tormente*, a great storm.
- Torneament*, or *Tournament*, tilt, just, P. L. ix. 37. ; encounter, shock of battle, P. L. xi. 652.
- Tortuous*, P. L. ix. 516. twisted, wreathed, winding.
- Trading*, P. L. ii. 640. having a trading wind, or a monsoon.
- To *Train*, P. L. vi. 553. to draw along, to draw in train ; from the term *train of artillery*.
- Transmigration*, P. L. x. 261. passage from one place or state into another.
- To *Travel*, P. L. iii. 501. to tire, to harass. Mr Johnson thinks this word should be spelt *travail* when it signifies *labour*, and *travel* when it signifies *journey*.
- To *Trick*, P. xiv. 123. xvii. 170. to dress, to decorate, to adorn.
- Triform*, P. L. iii. 730. having a triple shape. The moon is said to be *triform*, when increasing with horns towards the east, decreasing with horns towards the west, and at the full.
- To *Trill*, P. R. iv. 246. to utter quavering.
- To *Trip*, P. L. xi. 847. P. xv. 99. to dance, to run or step lightly ; from *tripudiare*, to dance.
- To *Troll*, P. L. xi. 620. to move circularly.
- Tropic*, P. L. x. 675. the line at which the sun turns back.
- Tun*, P. L. iv. 816. a large cask.
- Turkis*, or *Turkois*, P. xvi. 894. a blue stone, numbered among the meaner precious stones.
- Turm*, P. R. iv. 66. a troop ; a word coined from the Latin *turma*.

U

- Unnapparent*, P. L. vii. 103. obscure, not visible.
- Uncouth*, odd, strange, unusual. From the Saxon *uncud*, unknown.
- Understood*, P. L. i. 662. not expressed, not openly declared, and yet implied ; as when we say, that a substantive or verb is *understood* in a sentence.
- Unessential*, P. L. ii. 439. void of real being.
- Unexpressive*, unutterable, ineffable, not to be expressed.
- Unfum'd*, P. L. v. 349. not burnt and exhaling smoke as in fumigations, but with its natural scent.
- Unison*, P. L. vii. 599. sounding alone.
- Unprevented*, P. L. iii. 231. not preceded by any thing.
- Unremoved*, P. L. iv. 987. for immoveable, not capable of being removed.
- Unweeting*, ignorant, unknowing.
- Unwiser*, P. L. iv. 716. not so wise as one should have been.
- To *Use*, P. xvii. 136. to haunt, to frequent.
- Uxorious*, submissively fond of a wife, infected with connubial dotage.

V

- Van*, a wing with which the air is beaten.
- Vant-brass*, or *Vant-brace*, S. A. 1121. armour for the arms.
- Various*, varied with diverse sculptures and paintings, P. L. vi. 84. ; variegated, diversified, P. L. vii. 318.
- To *Veer*, P. L. ix. 315. to turn about.
- Vernant*, P. L. x. 679. flourishing as in the spring.
- Viands*, food, meat dressed.

Vigil, P. R. i. 182. watch; devotions performed in the customary hours of rest; songs sung while the angels kept watch.

Void, P. L. iii. 12. destitute of any formed being, void as the earth was when first created. It commonly signifies *emptiness*; but it cannot be so understood here; for Chaos is described as full of matter.

Volant, P. L. xi. 561. nimble, active.

Vollied, P. L. iv. 928. dislodged, discharged with a volley.

Voluble, rolling, having quick motion.

W

To *Wallow*, P. L. vii. 411. to move heavily and clumsily.

War, P. L. xii. 214. forces, army.

Ware, P. L. ix. 353. P. xvi. 558. wary, cautious.

To *Warp*, P. L. i. 341. to turn; to work forward; a sea-term.

Wassailer, P. xvi. 179. a toper, a drunkard. Mr Johnson gives this account of the origin of the word. *Hail* or *beil* for health was in such continual use among the good fellows of ancient times, that a drinker was called a *was-beiler*, or a *wisber of bealth*; and the liquor was termed *was-beil*, because *bealth* was so often *wisshed over it*. These words were afterwards corrupted into *wassail* and *wassailer*. Miscel. obs. on Macbeth, p. 41.

To *Wattle*, P. xvi. 344. to bind with twigs; to form, by plating twigs one within another.

To *Ween*, to think, to imagine, to fancy.

To *Weer*, to know, to be informed.

Welkin, the firmament or sky.

Westering, P. xvii. 31. drawing toward the west.

Whilome, P. i. 24. formerly, once, of old.

Whist, P. iii. 64. still, silent. It is commonly used as an interjection commanding silence. And hence it is supposed the game of *Whist* hath its name, as it requires close attention and silence.

Wight, a person, a being.

Wizard, a wise man, P. iii. 23.; an inchanter, a conjurer, P. xvi. 571.

Within, P. L. i. 725. xi. 470. an adverb, inwardly.

To *Won*, P. L. vii. 457. to live, to dwell, to inhabit.

To *Worse*, P. L. vi. 440. to put to disadvantage.

To *Wrack*, P. L. ii. 182. to rock, to shake.

To *Wrench*, S. xxi. 4. to force, to wrest.

To *Wrinkle*, to distort, P. L. x. 569.; to twist with violence, P. L. vi. 328.

Y

Ycleaped, P. xiii. 12. called, named, termed.

Z

Zenith, the point over head opposite to the nadir.

Zephyr, the west wind.

Zodiac, a great circle of the sphere, containing the twelve signs.

Zone, a girdle, P. L. v. 281.; a division of the earth, P. L. ii. 397.; circuit, circumference, P. L. v. 560.

From

From Mr ADDISON'S SPECTATOR.

The number of books in Paradise Lost is equal to those of the Æneid. Our author in his first edition had divided his poem into ten books, but afterwards broke the seventh and the tenth each of them into two different books, by the help of some small additions. It was not done for the sake of such a chimerical beauty as that of resembling Virgil in this particular, but for the more just and regular disposition of this great work. Those who have read Bos-
su, and many of the critics who have written since his time, will not pardon me if I do not find out the particular moral which is inculcated in Paradise Lost. Though I can by no means think, with the last-mentioned French author, that an epic writer first of all pitches upon a certain moral, as the ground-work and foundation of his poem, and afterwards finds out a story to it: I am however of opinion, that no just heroic poem ever was or can be made, from whence one great moral may not be deduced. That which reigns in Milton, is the most universal and most useful that can be imagined; it is in short this, *That obedience to the will of God makes men happy, and that disobedience makes them miserable.* This is visibly the moral of the principal fable, which turns upon Adam and Eve, who continued in Paradise, while they kept the command that was given them, and were driven out of it as soon as they had transgressed. This is likewise the moral of the principal episode, which shows us how an innumerable multitude of angels fell from their state of bliss, and were cast into hell upon their disobedience. Besides this great moral, which may be looked upon as the soul of the fable, there are an infinity of under morals, which are to be drawn from the several parts of the poem, and which make this work more useful and instructive than any other poem in any language. Those who have criticized on the Odyssey, the Iliad, and Æneid, have taken a great deal of pains to fix the number of months and days contained in the action of each of those poems. If any one thinks it worth his while to examine this particular in Milton, he will find that from Adam's first appearance in the fourth book, to his expulsion from Paradise in the twelfth, the author reckons ten days. As for that part of the action which is described in the three first books, as it does not pass within the regions of nature, it is not subject to any calculations of time.

The

The LIFE of MILTON.

THE family of Milton came originally from Milton near Halton and Thame, Oxfordshire; where it flourished several years, till at last the estate was sequestered, one of the family having taken the unfortunate side in the civil wars between the houses of York and Lancaster. John Milton, the poet's grandfather, was an under-ranger or keeper of the forest of Shotover near Halton, Oxfordshire. He was of the religion of Rome; and such a bigot, that he disinherited his son only for being a Protestant. Upon this the son, our poet's father, named likewise John Milton, settled in London, and became a scrivener. He had a taste for the politer arts, and was particularly skilled in music, in which he was a fine performer; and is also celebrated for several pieces of his composition. By his diligence and oeconomy he acquired a competent estate, which enabled him afterwards to retire, and live in the country. He was a very worthy man; and married Sarah Calton, of a family originally derived from Wales. She was a woman of incomparable virtue and goodness, and by her husband had two sons and a daughter.

The elder of the sons was our famous poet, who was born in Breadstreet, London, Dec. 9. 1608. He was named John, as his father and grandfather had been before him. From the beginning discovering the marks of an uncommon genius, he was designed for a scholar, and had his education partly under private tutors, and partly at a public school. When he had made good progress in his studies at home, he was sent to St Paul's school, to be fitted for the university. In this early time of life, such was his love of learning, and so great his ambition to surpass his equals, that from his twelfth year he commonly continued his studies till midnight, which (as he says himself) was the first ruin of his eyes, to whose natural debility were added too frequent headachs: but all could not extinguish or abate his laudable passion for letters. It is very seldom seen, that such application and such a genius meet in the same person. The force of either is great, but both together must perform wonders.

He

He was now in the 17th year of his age, and was a very good classical scholar, and master of several languages, when he was sent to the university of Cambridge, and admitted at Christ's college, Feb. 12. 1624-5. He continued above seven years at the university, and took two degrees, that of Bachelor of Arts in 1628-9, and that of Master in 1632. He had given early proofs of his poetic genius before he went to the university; and there he excelled more and more, and distinguished himself by several copies of verses upon occasional subjects, as well as by all his academical exercises, many of which are printed among his other works, and show him to have had a capacity above his years: and by his obliging behaviour added to his great learning and ingenuity, he deservedly gained the affection of many, and admiration of all. He did not however obtain any preferment in the university. This, together with some Latin verses of his to a friend, reflecting upon the university seemingly on this account, might probably have given occasion to the reproach afterwards cast upon him by his adversaries, that he was expelled from the university for irregularities, and forced to fly to Italy. But he sufficiently refutes this calumny in more places than one of his works. And indeed it is no wonder that a person so engaged in religious and political controversies as he was, should be calumniated by the contrary party.

He was designed by his parents for holy orders: but it appears, that he had conceived early prejudices against the doctrine and discipline of the church; and subscribing to the articles, was, in his opinion, subscribing slave. This no doubt was a disappointment to his friends, who though in comfortable, were yet by no means in great circumstances. Neither doth he seem to have had any inclination to any other profession: he had too free a spirit to be limited and confined; and was for comprehending all sciences, but professing none. Therefore, after he had left the university in 1632, he went to his father's house in the country; for his father had by this time retired to live at an estate which he had purchased at Horton, near Colebrooke, Buckinghamshire. Here he resided with his parents for five years, and read over all the Greek and Latin authors, particularly the historians. But now and then he made an excursion to London;

don; sometimes to buy books, or to meet his friends from Cambridge; and at other times to learn something new in the mathematics or music, with which he was extremely delighted.

His retirement therefore was a learned retirement; and it was not long before the world reaped the fruits of it. His *Mask* was presented at Ludlow-castle in 1634. There was formerly a President of Wales, and a sort of a court kept at Ludlow, which has since been abolished. The President at that time was the Earl of Bridgwater; before whom Milton's *Mask* was presented on Michaelmas night; and the principal parts, those of the two brothers were performed by his Lordship's sons the Lord Brackly and Mr Thomas Egerton, and that of the lady by his Lordship's daughter Lady Alice. The occasion of this poem seemeth to have been merely an accident of the two brothers and the lady having lost one another in their way to the castle. It is written very much in imitation of Shakespear's *Tempest*, and the *Faithful Shepherdess* of Beaumont and Fletcher; and though one of the first, is yet one of the most beautiful of Milton's compositions. It was for some time handed about only in manuscript; but afterwards, to satisfy the importunity of friends, and to save the trouble of transcribing, it was printed at London, though without the author's name, in 1637, with a dedication to the Lord Brackly, by Mr H. Lawes, who composed the music, and played the part of the attendant spirit. It was printed likewise at Oxford, at the end of Mr R.'s poems; but who that Mr R. was, whether Randolph the poet, or who else, is uncertain. It has lately, though with additions and alterations, been exhibited on the stage several times; and we hope the fine poetry and morality have recommended it to the audience, and not barely the authority of Milton's name; and we wish, for the honour of the nation, that the like good taste prevailed in every thing.

In 1637 he wrote another excellent piece, his *Lycidas*; wherein he laments the untimely fate of a friend, who was drowned on the Irish seas, in his passage from Chester. This friend was Mr Edward King, son of Sir John King, Secretary of Ireland, and a fellow of Christ's college. He was so well beloved and esteemed at Cambridge, that some of the greatest names in the university have united in

celebrating his obsequies, and published a collection of poems, Greek, Latin, and English, sacred to his memory; the Greek by H. More, &c.; the Latin by T. Farnaby, J. Pearson, &c.; the English by H. King, J. Beaumont, J. Cleveland, with several others; and judiciously the last of all, as the best of all, is Milton's Lycidas. "On such sacrifices the gods themselves strow incense;" and one would almost wish so to have died, for the sake of having been so lamented. But this poem is not all made up of sorrow and tenderness; there is a mixture of satire and indignation: for in part of it the poet taketh occasion to inveigh against the corruptions of the clergy, and seemeth to have first discovered his acrimony against Abp Laud, and to have threatened him with the loss of his head, which afterwards happened to him through the fury of his enemies. At least I can think of no sense so proper to be given to the following verses in Lycidas.

*Besides what the grim wolf with privy paw
Daily devours apace, and nothing said;
But that two-handed engine at the door
Stands ready to smite once, and smite no more.*

About this time he had some thoughts of taking chambers at one of the inns of court, for he was not very well pleased with living so obscurely in the country: but his mother dying, he prevailed with his father to let him indulge a desire which he had long entertained, of seeing foreign countries, and particularly Italy. Having communicated his design to Sir Henry Wotton, who had formerly been ambassador at Venice, and was then Provost of Eton college, and having also sent him his Mask, of which he had not yet publicly acknowledged himself the author, he received from him the following friendly letter, dated, *From the college, the 13th of April 1638.*

S I R,

IT was a special favour, when you lately bestowed upon me here the first taste of your acquaintance, though no longer than to make me know that I wanted more time to value it, and to enjoy it rightly: and in truth, if I could then have imagined your farther stay in these parts, which

which I understood afterwards by Mr H., I would have been bold in our vulgar phrase to mend my draught, (for you left me with an extreme thirst), and to have begged your conversation again, jointly with your said learned friend, at a poor meal or two, that we might have band-ed together some good authors of the ancient time ; among which I observed you to have been familiar.

Since your going, you have charged me with new obligations, both for a very kind letter from you, dated the sixth of this month, and for a dainty piece of entertainment that came therewith. Wherein I should much commend the tragical part, if the lyrical did not ravish me with a certain Doric delicacy in your songs and odes, whereunto I must plainly confess to have seen yet nothing parallel in our language, *ipsa mollities*. But I must not omit to tell you, that I now only owe you thanks for intimating unto me (how modestly soever) the true artificer. For the work itself I had viewed some good while before, with singular delight, having received it from our common friend Mr R. in the very close of the late R.'s poems, printed at Oxford, whereunto it is added, (as I now suppose), that the accessory might help out the principal, according to the art of *stationers*, and leave the reader *con la bocca dolce*.

Now, Sir, concerning your travels, wherein I may challenge a little more privilege of discourse with you ; I suppose you will not blanch Paris in your way. Therefore I have been bold to trouble you with a few lines to Mr M. B. whom you shall easily find attending the young Lord S. as his governor ; and you may surely receive from him good directions for the shaping of your farther journey into Italy, where he did reside by my choice some time for the King, after mine own recess from Venice.

I should think, that your best line will be through the whole length of France to Marseilles, and thence by sea to Genoa, whence the passage into Tuscany is as diurnal as a Gravesend barge. I hasten, as you do, to Florence, or Sienna, the rather to tell you a short story, from the interest you have given me in your safety.

At Sienna I was tabled in the house of one Alberto Scipioni, an old Roman courtier in dangerous times, having been steward to the Duca di Pagliano, who with all his family were strangled, save this only man, that esca-

ped by foresight of the tempest. With him I had often much chat of those affairs ; into which he took pleasure to look back from his native harbour ; and at my departure toward Rome, (which had been the centre of his experience), I had won confidence enough to beg his advice, how I might carry myself securely there, without offence of others, or of mine own conscience. *Signior Arrigo mio*, (says he), *I pensieri stretti, et il viso sciolto*, that is, your thoughts close, and your countenance loose, will go safely over the whole world. Of which Delphian oracle (for so I have found it) your judgment doth need no commentary ; and therefore, Sir, I will commit you with it to the best of all securities, God's dear love ; remaining your friend, as much at command as any of longer date,

H. WOTTON.

P. S. Sir, I have expressly sent this by my foot-boy to prevent your departure without some acknowledgment from me of the receipt of your obliging letter, having myself through some business, I know not how, neglected the ordinary conveyance. In any part where I shall understand you fixed, I shall be glad, and diligent to entertain you with home-novelties ; even for some fomentation of our friendship, too soon interrupted in the cradle.

Soon after this he set out upon his travels, being of an age to make the proper improvements, and not barely to see fights, and to learn the languages, like most of our modern travellers, who go out boys, and return such as we see, but such as I do not chuse to name. He went first to France, where he had recommendations to the Lord Scudamore, the English ambassador. As soon as he came to Paris, he waited upon his Lordship, and was received with wonderful civility. Having an earnest desire to visit the learned Hugo Grotius, he was by his Lordship's means introduced to that great man, who then resided at the French court as ambassador from the famous Christina Queen of Sweden. The visit was to their mutual satisfaction ; they were each of them pleased to see a person, of whom they had heard such commendations. But he staid not long at Paris ; his thoughts and his wishes hastened into Italy. He therefore after a few days took leave of Lord Scudamore, who very kindly gave him letters
to

to the English merchants in the several places through which he was to travel, requesting them to do him all the good offices which lay in their power.

From Paris he went directly to Nice, where he took shipping for Genoa; from whence he went to Leghorn, and thence to Pisa; and so to Florence, in which city he found sufficient inducements to make a stay of two months. For besides the curiosities and other beauties of the place, he took great delight in the company and conversation there, and frequented their academies as they are called, the meetings of the most polite and ingenious persons, which they have in this, as well as in the other principal cities of Italy, for the exercise and improvement of wit and learning among them. In these conversations he bore so good a part, and produced so many excellent compositions, that he was soon taken notice of, and was very much courted and caressed by several of the nobility and prime wits of Florence. For the manner is, as Milton tells us, that every one must give some proof of his wit and reading there. His productions were received with written encomiums, which the Italian is not forward to bestow on men of this side the Alps. Giacomo Gaddi, Antonio Francini, Carlo Dati, Beneditto Bonmatthei, Cultellino, Frescobaldi, Clementilli, are reckoned among his particular friends. At Gaddi's house the academies were held, which he constantly frequented. Antonio Francini composed an Italian ode in his commendation. Carlo Dati wrote a Latin eulogium of him, and corresponded with him after his return to England. Bonmatthei was at that time about publishing an Italian grammar; and Milton addressed an epistle to him upon that occasion, commending his design, and advising him to add some observations concerning the true pronunciation of that language for the use of foreigners.

So much good acquaintance would probably have detained him longer at Florence, if he had not been going to Rome, which to a curious traveller is certainly the place the most worth seeing of any in the world. From Florence he went to Sienna, and from thence to Rome; where he staid much about the same time that he had continued at Florence, feasting both his eyes and his mind, and delighted with the fine paintings, and sculptures, and other rarities and antiquities of the city, as well as with
the

the conversation of several learned and ingenious men, particularly of Lucas Holstenius, keeper of the Vatican library, who received him with the greatest humanity, and showed him all the Greek authors, whether in print or in manuscript, which had passed through his correction; and also presented him to Cardinal Barberini, who at an entertainment of music, performed at his own expense, waited for him at the door, and taking him by the hand brought him into the assembly. The next morning he waited upon the Cardinal to return him thanks for his civilities, and by the means of Holstenius was again introduced to his Eminence, and spent some time in conversation with him. It seems that Holstenius had studied three years at Oxford, and this might dispose him to be more friendly to the English; but he took a particular liking and affection to Milton; and Milton, to thank him for all his favours, wrote to him afterwards from Florence. At Rome too Selvaggi made a Latin distich in honour of Milton, and Salfilli a Latin tetraстich, celebrating him for his Greek, and Latin, and Italian poetry; and he in return presented to Salfilli in his sickness those fine Scazons, or Iambic verses having a spondee in the last foot, which are inserted among his juvenile poems.

From Rome he went to Naples, in company with a certain hermit; and by his means was introduced to the acquaintance of Giovanni Baptista Manso, Marquis of Villa, a Neapolitan nobleman, of singular merit and virtue; to whom Tasso addresses his dialogue of friendship, and whom he mentions likewise in his *Gierusalemme Liberata* with great honour. This nobleman was particularly civil to Milton, frequently visited him at his lodgings, went with him to show him the Viceroy's palace, and whatever was curious or worth notice in the city; and honoured him so far as to make a Latin distich in his praise, which is printed before our author's Latin poems, as is likewise the other of Selvaggi, and the Latin tetraстich of Salfilli, together with the Italian ode and the Latin eulogium before mentioned. We may suppose that Milton was not a little pleased with the honours conferred upon him by so many persons of distinction, and especially by one of such quality and eminence, as the Marquis of Villa; and, as a testimony of his gratitude, he presented to the Marquis, at his departure from Naples, his eclogue, intitled, *Manso*,

ſus, which is well worth reading among his Latin poems. So that it may be reckoned a peculiar felicity of the Marquis of Villa's life, to have been celebrated both by Taſſo and Milton, the one the greateſt modern poet of his own, and the other the greateſt of foreign nations.

Having ſeen the fineſt parts of Italy, Milton was now thinking of paſſing over into Sicily and Greece, when he was diverted from his purpoſe by the news from England, that things were tending to a civil war between the King and parliament; for he thought it unworthy of himſelf to be taking his pleaſure abroad, while his countrymen were contending for liberty at home. He reſolved therefore to return by the way of Rome, though he was adviſed to the contrary by the merchants, who had received intelligence from their correſpondents, that the Engliſh Jeſuits there were forming plots againſt him, in caſe he ſhould return thither, by reaſon of the great freedom which he had uſed in all his diſcourſes of religion. For he had by no means obſerved the rule recommended to him by Sir Henry Wotton, of keeping his thoughts cloſe and his countenance open. He had viſited Galileo, a priſoner to the inquiſition, for aſſerting the motion of the earth, and thinking otherwiſe in aſtronomy than the Dominicans and Franciſcans thought: and though the Marquis of Villa had ſhown him ſuch diſtinguiſhing marks of favour at Naples, yet he told him at his departure, that he would have ſhown him much greater, if he had been more reſerved in matters of religion. But he had a ſoul above diſſimulation and diſguiſe; he was neither afraid nor aſhamed to vindicate the truth; and if any man had, he had in him the ſpirit of an old martyr. He was ſo prudent indeed, that he would not of his own accord begin any diſcourſe of religion; but at the ſame time he was ſo honeſt, that if he was queſtioned at all about his faith, he would not diſſemble his ſentiments, whatever was the conſequence. With this reſolution he went to Rome the ſecond time, and ſtaid there two months more, neither concealing his name, nor declining openly to defend the truth, if any thought proper to attack him. And yet, God's good providence proteſting him, he came ſafe to his kind friends at Florence; where he was received with as much joy

joy and affection, as if he had returned into his own country.

Here likewise he staid two months, as he had done before, excepting only an excursion of a few days to Lucca. From thence, crossing the Apennine, and passing through Bologna and Ferrara, he went to Venice, in which city he spent a month; and having shipped off the books which he had collected in his travels, and particularly a chest or two of choice music-books of the best masters flourishing at that time in Italy, he took his course through Verona, Milan, and along the lake Lemano, to Geneva. In this city he tarried some time, meeting here with people of his own principles; and contracted an intimate friendship with Giovanni Diodati, the most learned professor of divinity, whose annotations upon the Bible are published in English. From thence returning through France, the same way that he had gone before, he arrived safe in England, after a peregrination of one year and about three months; having seen more, and learned more, and conversed with more famous men, and made more real improvements, than most others in double the time.

His first business after his return was to pay his duty to his father, and to visit his other friends. But this pleasure was much diminished by the loss of his dear friend and schoolfellow Charles Diodati in his absence. While he was abroad, he heard it reported that he was dead; and upon his coming home he found it but too true, and lamented his death in an excellent Latin eclogue, intitled, *Epitaphium Damonis*. This Diodati had a father originally of Lucca; but his mother was English. He was born and bred in England, and studied physic, and was an admirable scholar, and no less remarkable for his sobriety and other virtues, than for his great learning and ingenuity. One or two of Milton's familiar epistles are addressed to him; and Mr Toland says, that he had in his hands two Greek letters of Diodati to Milton, very handsomely written. It may be right for scholars now and then to exercise themselves in Greek and Latin; but we have much more frequent occasion to write letters in our own native language, and in that therefore we should principally endeavour to excel.

Milton, after his return, had taken a private lodging in
St

St Bride's church-yard; but soon after removed to a handsome garden-house in Aldersgate street, situated at the end of an entry, which was the more agreeable to a studious man for its privacy, and freedom from noise and disturbance. In this house he continued several years. His sister's two sons were put to board with him, first the younger, and afterwards the elder. Some other of his intimate friends requested of him the same favour for their sons, especially since there was little more trouble in instructing half a dozen than two or three: and he, who could not easily deny any thing to his friends, and who knew that the greatest men in all ages had delighted in teaching others the principles of knowledge and virtue, undertook the office, not out of any sordid and mercenary views, but merely from a benevolent disposition, and a desire to do good. His method of education was as much above the pedantry and jargon of the common schools, as his genius was superior to that of a common schoolmaster. One of his nephews has given us an account of the many authors, both Latin and Greek, which, (besides those usually read in the schools), through his excellent judgment and way of teaching, were run over within no greater compass of time, than from ten to fifteen or sixteen years of age. Of the Latin, the four authors concerning husbandry, Cato, Varro, Columella, and Palladius; also Cornelius Celsus the physician, a great part of Pliny's natural history, the Architecture of Vitruvius, the Stratagems of Frontinus, and the philosophical poets Lucretius and Manilius. Of the Greek, Hesiod, Aratus's *Phænomena* and *Dioscorida*, Dionysius Afer *de situ orbis*, Opius's *Cynegetics* and *Haliectics*, Quintus Calaber's poem of the Trojan war continued from Homer, Apollonius Rhodius's *Argonautics*; and in prose Plutarch's *Placita philosophorum*, and of the education of children, Xenophon's *Cyropædia* and *Anabasis*, Ælian's *Tactics*, and the *Stratagems* of Polyænus. Nor did this application to the Greek and Latin tongues hinder the attaining to the chief oriental languages, the Hebrew, Chaldee, and Syriac, so far as to go through the *Pentateuch*, or five books of Moses, in Hebrew; to make a good entrance into the Targum or Chaldee paraphrase, and to understand several chapters of St Matthew in the Syriac Testament; besides the modern languages, Italian and French, and a

competent knowledge of the mathematics and astronomy. The Sunday's exercise for his pupils was for the most part to read a chapter of the Greek Testament, and to hear his learned exposition of it. The next work after this was, to write from his dictation some part of a system of divinity, which he had collected from the ablest divines, who had written upon that subject. Such were his academic institutions : and thus by teaching others he in some measure enlarged his own knowledge ; and having the reading of so many authors as it were by proxy, he might possibly have preserved his sight, if he had not moreover been perpetually busied in reading or writing something himself. It was certainly a very recluse and studious life that both he and his pupils led : but the young men of that age were of a different turn from those of the present ; and he himself gave an example to those under him of hard study and spare diet ; only now and then, once in three weeks or a month, he made a gaudy day with some young gentlemen of his acquaintance ; the chief of whom, says Mr Philips, were Mr Alphry and Mr Miller, both of Gray's-inn, and two of the greatest beaux of those times.

But he was not so fond of this academical life, as to be an indifferent spectator of what was acted upon the public stage of the world. The nation was now in a great ferment in 1641, and the clamour run high against the Bishops ; when he joined loudly in the cry to help the Puritan ministers, (as he says himself), they being inferior to the bishops in learning and eloquence ; and published his two books, *Of reformation in England, written to a friend*. About the same time certain ministers having published a treatise against Episcopacy, in answer to the humble remonstrance of Dr Joseph Hall, Bishop of Norwich, under the title of *Smectymnuus*, a word consisting of the initial letters of their names, Stephen Marshal, Edmund Calamy, Thomas Young, Matthew Newcomen, and William Spurstow ; and Abp Usher having published at Oxford a refutation of *Smectymnuus*, in a tract concerning the original of bishops and metropolitans, Milton wrote his little piece, *Of Prelatical Episcopacy*, in opposition chiefly to Usher ; for he was for contending with the most powerful adversary ; there would be either less disgrace in the defeat, or more glory in the victory. He handled the subject more at large in his next performance, which

which was, *The reason of church-government urged against Prelaty, in two books*. And Bp Hall having published a defence of the humble remonstrance, he wrote *animadversions* upon it. All these treatises he published within the course of one year, 1641; which show how very diligent he was in the cause that he had undertaken. And the next year he set forth his *apology for SmeZymnuus*, in answer to the confutation of his animadversions, written, as he thought himself, by Bp Hall or his son. And here very luckily ended a controversy, which detained him from greater and better writings which he was meditating, more useful to the public, as well as more suitable to his own genius and inclination: but he thought all this while that he was vindicating ecclesiastical liberty.

In the year 1643, and the 35th of his age, he married Mary the eldest daughter of Mr Richard Powell, of Forest-hill, near Shotover, Oxfordshire, a justice of the peace, and a gentleman of good repute and figure in that country; for his family now growing numerous, required a mistress at the head of it, and his father was coming to live with him; which he did, and continued with him in tranquillity and devotion to his dying day. Mrs Milton had not cohabited with her husband above a month, before she was earnestly solicited by her relations to come and spend the remaining part of the summer with them in the country. If it was not at her instigation that her friends made this request, yet at least it was agreeable to her inclination, and she obtained her husband's consent, upon a promise of returning at Michaelmas. In the mean while his studies went on very vigorously; and his chief diversion, after the business of the day, was now and then in an evening to visit the Lady Margaret Ley, daughter of the Earl of Marlborough, Lord High Treasurer of England, and President of the Privy Council to K. James I. This lady, being a woman of excellent wit and understanding, had a particular honour for our author, and took great delight in his conversation; as likewise did her husband Capt. Hobson, a very accomplished gentleman. And what a regard Milton again had for her, he has left upon record in a sonnet to her praise, extant among his other poems.

Michaelmas was now come, but he heard nothing of his wife's return. He wrote to her, but received no an-

swer. He wrote again letter after letter, but received no answer to any of them. He then dispatched a messenger with a letter desiring her to return; but she positively refused, and dismissed the messenger with contempt. Whether it was that she had conceived any dislike to her husband's person or humour, or whether she could not conform to his retired and philosophical manner of life, having been accustomed to a house of much gaiety and company; or whether being of a family strongly attached to the royal cause, she could not bear her husband's republican principles; or whether she was overpersuaded by her relations, who possibly might repent of having matched the eldest daughter of the family to a man so distinguished for taking the contrary party, the King's headquarters being in their neighbourhood at Oxford, and his Majesty having now some fairer prospect of success; whether any or all of these were the reasons of this extraordinary behaviour; however it was, it so highly incensed her husband, that he thought it would be dishonourable ever to receive her again after such a repulse, and he determined to repudiate her, as she had in effect repudiated him, and to consider her no longer as his wife. To fortify this his resolution, and at the same time to justify it to the world, he wrote *The doctrine and discipline of divorce*; wherein he endeavours to prove, that indisposition, unsuitness, or contrariety of mind, proceeding from any unchangeable cause in nature, hindering, and ever likely to hinder the main benefits of conjugal society, which are solace and peace, are greater reasons of divorce than adultery or natural frigidity, especially if there be no children, and there be mutual consent for separation. He published it at first without his name; but the style easily betrayed the author; and afterwards a second edition, much augmented, with his name. This book he dedicated to the parliament of England, with the assembly of divines, that as they were then consulting about the general reformation of the kingdom, they might also take this particular case of domestic liberty into their consideration. And then, as it was objected that his doctrine was a novel notion, and a paradox that no body had ever asserted before, he endeavoured to confirm his own opinion by the authority of others, and published in 1644 *The judgment of Martin Bucer, &c.* And as it was still objected,

jected, that his doctrine could not be reconciled to scripture, he published in 1645 his *Tetrachordon; or, Expositions upon the four chief places in scripture, which treat of marriage, or nullities in marriage*. At the first appearing of the doctrine and discipline of divorce, the clergy raised a heavy outcry against it, and daily solicited the parliament to pass some censure upon it. At last one of them, in a sermon preached before the Lords and Commons on a day of humiliation in August 1644, roundly told them, that there was a book abroad which deserved to be burnt; and that among their other sins they ought to repent, that they had not yet branded it with some mark of their displeasure. Mr Wood informs us, that upon Milton's publishing his three books of divorce, the assembly of divines, then sitting at Westminster, took special notice of them; and, notwithstanding his former services in writing against the Bishops, caused him to be summoned before the house of Lords: but that house, whether approving his doctrine, or not favouring his accusers, soon dismissed him. He was attacked also from the press, in a pamphlet, intitled, *Divorce at pleasure*; and in another, entitled, *An answer to the doctrine and discipline of divorce*, which was licensed and recommended by Mr Joseph Caryl, a famous Presbyterian divine, and author of a voluminous commentary on the book of Job. Milton, in his *Colasterion, or Reply*, published in 1645, expostulates smartly with the licenser, as well as handles very roughly the nameless author. These provocations, I suppose, contributed not a little to make him such an enemy to the Presbyterians, to whom he had before distinguished himself a friend. He composed likewise two sonnets on the reception his book of divorce met with, but the latter is much the better of the two. Mr Wood says, that after the King's restoration, when the subject of divorce was under consideration with the Lords, upon account of John Lord Ros or Roos's separation from his wife Anne Pierpoint, eldest daughter to Henry Marquis of Dorchester, he was consulted by an eminent member of that house, and about the same time by a chief officer of state, as being the prime person who was knowing in that affair.

But while he was so closely engaged in this controversy of divorce, he nevertheless attended to other things.

About

About this time he published his letter of education to Mr Samuel Hartlib, who wrote some things about husbandry, and was a man of considerable learning. This letter, which has been usually printed at the end of his poems, is, as I may say, the theory of his own practice; and by the rules which he has laid down for education, we see in some measure the method that he pursued in educating his own pupils. In 1644 he published his *Areopagitica*; or, *Speech for the liberty of unlicensed printing to the parliament of England*. It was written at the desire of several learned men, and is perhaps the best vindication that has been published at any time or in any language, of that liberty which is the basis and support of all other liberties, the liberty of the press. But it had not the desired effect: for the Presbyterians were as fond of exercising the licensing power, when they got it into their own hands, as they had been clamorous before in inveighing against it, while it was in the hands of the Prelate. And Mr Toland is mistaken in saying, "that such was the effect of this piece, that the following year Mabol a licenser offered reasons against licensing; and at his own request was discharged that office." For neither was the licenser's name Mabol, but Gilbert Mabbot; neither was he discharged from his office till May 1649, about five years afterwards; though probably he might be swayed by Milton's arguments, as every ingenuous person must, who peruses and considers them. In 1645 was published a collection of his poems, Latin and English; and if he had left no other monument of his poetical genius behind him, these would have been sufficient to have rendered his name immortal.

But without doubt his doctrine of divorce, and the maintenance of it, principally engaged his thoughts at this period; and whether others were convinced or not by his arguments, he was certainly convinced himself that he was in the right; and as a proof of it he determined to marry again, and made his addresses to a young lady of great wit and beauty, one of the daughters of Dr Davis. But intelligence of this coming to his wife, and the then declining state of the King's cause, and consequently of the circumstances of Justice Powel's family, caused them to set all engines at work to restore the wife again to her husband. His friends too, for different reasons, seem

to have been as desirous of bringing about a reconciliation as hers; and this method of effecting it was concerted between them. He had a relation, one Blackborough, living in the lane of St Martin's Le Grand, whom he often visited; and one day when he was visiting there, it was contrived that the wife should be ready in another room. Accordingly, as he was thinking of nothing less, he was surprised to see her, whom he had expected never to have seen any more, falling down upon her knees at his feet, and imploring his forgiveness with tears *. At first he showed some signs of aversion, but he continued not long inexorable; his wife's intreaties, and the intercession of friends on both sides, soon wrought upon his generous nature, and procured a happy reconciliation, with an act of oblivion of all that was past. But he did not take his wife home, till he had got a house he had hired in Barbican fitted up for his family, his house in Aldersgate street not being large enough. The part that Milton acted in this whole affair, shewed plainly, that he had a spirit capable of the strongest resentment, but yet more inclinable to pity and forgiveness. And neither in this was any injury done to the other lady whom he was courting; for she is said to have been always averse from the motion, not daring, I suppose, to venture in marriage with a man who was known to have a wife still living. He might not think himself too at liberty as before, while his wife continued obstinate; for his most plausible argument for di-

* It is not to be doubted (says Mr Fenton in his account of our author's life) but an interview of that nature, so little expected, must wonderfully affect him: and perhaps the impressions it made on his imagination, contributed much to the painting of that pathetic scene in *Paradise Lost*, in which Eve addressed herself to Adam for pardon and peace. At the intercession of his friends who were present, after a short reluctance he generously sacrificed all his resentment to her tears.

— *Soon his heart relented*
Tow'ards her, his life so late and sole delight,
Now at his feet submissive in distress. P. L. x. 940.

Mr Thyer thinks there is little room to doubt but that the particular beauties of this charming scene are owing to an interview of the same nature which he had with his own wife, and that he is only here describing those generous and tender sentiments, which he then felt and experienced.

vorce

voice proceeds upon a supposition, that the thing be done with mutual consent.

After his wife's return, his family was increased not only with children, but also with his wife's relations; her father and mother, her brothers and sisters, coming to live with him in the general distress and ruin of the royal party; and he was so far from resenting their former ill treatment of him, that he generously protected them, and entertained them very hospitably, till their affairs were accommodated through his interest with the prevailing faction. Upon their removal, and the death of his own father, his house looked again like the house of the Muses. But his studies had like to have been interrupted by a call to public business: for about this time there was a design of constituting him Adjutant-general in the army under Sir William Waller; but the new-modelling of the army soon following, that design was laid aside. Not long after, his great house in Barbican being now too large for his family, he quitted it for a smaller in High Holburn, which opened backward into Lincoln's-inn Fields, where he prosecuted his studies till the King's trial and death; when the Presbyterians declaiming tragically against the King's execution, and asserting that his person was sacred and inviolable, provoked him to write *The tenure of kings and magistrates, proving that it is lawful to call a tyrant to account, and to depose or put him to death; and that they who of late so much blame deposing, are the men who did it themselves*. This book he published in the beginning of 1649, to satisfy and compose the minds of the people. Not long after he wrote his *Observations on the articles of peace between the Earl of Ormond and the Irish rebels*. In these and all his writings, whatever others of different parties may think, he thought himself an advocate for true liberty; for ecclesiastical liberty in his treatises against the bishops, for domestic liberty in his books of divorce, and for civil liberty in his writings against the King in defence of the parliament and people of England.

After this he retired again to his private studies, and thinking that he had leisure enough for such a work, he applied himself to the writing of a history of England, which he intended to deduce from the earliest accounts down to his own times. He had finished four books of
that

that history, when, neither courting nor expecting any such preferment, he was invited by the council of state to be their Latin secretary for foreign affairs. And he served in the same capacity under Oliver, and Richard, and the Rump, till the restoration; and, without doubt, a better Latin pen could not have been found in the kingdom. For the republic and Cromwell scorned to pay that tribute to any foreign prince, which is usually paid to the French King, of managing their affairs in his language: they thought it an indignity and meanness, to which this, or any free nation, ought not to submit; and took a noble resolution, neither to write any letters to any foreign states, nor to receive any answers from them, but in the Latin tongue, which was common to them all. And it would have been well, if succeeding princes had followed their example; for, in the opinion of very wise men, the universality of the French language will make way for the universality of the French monarchy.

But it was not only in foreign dispatches that the government made use of his pen. He had discharged the business of his office a very little time before he was called to a work of another kind. For soon after the King's death was published a book under his name, entitled, *Εἰκὼν Βασιλική*, or, *The royal image*. This book, like Cæsar's last will, making a deeper impression, and exciting greater commiseration in the minds of the people than the King himself did while alive, Milton was ordered to prepare an answer to it, which was published by authority, and entitled, *Εἰκονοκλαστικὴ*, or, *The image-breaker*; the famous surname of many Greek emperors, who, in their zeal against idolatry, broke all superstitious images to pieces. This piece was translated into French, and two replies to it were published, one in 1651, and the other in 1692, upon the reprinting of Milton's book at Amsterdam.

But his most celebrated work in prose is his *Defence of the people of England against Salmasius*; *Defensio pro populo Anglicano contra Claudii anonymi, alias Salmasii, defensionem regiam*. Salmasius, by birth a Frenchman, succeeded the famous Scaliger as honorary professor of the university of Leyden, had gained great reputation by his Plinian exertations on Solinus, and by his critical remarks on several Latin and Greek authors; was generally

esteemed one of the greatest and most consummate scholars of that age; and is commended by Milton himself in his *Reason of church-government*, and called the learned Salmasius. Besides his great learning, he had extraordinary talents in railing. "This prince of scholars," as some body said of him, "seemed to have erected his throne upon a heap of stones, that he might have them at hand to throw at every one's head who passed by." He was therefore courted by Charles II. as the most able man to write a defence of the late King his father, and to traduce his adversaries; and a hundred jacobuses were given him for that purpose. His book was published in 1649, under the title of *Defensio regia pro Carolo I. ad Carolum II.* No sooner did this piece appear in England, but the council of state unanimously appointed Milton, then present, to answer it. He performed the task with amazing spirit and vigour, though his health at that time was such, that he could hardly endure the fatigue of writing; and being weak in body, he was forced to write by piecemeal, and to break off almost every hour. This necessarily occasioned some delay; so that his *Defence of the people of England* was not made public till the beginning of 1651. They who cannot read the original, may yet have the pleasure to read the English translation by Mr Washington of the Temple, which was printed in 1692, and is inserted among Milton's works in the two last editions. It was somewhat extraordinary, that Salmasius, a pensioner to a republic, should pretend to write a defence of monarchy: but the states showed their disapprobation, by publicly condemning his book, and ordering it to be suppressed. On the other hand, Milton's book was burnt at Paris, and at Toulouse, by the hands of the common hangman: but this served only to procure it the more readers. It was read and talked of every where; even they who were of different principles, could not but acknowledge that he was a good defender of a bad cause. Salmasius's book underwent only one impression, while Milton's passed through several editions. On the first appearance of it, he was visited or invited by all the foreign ministers at London, not excepting even those of crowned heads; and was particularly honoured and esteemed by Adrian Paaw, ambassador from the States of Holland. He was likewise high-
ly

ly complimented by letters from the most learned and ingenious persons in France and Germany; and Leonard Philaras, an Athenian born, and ambassador from the Duke of Parma to the French King, wrote a fine encomium of his defence, and sent him his picture. And what gave him the greatest satisfaction, the work was highly applauded by those who had desired him to undertake it; and they made him a present of 1000 l. which in those days of frugality was reckoned no inconsiderable reward for his performance. But the case was far otherwise with Salmasius. He was then in high favour at the court of Christina Queen of Sweden, who had invited thither several of the most learned men of all countries: but when Milton's Defence was brought to Sweden, and was read to the Queen at her own desire, he sunk immediately in her esteem, and the opinion of every body; and though he talked big at first, and vowed the destruction of Milton and the parliament, yet finding that he was looked upon with coldness, he thought proper to take leave of the court; and he who came in honour, was dismissed with contempt. He died some time afterwards at Spa in Germany, and it is said more of a broken heart than of any distemper; leaving a posthumous reply to Milton, which was not published till after the restoration, and was dedicated to Charles II. by his son Claudius; but it has done no great honour to his memory, abounding with abuse much more than argument.

Isaac Vossius, who was at Stockholm, when Milton's book was brought thither, in some of his letters to Nicolas Heinsius, says, that he had the only copy of Milton's book; that the Queen borrowed it of him, was very much pleased with it, and commended Milton's wit and manner of writing; and that Salmasius was very angry, and very busy in preparing his answer, wherein he abused Milton as if he had been one of the vilest catamites in Italy, and also criticised his Latin poems. Heinsius writes again to Vossius from Holland, that he wondered that only one copy of Milton's book was brought to Stockholm, when three were sent thither, one to the Queen, another to Vossius, and the third to Salmasius; that the book was in every body's hands, and there had been four editions in a few months besides the English one; that a Dutch translation was handed about, and a

French one was expected. Afterwards he writes from Venice, that Holstenius had lent him Milton's Latin poems; that they were nothing compared with the elegance of his apology; that he had offended frequently against prosody, and here was a great opening for Salmasius's criticism: but as to Milton's having been a catamite in Italy, he says, that it was a mere calumny; on the contrary, he was disliked by the Italians for the severity of his manners, and for the freedom of his discourses against Popery. In others of his letters Heinsius mentions how angry Salmasius was with him for commending Milton's book; and says, that Grafwinkelius had written something against Milton, which was to have been printed by Elzevir, but it was suppressed by public authority.

The first reply was published in 1651, intitled, *An apology for the King and people, &c. Apologia pro rege et populo Anglicano contra Johannis Polypragmatici (alias Miltoni Angli) defensionem destructivam regis et populi Anglicani*. It is not known who was the author of this piece. Some attributed it to one Janus a lawyer of Gray's-inn, and others to Dr John Bramhall, then Bishop of Derry, and after the restoration Primate of Ireland. But it is utterly improbable, that so mean a performance, written in such barbarous Latin, and so full of solecisms, should come from the hands of a prelate of such distinguished abilities and learning. But whoever was the author of it, Milton did not think it worth his while to animadvert upon it himself, but employed the younger of his nephews to answer it; only as he supervised and corrected the answer before it went to the press, it may in a manner be called his own. It came forth in 1652 under this title, *Johannis Philippi Angli responsio ad apologiam anonymi cujusdam tenebrionis pro rege et populo Anglicano infantissimam*. It is printed with Milton's works. Throughout the whole Mr Philips treats Bp Bramhall with great severity as the author of the apology, thinking probably that so considerable an adversary would make the answer more considerable.

Sir Robert Filmer likewise published some animadversions upon Milton's defence of the people, in a piece printed in 1652, entitled, *Observations concerning the original of government, upon Mr Hobbes's Leviathan*, Mr
Milton

Milton against Salmasius, and Hugo Grotius de jure belli. But I do not find, that Milton or any of his friends took notice of it. But Milton's quarrel was afterwards sufficiently avenged by Mr Locke, who wrote against Sir Robert Filmer's principles of government, more I suppose in condescension to the prejudices of the age, than out of any regard to the weight or importance of Filmer's arguments.

Milton, soon after he was made Latin Secretary, removed from his house in High Holburn, to an apartment appointed for him in Scotland yard. There his third child, a son, was born and named John; but, through the ill usage or bad constitution of the nurse, he died an infant. His own health too was greatly impaired. This made him remove from Scotland yard to a house in Petty France, Westminster, for the benefit of the air; and there he remained eight years, from 1652 till within a few weeks of the King's restoration. In this house he had not been settled long, before his first wife died in childbed. But, after a proper interval of time, he married a second wife, Katharine daughter of Capt. Woodcock of Hackney. She too died in childbed within a year after their marriage; and her child, a daughter, died a month after. Her husband has done honour to her memory in one of his sonnets.

Two or three years before his second marriage he had totally lost his sight. And his enemies triumphed in his blindness, and imputed it as a judgment upon him for writing against the King. But his sight had been decaying several years before, through his close application to study, and the frequent headaches to which he had been subject from his childhood, and his continual tampering with physic, which perhaps was more pernicious than all the rest. Milton himself informs us in his Second Defence, that when he was appointed by authority to write his defence of the people against Salmasius, he had almost lost the sight of one eye, and the physicians declared to him, that if he undertook that work, he would also lose the sight of the other. But he was nothing discouraged, and chose rather to lose both his eyes, than desert what he thought his duty. His blindness however did not disable him entirely from performing the business of his office.

An

An assistant was allowed him, and his salary as Secretary still continued.

And there was farther occasion for his service besides dictating of letters. For the controversy with Salmasius did not die with him. There was published at the Hague in 1652, a book, entitled, *The cry of the King's blood, &c. Regii sanguinis clamor ad cœlum, adversus parricidas Anglicanos*. The true author of this book was Peter du Moulin the younger, afterwards Prebendary of Canterbury. He transmitted his papers to Salmasius; Salmasius intrusted them to the care of Alexander Morus, a French minister; and Morus published them with a dedication to K. Charles II. in the name of Adrian Ulac the printer, from whence he came to be reputed the author of the whole. Morus was the son of a learned Scotsman, President of the college which the Protestants had formerly at Castres in Languedoc. He is said to have been a man of a most haughty disposition, immoderately addicted to women, hasty, ambitious, full of himself and his own performances, and satirical upon all others. He was however esteemed one of the most eminent preachers of that age among the Protestants: but, as M. Bayle observes, his chief talent must have consisted in the gracefulness of his delivery, or in those sallies of imagination, and quaint turns, and allusions, whereof his sermons are full; for they retain not those charms in reading, which they were said to have formerly in the pulpit. Against this man therefore, as the reputed author of *Regii sanguinis clamor, &c.* Milton published by authority his *Second defence of the people of England, &c. Defensio secunda pro populo Anglicano*, in 1654. He treats Morus with such severity as nothing could have excused, if he had not been provoked to it by so much abuse poured upon himself. He had wrote a piece of wit, which had been published before in the news-papers at London, a distich upon Morus for getting Pontia the maid-servant of his friend Salmasius with child.

*Galli ex concubitu gravidam te, Pontia, Mori
Quis bene moratam morigeramque neget?*

Upon this Morus published his *Fides Publica*, in answer to Milton; in which he inserted several testimonies of his orthodoxy and morals, signed by the consistories, academies,

mies, fynods, and magistrates of the places where he had lived; and disowned his being the author of the book imputed to him, and appealed to two gentlemen of great credit with the parliament-party, who knew the real author. This brought Du Moulin, then in England, into great danger: but the government suffered him to escape with impunity, rather than publicly contradict the great patron of their cause. For Milton still persisted in his accusation, and endeavoured to make it good in his *Defence of himself*, &c. *Autoris pro se defensio*, published in 1655; wherein he opposed to the testimonies in favour of Morus other testimonies against him; and Morus replied no more.

This controversy being ended, he was at leisure again to pursue his own private studies, viz. the history of England before mentioned, and a new thesaurus of the Latin tongue, intended as an improvement upon that by Robert Stephens; a work, which he had been long collecting from the best and purest Latin authors, and continued at times almost to his dying day: but his papers were left so confused and imperfect, that they could not be fitted for the press, though great use was made of them by the compilers of the Cambridge dictionary, printed in 1693. These papers are said to have consisted of three large volumes in folio; and it is a great pity that they are lost, and no account is given what is become of the manuscript. It is commonly said too, that at this time he began his famous poem of *Paradise Lost*; and it is certain, that he was glad to be released from those controversies, which detained him so long from following things more agreeable to his natural genius and inclination, though he was far from ever repenting of his writings in defence of liberty, but gloried in them to the last.

The only interruption now of his private studies was the business of his office. In 1655 there was published in Latin a writing in name of the Lord Protector, setting forth the reasons of the war with Spain. This piece is rightly adjudged to our author, both on account of the peculiar elegance of the style, and because it was his province to write such things as Latin Secretary; and it is printed among his other prose works in the last edition. For the same reasons I am inclined to think, that the famous Latin verses to Christina Queen of Sweden in the name of Cromwell

Cromwell were made by Milton, rather than Andrew Marvel. In those days they had admirable intelligence in the Secretary's office ; and Mr Philips relates a memorable instance or two upon his own knowledge. The Dutch were sending a plenipotentiary to England to treat of peace ; but the emissaries of the government had the art to procure a copy of his instructions in Holland ; which being delivered by Milton to his kinsman, then with him, to be translated for the use of the council, before the plenipotentiary had taken shipping for England, an answer to all that he had in charge was prepared, and lay ready for him before he made his public entry into London. Another time a person came to London with a very sumptuous train, pretending himself an agent from the Prince of Condé, then in arms against Card. Mazarine : but the government suspecting him, set their instruments to work so successfully, that in a few days they received intelligence from Paris, that he was a spy employed by Charles II. Whereupon the very next morning Milton's kinsman was sent to him with an order of council, commanding him to depart the kingdom within three days, or expect the punishment of a spy. This kinsman was probably Mr Philips or his brother ; and one or both of them were assistant to him in his office. His blindness no doubt was a great hinderance and inconvenience to him in his business, though sometimes a political use might be made of it ; as mens natural infirmities are often pleaded in excuse for not doing what they have no great inclination to do. Thus when Cromwell for some reasons delayed artfully to sign the treaty with Sweden, and the Swedish ambassador made frequent complaints of it, the excuse was, that Mr Milton, on account of his blindness, proceeded slower in business, and had not yet put the articles of the treaty into Latin. The ambassador was greatly surpris'd, that things of such consequence should be intrusted to a blind man, for he must necessarily employ an amanuensis, and that amanuensis might divulge the articles ; and said it was very wonderful, that there should be only one man in England who could write Latin, and he a blind one. But his blindness had not diminished, but rather increased the vigour of his mind. His state-letters will remain as authentic memorials of those times, to be admired equally by critics and politicians ;

those

those particularly about the sufferings of the poor Protestants in Piedmont, who can read without sensible emotion? He had this subject very much at heart, for he was an utter enemy to all sorts of persecution; and he wrote a most excellent sonnet on that occasion.

But Oliver Cromwell being dead, and the government weak and unsettled in the hands of Richard and the parliament, he thought it a seasonable time to offer his advice again to the public. He therefore in 1659 published *A treatise of civil power in ecclesiastical causes*; and another tract, intitled, *Considerations touching the likeliest means to remove hirelings out of the church*; both addressed to the parliament of the commonwealth of England. After the parliament was dissolved, he wrote a letter to some statesman, with whom he had a serious discourse the night before, concerning the ruptures of the commonwealth; and another, as it is supposed, to Gen. Monk, being a *brief delineation of a free commonwealth, easy to be put in practice, and without delay*. These two pieces were first printed in the edition of our author's prose works in 1698. But Milton, still finding that affairs were every day tending more and more to the subversion of the commonwealth, and the restoration of the royal family, published his *Ready and easy way to establish a free commonwealth, and the excellence thereof, compared with the inconveniencies and dangers of readmitting kingship in this nation*. We are informed by Mr Wood, that he published this piece in February 1659-60; and after this he published *Brief notes upon a late sermon, entitled, The fear of God and the King, preached by Dr Matthew Griffith, at Mercers chapel, March 25. 1660*. So bold and resolute was he in declaring his sentiments to the last, thinking that his voice was the voice of expiring liberty.

A little before the King's landing he was discharged from his office of Latin Secretary, and was forced to leave his house in Petty France. Here he had lived eight years with great reputation, and had been visited by all foreigners of note, who could not go out of the country without seeing a man who did so much honour to it by his writings, and whose name was as famous abroad as in his own nation; and by several persons of quality of both sexes, and many learned and ingenious friends and acquaintance. But now it was not safe for him to appear any longer in

public ; and therefore, by the advice of his wellwithers, he fled for shelter to a friend's house near West Smithfield, where he lay concealed till the worst of the storm was blown over. On Saturday June 16. 1660 it was ordered by the house of Commons, that the King should be moved to issue a proclamation for the calling in of Milton's two books, *The Defence of the people* and *Iconoclastes*, and also Goodwyn's book, entitled, *The obstructors of justice*, written in justification of the murder of the late King, and to order them to be burnt by the hands of the common hangman ; and that the Attorney-General should proceed by way of indictment or information against Milton and Goodwyn, in respect of their books, and that they themselves should be sent for in custody of the Serjeant at Arms attending the house. On Wednesday June 27. an order of council was made accordingly for a proclamation against Milton's and Goodwyn's books ; and the proclamation was issued Aug. 13. wherein it was said that the authors had fled or did abscond ; and on Monday Aug. 27. the books were burnt at the Old Bailey, by the hands of the common hangman. On Wednesday Aug. 29. the act of indemnity was passed ; which proved more favourable to Milton than could well have been expected ; for though John Goodwyn was excepted among the twenty persons, who were to have penalties inflicted upon them, not extending to life, yet Milton was not excepted at all, and consequently was included in the general pardon. We find indeed that afterwards he was in custody of the Serjeant at Arms ; but the time when he was taken into custody, is not certain. He was not in custody on the 12th of September ; for his name is not in a list of the prisoners in custody of the Serjeant at Arms read that day in the house ; and next day the house adjourned to Nov. 6. It is probable therefore, that after the passing of the act of indemnity, and adjournment of the house, Milton came out of his concealment, and was afterwards taken into custody by virtue of the former order of the house. But we do not find that he was prosecuted by the Attorney-General, or continued long in custody : for on Saturday Dec. 15. 1660, the house ordered, that Mr Milton then in custody of the Serjeant at Arms should be forthwith released, paying his fees ; and on Monday the 17th, a complaint being made, that the Serjeant had demanded excessive

cessive fees, it was referred to the committee of privileges and elections to examine that business, to call Mr Milton and the Serjeant before them, and to determine what was fit to be given to the Serjeant for his fees. So courageous was Milton at all times in defence of liberty against all the incroachments of power, and though a prisoner, would yet be treated like a freeborn Englishman. The clemency of the government was surely very great towards him, considering the nature of his offences; for though he was not one of the King's judges and murderers, yet he contributed more to murder his character and reputation than any of them all. To what therefore could it be owing, that he was treated with such lenity, and was so easily pardoned? It is certain, there was not wanting powerful intercession for him both in council and in parliament. It is said, that Secretary Morrice and Sir Thomas Clargis greatly favoured him, and exerted their interest in his behalf; and his old friend Andrew Marvel, member for Hull, formed a considerable party for him in the house of Commons; and neither was Charles II. (as Toland says) such an enemy to the Muses, as to require his destruction. But the principal instrument in obtaining Milton's pardon was Sir William Davenant, out of gratitude for Milton's having procured his release, when taken prisoner in 1650. It was life for life. Davenant had been saved by Milton's interest, and in return Milton was saved at Davenant's intercession.

Milton having thus obtained his pardon, took a house in Holburn near Red Lion Fields, but soon after removed into Jewen street near Aldersgate street. While he lived there, being in his 53d or 54th year, blind and infirm, and wanting some body better than servants to tend and look after him, he, at the recommendation of his friend Dr Paget, to whom the lady was related, married his third wife, Elisabeth Minshul, of a gentleman's family in Cheshire. It is said, that an offer was made to Milton, as well as to Thurloe, of holding the same place of Secretary under the King, which he had discharged with so much integrity and ability under Cromwell; but he persisted in refusing it, though his wife pressed his compliance: "Thou art in the right," says he, "you, as other women, would ride in your coach; for me, my aim is to live and die an honest man." In 1661 he pu-

blished his *Accidence* commenced grammar, and a tract of Sir Walter Raleigh, intitled, *Aphorisms of state*; as in 1658 he had published another piece of the same author, entitled, *The cabinet-council discabinated*: An evident sign, that he thought it no mean employment, nor unworthy of a man of genius, to be an editor of the works of great authors. While he lived in Jewen street, Elwood the Quaker was first introduced to read to him: for having wholly lost his sight, he kept always some body or other to perform that office; and usually the son of some gentleman of his acquaintance, whom he took in kindness, that he might at the same time improve him in his learning. Elwood was recommended to him by Dr Paget, and went to his house every afternoon except Sunday, and read to him such books in the Latin tongue as Milton thought proper. Milton told him, that if he would have the benefit of the Latin tongue, not only to read and understand Latin authors, but to converse with foreigners, he must learn the foreign pronunciation; and he instructed him how to read accordingly. Milton having a curious ear, understood by my tone, says Elwood, when I understood what I read, and when I did not; and he would stop me, and examine me, and open the most difficult passages to me. Not long after his third marriage he left Jewen street, and removed to a house in the Artillery-walk leading to Bunhill Fields, in which he resided to his dying day: only when the plague began to rage in London in 1665, he removed to a small house at St Giles Chalfont in Buckinghamshire, where he remained during that dreadful calamity; but after the sickness was over, and the city was cleansed and made safely habitable again, he returned to his house in London.

His great work of *Paradise Lost* had principally engaged his thoughts for some years past, and was now completed. It is probable, that his first design of writing an epic poem was owing to his conversations at Naples with the Marquis of Villa about Tasso and his famous poem of the delivery of Jerusalem; and in a copy of verses presented to that nobleman before he left Naples, he intimated his intention of fixing upon King Arthur for his hero. In his eclogue upon the death of his friend Diodati, he proposed the same design and the same subject, and declared his ambition of writing something in his native language, which

which might render his name illustrious in these islands, though he should be obscure and inglorious to the rest of the world. And in other parts of his works, after he had engaged in the controversies of the times, he still promised to produce some noble poem or other at a fitter season: but it doth not appear, that he had then determined upon the subject; and King Arthur had another fate, being reserved for the pen of Sir Richard Blackmore. The first hint of *Paradise Lost* is said to have been taken from an Italian tragedy; and it is certain, that he first designed it a tragedy himself, and there are several plans of it in the form of a tragedy still to be seen in the author's own manuscript preserved in the library of Trinity college, Cambridge. And it is probable, that he did not barely sketch out the plans, but also wrote some parts of the drama itself. Mr Philips informs us, that some of the verses at the beginning of Satan's speech addressed to the sun, book iv. ver. 32. &c. were shown to him and some others as designed for the beginning of the tragedy, several years before the poem was begun: and many other passages might be produced, which plainly appear to have been originally intended for the scene, and are not so properly of the epic, as of the tragic strain. After he was disengaged from the Salmasian controversy, in 1655, he began to mold the *Paradise Lost* in its present form, and after the restoration he prosecuted the work with closer application. Mr Philips relates a very remarkable circumstance in the composition of this poem, which was told him by Milton himself, that his vein never happily flowed but from the autumnal equinox to the vernal, and that what he attempted at other times, was not to his satisfaction, though he courted his fancy never so much. Mr Toland imagines that Philips might be mistaken as to the time, because Milton, in his Latin elegy, written in his 20th year, upon the approach of the spring, seemeth to say just the contrary, as if he could not make any verses to his satisfaction till the spring begun: and he says further, that a judicious friend of Milton's informed him, that he could never compose well but in spring and autumn. But Mr Richardson cannot comprehend, that either of these accounts is exactly true, or that a man with such a work in his head can suspend it for six months together, or only for one; it may go on more slowly, but it must go on:
and

and this laying it aside is contrary to that eagerness to finish what was begun, which he says was his temper in an epistle to Diodati. After all, Mr Philips, who had the perusal of the poem from the beginning, by twenty or thirty verses at a time, as it was composed, and having not been shown any for a considerable while as the summer came on, inquired of the author the reason of it, could hardly be mistaken with regard to the time: and it is easy to conceive, that the poem might go on much more slowly in summer than in other parts of the year; for, notwithstanding all that poets may say of the pleasures of that season, I imagine most persons find by experience, that they can compose better at any other time, with more facility and with more spirit, than during the heat and languor of summer. Whenever the poem was wrote, it was finished in 1665: and considering the difficulties which the author lay under, his uneasiness on account of the public affairs and his own, his age and infirmities, his gout and blindness, his not being in circumstances to maintain an amanuensis, but obliged to make use of any hand that came next to write his verses as he made them, it is really wonderful, that he should have the spirit to undertake such a work, and much more, that he should ever bring it to perfection. After the poem was finished, still new difficulties retarded the publication of it. It was in danger of being suppressed through the malice or ignorance of the licenser, who took exception at some passages, and particularly at that noble simile, in the first book, of the sun in an eclipse, in which he fancied that he had discovered treason. It was with difficulty too that the author could sell the copy; and he sold it at last only for five pounds; but was to receive five pounds more after the sale of 1300 of the first impression, five pounds more after the sale of as many of the second impression, and five more after the sale of as many of the third; and the number of each impression was not to exceed 1500. What a poor consideration was this for such an inestimable performance! and how much more do others get by the works of great authors than the authors themselves! This original contract with Samuel Simmons the printer is dated April 27. 1667, and is in the hands of Mr Tonson the bookseller. The first edition in ten books was printed in a small quarto; and
before

before it could be disposed of, had three or more different title-pages of the years 1667, 1668, and 1669; and two years almost elapsed before 1300 copies could be sold, or before the author was entitled to his second five pounds, for which his receipt, still in being, is dated April 26. 1669. This was probably all that he received; for he lived not to enjoy the benefits of the second edition, which was not published till 1674, in which year he died. The second edition was printed in a small octavo; was corrected by the author himself, and the number of books was augmented from ten to twelve, with the addition of some few verses: and this alteration was made with great judgment, not for the sake of such a fanciful beauty as resembling the number of books in the *Æneid*, but for the more regular disposition of the poem, because the seventh and tenth books were before too long, and are more fitly divided each into two. The third edition was published in 1678; and it appears that Milton had left his remaining right in the copy to his widow; and she agreed with Simmons the printer to accept eight pounds in full of all demands. Her receipt for the money is dated Dec. 21. 1680. A little before this Simmons had covenanted to assign the whole right of copy to Brabazon Aylmer the bookseller for twenty-five pounds; and Aylmer afterwards sold it to old Jacob Tonson, at two different times; one half Aug. 17. 1683, and the other half March 24. 1690. By the last assignment it appears, that the book was growing into repute, and rising in valuation. And to what perverseness could it be owing, that it was not better received at first? We conceive there were principally two reasons: The prejudices against the author on account of his principles and party; and many no doubt were offended with the novelty of a poem that was not in rhyme. Rymer, who was a redoubted critic in those days, would not so much as allow it to be a poem on this account; and declared war against Milton as well as against Shakespear; and threatened, that he would write reflections upon the *Paradise Lost*, which some (says he*) are pleased to call a poem, and would assert rhyme against the slender sophistry wherewith the author attacks it. Such a man as Bp Burnet maketh it a sort of ob-

* See Rymer's *Tragedies of the last age considered*, p. 143.

jection to Milton, that he affected to write in blank verse without rhyme. The same reason induced Dryden to turn the principal parts of *Paradise Lost* into rhyme in his opera, called, *The state of innocence, and fall of man*; to tag his lines, as Milton himself expressed it, alluding to the fashion then of wearing tags of metal at the end of their ribands. We are told indeed by Mr Richardson, that Sir George Hungerford, an ancient member of parliament, told him, that Sir John Denham came into the house one morning with a sheet of *Paradise Lost* wet from the press in his hand; and being asked what he had there, said, that he had part of the noblest poem that ever was written in any language or in any age. However, it is certain that the book was unknown till about two years after, when the Earl of Dorset looking about for books in Little Britain, accidentally met with *Paradise Lost*; and being surprised at some passages in dipping here and there, bought it. The bookseller begged his Lordship to speak in its favour, if he liked it, for the impression lay on his hands as waste paper. The Earl having read it, sent it to Dryden, who in a short time returned it with this answer, "This man cuts us all out, and the ancients too." Dryden's epigram upon Milton is well known; and so are the Latin verses by Dr Barrow, and the English ones by Andrew Marvel, Esq; which are usually prefixed to the *Paradise Lost*, and were published with the second edition. But still the poem was not generally known and esteemed, nor met with the deserved applause, till after the folio edition in 1688. The Duke of Buckingham in his Essay on poetry prefers Tasso and Spenser to Milton; and it is related in the life of the witty Earl of Rochester, that he had no notion of a better poet than Cowley. And it may surprise any reader, that Sir William Temple, in his essay on poetry, published in 1686, or thereabout, takes no notice at all of Milton: nay, he saith expressly, that after Ariosto, Tasso, and Spenser, he knoweth none of the moderns who have made any achievements in heroic poetry worth recording. And what can we think, that he had not read or heard of the *Paradise Lost*, or that the author's politics had prejudiced him against his poetry? It was happy that all great men were not of his mind. The bookseller was advised and encouraged to undertake the folio edition by Mr Sommers, afterwards

afterwards Lord Sommers, who not only subscribed himself, but was zealous in promoting the subscription: and in the list of subscribers are some of the most eminent names of that time, and among the rest Sir Roger L'Estrange, though he had formerly written a piece, entitled, *No blind guides*, &c. against Milton's notes on Dr Griffith's sermon. There were two editions more in folio; one in 1692, the other in 1695, which was the sixth; for the poem was now so well received, that, notwithstanding the price of it was four times greater than before, the sale increased double the number every year, as we find from the dedication of the smaller editions to Lord Sommers. Since that time not only various editions have been printed, but also various notes and translations. Patrick Hume, a Scotsman, was the first who wrote annotations upon *Paradise Lost*; and his notes were printed at the end of the folio edition in 1695. Mr Addison's *Spectators* upon the subject contributed not a little to establishing the character, and illustrating the beauties of the poem. In 1732 appeared Dr Bentley's new edition with notes; and the year following Dr Pearce, the present Bishop of Bangor, published his review of the text, in which the chief of Dr Bentley's emendations are considered, and several other emendations and observations are offered to the public. And the year after that Mess. Richardson, father and son, published their explanatory notes and remarks. The poem has also been translated into several languages, Latin, Italian, French, and Dutch: and proposals have been made for translating it into Greek. The Dutch translation is in blank verse, and printed at Harlem. The French have a translation by M. Dupré de St Maur: but nothing sheweth the weakness and imperfection of their language more, than that they have few or no good poetical versions of the greatest poets; they are forced to translate Homer, Virgil, and Milton into prose, and blank verse their language has not harmony and dignity enough to support; their tragedies, and many of their comedies, are in rhyme. Rolli, the famous Italian master in England, made an Italian translation; and Mr Richardson the son saw another at Florence in manuscript by the learned Abbé Salvini, who translated Addison's *Cato* into Italian. One William Hog or Hogæus translated *Paradise Lost*, *Paradise*

Regain'd, and Samson Agonistes, into Latin verse, in 1690; but his version is very unworthy of the originals. There is a better translation of the Paradise Lost by Mr Thomas Power, fellow of Trinity college, Cambridge, the first book of which was printed in 1691, and the rest in manuscript is in the library of that college. The learned Dr Trapp has also published a translation into Latin verse; and the world is in expectation of another that will surpass all the rest, by Mr William Dobson of New college, Oxford. So that by one means or other Milton is now considered as an English classic; and the Paradise Lost is generally esteemed the noblest and most sublime of modern poems, and equal at least to the best of the ancient; the honour of this country, and the envy and admiration of all others!

In 1670 Milton published his *History of Britain, that part especially now called England*. He began it above twenty years before, but was frequently interrupted by other avocations; and he designed to have brought it down to his own times, but stopt at the Norman conquest; for indeed he was not well able to pursue it any farther by reason of his blindness, and he was engaged in other more delightful studies, having a genius turned for poetry rather than history. Bp Kennet begins his complete history of England with this work of Milton, as being the best draught, the clearest and most authentic account of those early times; and his style is freer and easier than in most of his other works, more plain and simple, less figurative and metaphorical, and better suited to the nature of history, has enough of the Latin turn and idiom to give it an air of antiquity, and sometimes rises to a surprising dignity and majesty.

In 1670 his *Paradise Regain'd* and *Samson Agonistes* were licensed together, but were not published till the year following. The first thought of Paradise Regain'd was owing to Elwood the Quaker. When Milton had lent him the manuscript of Paradise Lost at St Giles Chalfont, and he returned it, Milton asked him how he liked it, and what he thought of it? "Which I modestly, but freely told him," says Elwood; "and after some further discourse about it, I pleasantly said to him, Thou hast said much of Paradise Lost, but what hast thou to say of Paradise Found? He made me no answer,

“ answer, but sat some time in a muse; then broke off
 “ that discourse, and fell upon another subject.” When
 Elwood afterwards waited upon him in London, Milton
 showed him his *Paradise Regain'd*, and in a pleasant tone
 said to him, “ This is owing to you, for you put it into
 “ my head by the question you put me at Chalfont,
 “ which before I had not thought of.” This poem has
 also been translated into French, together with some other
 pieces of Milton, *Lycidas*, *L’Allegro*, *Il Penseroso*, and
 the ode on Christ’s nativity. In 1732 was printed a cri-
 tical dissertation with notes upon *Paradise Regain’d*,
 pointing out the beauties of it, written by Mr Meadow-
 court, Canon of Worcester: and the very learned and
 ingenious Mr Jortin has added some observations upon
 this work at the end of his excellent remarks upon *Spenser*,
 published in 1734: and indeed this poem of Milton,
 to be more admired, needs only to be better known.
 His *Samson Agonistes* is the only tragedy that he has
 finished, though he has sketched out the plans of several,
 and proposed the subjects of more, in his manuscript pre-
 served in Trinity college library. We may suppose that
 he was determined to the choice of this particular sub-
 ject by the similitude of his own circumstances to those of
 Samson blind and among the Philistines; and it seems to
 be the last of his poetical pieces. It has been brought
 upon the stage in the form of an oratorio; and Mr Han-
 del’s music is never employed to greater advantage, than
 when it is adapted to Milton’s words. That great artist
 has done equal justice to our author’s *L’Allegro* and
Il Penseroso, as if the same spirit possessed both masters,
 and as if the god of music and of verse was still one and
 the same.

There are also some other pieces of Milton, for he
 continued publishing to the last. In 1672 he published
Artis logica plenior institutio ad Petri Rami methodum con-
cinnata, An institution of logic after the method of Petrus
 Ramus; and the year following, *A treatise of true reli-*
gion, and the best means to prevent the growth of Popery,
 which had greatly increased through the connivance of
 the King, and the more open encouragement of the
 Duke of York; and the same year his poems, which
 had been printed in 1645, were reprinted with the ad-
 dition of several others. His familiar epistles and some

academical exercises, *Epistolarum familiarium lib. 1. et prolusiones quædam oratoriæ in collegio Cbristi habitæ*, were printed in 1674; as was also his translation out of Latin into English of the Poles declaration concerning the election of their King John III. setting forth the virtues and merits of that prince. He wrote also a brief history of Muscovy, collected from the relations of several travellers; but it was not printed till after his death in 1682. He had likewise his state-letters transcribed at the request of the Danish resident; but neither were they printed till after his death in 1676, and were translated into English in 1694. To that translation a life of Milton was prefixed by his nephew Mr Edward Philips; and at the end of that life his excellent sonnets to Fairfax, Cromwell, Sir Henry Vane, and Cyriac Skinner on his blindness, were first printed. Besides these works which were published, he wrote a system of divinity, which Mr Toland says was in the hands of his friend Cyriac Skinner; but where at present, is uncertain. And Mr Philips says, that he had prepared for the press an answer to some little scribbling quack in London, who had written a scurrilous libel against him: but whether by the dissuasion of friends; as thinking him a fellow not worth his notice, or for what other cause Mr Philips knoweth not, this answer was never published. And indeed the best vindicator of him and his writings hath been Time. Posterity hath universally paid that honour to his merits, which was denied him by great part of his contemporaries.

After a life thus spent in study and labours for the public, he died of the gout at his house in Bunhill Row, on or about the 10th of November 1674, when he had within a month completed the sixty-sixth year of his age. It is not known when he was first attacked by the gout; but he was grievously afflicted with it several of the last years of his life, and was weakened to such a degree, that he died without a groan, and those in the room perceived not when he expired. His body was decently interred near that of his father, who had died very aged about the year 1647, in the chancel of the church of St Giles's, Cripplegate; and all his great and learned friends in London, not without a friendly concourse of the common people, paid their last respects in attending it to the grave. It does not appear, that any monument was erected to his
memory,

memory, till 1737, in which one was erected in Westminster abbey by Auditor Benson. But the best monument of him is his writings.

In his youth he was esteemed extremely handsome ; so that while he was a student at Cambridge, he was called the lady of Christ's college. He had a very fine skin and fresh complexion ; his hair was of a light brown, and parted on the foretop hung down in curls waving upon his shoulders ; his features were exact and regular ; his voice agreeable and musical ; his habit clean and neat ; his deportment erect and manly. He was middle-sized and well proportioned, neither tall nor short, neither too lean nor too corpulent, strong and active in his younger years ; and though afflicted with frequent headaches, blindness, and gout, was yet a comely and well-looking man to the last. His eyes were of a light blue colour, and from the first are said to have been none of the brightest ; but after he lost the sight of them, (which happened about the 43d year of his age), they still appeared without spot or blemish, and at first view, and at a little distance, it was not easy to know that he was blind. But there is the less need to be particular in the description of his person, as the idea of his face and countenance is pretty well known from the numerous prints, pictures, busts, medals, and other representations which have been made of him.

In his way of living he was an example of sobriety and temperance. He was very sparing in the use of wine or strong liquors of any kind. Let meaner poets make use of such expedients to raise their fancy, and kindle their imagination. He wanted not any artificial spirits ; he had a natural fire, and poetic warmth enough of his own. He was likewise very abstemious in his diet, not fastidiously nice or delicate in the choice of his dishes, but content with any thing that was most in season, or easiest to be procured, eating and drinking (according to the distinction of the philosopher) that he might live, and not living that he might eat and drink. So that probably his gout descended by inheritance from one or other of his parents ; or if it was of his own acquiring, it must have been owing to his studious and sedentary life. And yet he delighted sometimes in walking and using exercise, but we hear nothing of his riding or hunting. Having early
learned

learned to fence, he was such a master of his sword, that he was not afraid of resenting an affront from any man. Before he lost his sight, his principal recreation was the exercise of his arms; but after he was confined by age and blindness, he had a machine to swing in for the preservation of his health. In his youth he was accustomed to sit up late at his studies, and seldom went to bed before midnight; but afterwards, finding it to be the ruin of his eyes, and looking on this custom as very pernicious to health at any time, he used to go to rest early, seldom later than nine; and would be stirring in the summer at four and in the winter at five in the morning; but if he was not disposed to rise at his usual hours, he still did not lie sleeping, but had some body or other by his bedside to read to him. At his first rising he had usually a chapter read to him out of the Hebrew Bible; and he commonly studied all the morning till twelve, then used some exercise for an hour, afterwards dined, and after dinner played on the organ, and either sung himself or made his wife sing, who (he said) had a good voice, but no ear: then he went up to study again till six, when his friends came to visit him, and sat with him perhaps till eight; then he went down to supper, which was usually olives or some light thing; and after supper he smoked his pipe, drank a glass of water, and went to bed. He loved the country, and commends it, as poets usually do; but after his return from his travels, he was very little there, except during the time of the plague in London. The civil war might at first detain him in town; and the pleasures of the country were in a great measure lost to him, as they depend mostly upon sight; whereas a blind man wanteth company and conversation, which is to be had better in populous cities. But he was led out sometimes for the benefit of the fresh air, and in warm sunny weather he used to sit at the door of his house near Bunhill Fields, and there as well as in the house received the visits of persons of quality and distinction; for he was no less visited to the last both by his own countrymen and foreigners than he had been in his flourishing condition before the restoration.

Some objections indeed have been made to his temper; and there was a tradition in the university of Cambridge, that he and Mr King (whose death he laments in his *Lycidas*) were competitors for a fellowship, and when they were

were both equal in point of learning, Mr King was preferred by the college for his character of good nature, which was wanting in the other ; and this was by Milton grievously resented. But the difference of their ages, Milton being at least four years elder, renders this story not very probable ; and, besides, Mr King was not elected by the college, but was made fellow by a royal mandate : so that there can be no truth in the tradition ; but if there was any, it was no sign of Milton's resentment, but a proof of his generosity, that he could live in such friendship with a successful rival, and afterwards so passionately lament his decease. His method of writing controversy is urged as another argument of his want of temper. But some allowance must be made for the customs and manners of the time. Controversy, as well as war, was rougher and more barbarous in those days, than it is in these. It is to be considered too, that his adversaries first began the attack ; they loaded him with much more personal abuse, only they had not the advantage of so much wit to season it. If he had engaged with more candid and ingenuous disputants, he would have preferred civility and fair argument to wit and satire. " To do so was my choice, and to have done " thus was my chance," as he says himself. All who have written any accounts of his life agree, that he was affable and instructive in conversation, of an equal and cheerful temper ; and yet I can easily believe, that he had a sufficient sense of his own merits, and contempt enough for his adversaries.

His merits indeed were singular : for he was a man not only of wonderful genius, but of immense learning and erudition ; not only an incomparable poet, but a great mathematician, logician, historian, and divine. He was a master not only of the Greek and Latin, but likewise of the Hebrew, Chaldee, and Syriac, as well as of the modern languages, Italian, French, and Spanish. He was particularly skilled in the Italian, which he always preferred to the French language, as all the men of letters did at that time in England ; and he not only wrote elegantly in it, but is highly commended for his writings by the most learned of the Italians themselves. He had read almost all authors, and improved by all, even by romances, of which he had been fond in his younger years : and as the bee can extract honey out of weeds, so (to use his
own

own words) "those books, which to many others have
 "been the fewel of wantonness and loose living, proved
 "to him so many incitements to the love and observation
 "of virtue." His favourite author after the holy scriptures was Homer. Homer he could repeat almost without book; and he was advised to undertake a translation of his works, which no doubt he would have executed to admiration. But (as he says of himself) "he never could
 "delight in long citations, much less in whole translations." Accordingly there are few things, and those of no great length, which he has ever translated. He was possessed too much of an original genius to be a mere copier. "Whether it be natural disposition," says he, "or education in me, or that my mother bore me a speaker of what God made my own, and not a translator." It is somewhat remarkable; that there is scarce any author, who has written so much, and upon such various subjects, and yet quotes so little from his contemporary authors, or so seldom mentions any of them. He praises Selden indeed in more places than one; but for the rest, he appears disposed to censure rather than commend. He was a master of music as was his father, and he could perform both vocally and instrumentally; and it is said that he composed very well, though nothing of this kind is handed down to us. It is also said that he had some skill in painting, and that somewhere or other there is a head of Milton drawn by himself. But he was blessed with so many real excellencies, that there is no want of fictitious ones to raise and adorn his character. He had a quick apprehension, a sublime imagination, a strong memory, a piercing judgment, a wit always ready, and facetious or grave as the occasion required. I know not whether the loss of his sight did not add vigour to the faculties of his mind. He at least thought so, and often comforted himself with that reflection.

But his great parts and learning have scarcely gained him more admirers, than his political principles have raised him enemies. And yet the darling passion of his soul was the love of liberty; this was his constant aim and end, however he might be mistaken in the means. He was indeed very zealous in what was called the good old cause; and with his spirit and his resolution it is somewhat wonderful, that he never ventured his person in the civil

war;

war: but though he was not in arms, he was not inactive, and thought, I suppose, that he could be of more service to the cause by his pen than by his sword. He was a thorough republican; and in this he thought like a Greek or Roman, as he was very conversant with their writings. One day Sir Robert Howard, who was a friend to Milton, as well as to the liberties of his country, and was one of his constant visitors to the last, inquired of him how he came to side with the republicans? Milton answered among other reasons, because theirs was the most frugal government, for the trappings of a monarchy might set up an ordinary commonwealth. But then his attachment to Cromwell must be condemned, as being neither consistent with his republican principles, nor with his love of liberty. I know no other way of accounting for his conduct, but by presuming (as I think we may reasonably presume) that he was far from entirely approving of Cromwell's proceedings, but considered him as the only person who could rescue the nation from the tyranny of the Presbyterians, who he saw were erecting a worse dominion of their own upon the ruins of Prelatical Episcopacy; and of all things he dreaded spiritual slavery, and therefore closed with Cromwell and the Independents, as he expected under them greater liberty of conscience. And though he served Cromwell, yet it must be said for him, that he served a great master, and served him ably, and was not wanting from time to time in giving him excellent good advice, especially in his Second Defence. And so little being said of him in all Secretary Thurloe's state-papers, it appears that he had no great share in the secrets and intrigues of government; what he dispatched, was little more than matters of necessary form, letters and answers to foreign states. And he may be justified for acting in such a station, upon the same principle as Sir Matthew Hale for holding a judge's commission under the usurper. In the latter part of his life he frequently expressed to his friends his entire satisfaction of mind, that he had constantly employed his strength and faculties in the defence of liberty, and in opposition to slavery.

In matters of religion too he has given as great offence, or even greater than by his political principles. But still let not the infidel glory: no such man was ever of that party. He had the advantage of a pious education, and

ever expressed the profoundest reverence of the Deity in his words and actions, was both a Christian and a Protestant, and studied and admired the holy scriptures above all other books whatsoever. In all his writings he plainly sheweth a religious turn of mind, as well in verse as in prose, as well in his works of an earlier date, as in those of later composition. When he wrote the doctrine and discipline of divorce, he appears to have been a Calvinist; but afterwards he entertained a more favourable opinion of Arminius. Some have inclined to believe, that he was an Arian; but there are more express passages in his works to overthrow this opinion, than any there are to confirm it. For in the conclusion of his treatise of reformation he thus solemnly invokes the Trinity: "Thou therefore that fittest in light and glory unapproachable, Parent of angels and men! next thee I implore, Omnipotent King, Redeemer of that lost remnant whose nature thou didst assume, ineffable and everlasting Love! and thou the third subsistence of divine infinitude, illuminating Spirit, the joy and solace of created things! one Tri-personal Godhead! look upon this thy poor, and almost spent and expiring church," &c. And in his tract of Prelatical Episcopacy he endeavours to prove the spuriousness of some epistles attributed to Ignatius, because they contained in them heresies, one of which heresies is, that "he condemns them for ministers of Satan, who say that Christ is God above all." And a little after in the same tract he objects to the authority of Tertullian, because he went about to "prove an imparity between God the Father and God the Son." And in *Paradise Lost* we shall find nothing upon this head, that is not perfectly agreeable to scripture. Dr Trapp, who was as likely to cry out upon heresy as any man, asserts that the poem is orthodox in every part of it; or otherwise he would not have been at the pains of translating it. Milton was indeed a dissenter from the church of England, in which he had been educated, and was by his parents designed for holy orders: but he was led away by early prejudices against the doctrine and discipline of the church. In his younger years he was a favourer of the Presbyterians; in his middle age he was best pleased with the Independents and Anabaptists, as allowing greater liberty of conscience than others, and coming nearest in his opinion

to

to the primitive practice; and in the latter part of his life he was not a professed member of any particular sect of Christians, frequented no public worship, nor used any religious rite in his family. Whether so many different forms of worship as he had seen, had made him indifferent to all forms; or whether he thought that all Christians had in some things corrupted the purity and simplicity of the gospel; or whether he disliked their endless and uncharitable disputes; and that love of dominion and inclination to persecution, which he said was a piece of Popery inseparable from all churches; or whether he believed, that a man might be a good Christian without joining in any communion; or whether he did not look upon himself as inspired, as wrapt up in God, and above all forms and ceremonies, it is not easy to determine. *To his own master he standeth or falleth.* But if he was of any denomination, he was a sort of a Quietist, and was full of the interior of religion, though he so little regarded the exterior; and it is certain was to the last an enthusiast rather than an infidel. As enthusiasm made Norris a poet, so poetry might make Milton an enthusiast.

His circumstances were never very mean, nor very great; for he lived above want, and was not intent upon accumulating wealth. His ambition was more to enrich and adorn his mind. His father supported him in his travels, and for some time after. Then his pupils must have been of some advantage to him, and brought him either a certain stipend, or considerable presents at least; and he had scarcely any other method of improving his fortune, as he was of no profession. When his father died, he inherited an elder son's share of his estate, the principal part of which I believe was his house in Breadstreet. Not long after, he was appointed Latin Secretary with a salary of 200 l. a-year: so that he was now in opulent circumstances for a man, who had always led a frugal and temperate life, and was at little unnecessary expense besides buying of books. Though he was of the victorious party, yet he was far from sharing in the spoils of his country. On the contrary, he sustained great losses during the civil war, and was not at all favoured in the imposition of taxes, but sometimes paid beyond his due proportion. Upon a turn of affairs he was not only deprived of his place, but also lost 2000 l. which he had for security and improvement

put into the excise-office. He lost likewise another considerable sum for want of proper care and management, as persons of Milton's genius are seldom expert in money-matters. In the fire of London his house in Breadstreet was burnt, before which accident foreigners have gone out of devotion (says Wood) to see the house and chamber where he was born. His gains were inconsiderable in proportion to his losses: for excepting the thousand pounds which were given him by the government for writing his defence of the people against Salmasius, we may conclude that he got very little by the copies of his works, when it doth not appear that he received any more than 10 l. for *Paradise Lost*. Some time before he died, he sold the greatest part of his library, as his heirs were not qualified to make a proper use of it, and as he thought that he could dispose of it to greater advantage than they could after his decease. Finally, by one means or other he died worth 1500 l. besides his household goods; which was no incompetent subsistence for him, who was as great a philosopher as a poet*.

To this account of Milton it may be proper to add something concerning his family. We said before, that he had a younger brother and a sister. His brother Christopher Milton was a man of totally opposite principles; was a strong royalist, and after the civil war made his composition through his brother's interest; had been entered young a student in the Inner Temple, of which house he lived to be an ancient bencher; and being a professed Papist, was in the reign of K. James II. made a judge and knighted; but soon obtained his quietus by reason of his age and infirmities, and retired to Ipswich, where he lived all the latter part of his life. His sister Anne Milton had a considerable fortune given her by her father in marriage with Mr Edward Philips, (son of Mr Edward Philips of Shrewsbury), who coming young to London, was bred up in the crown-office in chancery, and at length became secondary of the office under Mr

* Whoever considers (says Mr Fenton) the posts to which Milton was advanced, and the times in which he enjoyed them, will, I believe, confess he might have accumulated a much more plentiful fortune: in a dispassionate mind it will not require any extraordinary measure of candour to conclude, that though he abode in *the heritage of oppressors*, and the spoils of his country lay at his feet, neither his conscience, nor his honour, could stoop to gather them.

Bembo. By him she had, besides other children who had died infants, two sons, Edward and John, whom we have had frequent occasion to mention before. She had likewise two daughters, Mary, who died very young; and Anne, who was living in 1694, by a second husband Mr Thomas Agar, who succeeded Mr Philips in his place in the crown-office, which he enjoyed many years, and left to Mr Thomas Milton, son of Sir Christopher before mentioned. As for Milton himself, he appears to have been no enemy to the fair sex by having had three wives. What fortune he had with any of them, is no where said; but they were gentlemens daughters: and it is remarkable that he married them all maidens; for (as he says himself) he "thought with them, who both in prudence" and elegance of spirit would chuse a virgin of mean "fortunes, honestly bred, before the wealthiest widow." But yet he seemeth not to have been very happy in any of his marriages: for his first wife had justly offended him, by her long absence and separation from him; the second, whose love, sweetness, and goodness he commends, lived not a twelvemonth with him; and his third wife is said to have been a woman of a most violent spirit, and a hard mother-in-law to his children. She died very old, about thirty-three years ago, [*i. e.* about the year 1729], at Nantwich in Cheshire. From the accounts of those who had seen her I have learned, that she confirmed several things which have been related before; particularly that her husband used to compose his poetry chiefly in winter, and on his waking in a morning would make her write down sometimes twenty or thirty verses. Being asked whether he did not often read Homer and Virgil? she understood it as an imputation upon him for stealing from those authors, and answered with eagerness, that he stole from no body but the Muse who inspired him; and being asked by a lady present, who the muse was? replied, it was God's grace, and the Holy Spirit that visited him nightly. She was likewise asked, whom he approved most of our English poets? and answered, Spenser, Shakespeare, and Cowley. Being asked, what he thought of Dryden? she said, Dryden used sometimes to visit him, but he thought him no poet, but a good rhymist: but this was before Dryden had composed his best poems, which made his name so famous afterwards. She was
wont

wont moreover to say, that her husband was applied to by message from the King, and invited to write for the court; but his answer was, that such a behaviour would be very inconsistent with his former conduct, for he had never yet employed his pen against his conscience. By his first wife he had three daughters, who survived him. They were not sent to school, but were instructed by a mistress kept at home for that purpose: and he himself, excusing the eldest on account of an impediment in her speech, taught the two others to read and pronounce Greek and Latin, and several other languages, without understanding any but English; for he used to say, that one tongue was enough for a woman. But this employment was very irksome to them; and this, together with the sharpness and severity of their mother-in-law, made them very uneasy at home; and therefore they were all sent abroad to learn things more proper for them, and particularly embroidery in gold and silver. As Milton at his death left his affairs very much in the power of his widow, though she acknowledged that he died worth 1500 l. yet she allowed but 100 l. to each of his three daughters. Anne the eldest was decrepit and deformed, but had a very handsome face; she married a master-builder, and died in childbed of her first child, who died with her. Mary the second lived and died single. Deborah the youngest in her father's lifetime went over to Ireland with a lady, and afterwards was married to Mr Abraham Clarke, a weaver in Spittlefields, and died in August 1727, in the 76th year of her age. She is said to have been a woman of good understanding and genteel behaviour, though in low circumstances. As she had been often called upon to read Homer and Ovid's metaphors to her father, she could have repeated a considerable number of verses from the beginning of both those poets; and she has been heard to repeat several verses likewise out of Euripides. Mr Addison, and other gentlemen, who had opportunities of seeing her, knew her immediately to be Milton's daughter by the similitude of her countenance to her father's picture. Mr Addison made her a handsome present of a purse of guineas, with a promise of procuring for her some annual provision for her life; but his death happening soon after, she lost the benefit of his generous design. She received presents likewise

likewise from several other gentlemen, and Q. Caroline sent her 50 l. by the hands of Dr Freind the physician. She had ten children, seven sons and three daughters; but none of them had any children except her son Caleb, and her daughter Elisabeth. Caleb went to Fort St George in the East Indies, where he married, and had two sons, Abraham and Isaac; the elder of whom came to England with the late Gov. Harrison, but returned upon advice of his father's death; and whether he or his brother be now living, is uncertain. Elisabeth, the youngest child of Mrs Clarke, was married to Mr Thomas Foster a weaver in Spittlefields, and had seven children, who are all dead; and she herself is aged about sixty, and weak and infirm. She seemeth to be a good plain sensible woman, and has confirmed several particulars related above, and informed me of some others, which she had often heard from her mother: That her grandfather lost 2000 l. by a money-scrivener, whom he had intrusted with that sum; and likewise an estate at Westminster of 60 l. a-year, which belonged to the Dean and Chapter, and was restored to them at the restoration: That he was very temperate in his eating and drinking; but what he had he always loved to have of the best: That he seldom went abroad in the latter part of his life, but was visited even then by persons of distinction, both foreigners and others: That he kept his daughters at a great distance, and would not allow them to learn to write, which he thought unnecessary for a woman: That her mother was his greatest favourite, and could read in seven or eight languages, though she understood none but English: That her mother inherited his headaches and disorders, and had such a weakness in her eyes, that she was forced to make use of spectacles from the age of eighteen; and she herself, she says, has not been able to read a chapter in the Bible these twenty years: That she was mistaken in informing Mr Birch *,

* Accounts of Milton's life have been wrote by seven different persons, viz. by Antony Wood in his *Fasti Oxonienses*; by Mr Edward Philips before the English translation of Milton's state-letters, printed in 1694; by Mr Toland before the edition of Milton's prose works in three volumes folio, printed in 1698; by M. Bayle in his historical and critical dictionary; by Mr Fenton before the edition of Milton's poetical works printed in 1725; by Mr Richardson in the preface to his explanatory notes and remarks upon *Paradise Lost*; and by Mr Thomas Birch in the general dictionary, and more largely before the edition of Milton's prose works in two volumes folio printed in 1738.

what

what he had printed upon her authority, that Milton's father was born in France; and a brother of hers who was then living, was very angry with her for it, and like a true-born Englishman resented it highly, that the family should be thought to bear any relation to France: That Milton's second wife did not die in childbed, as Mr Philips and Toland relate, but above three months after of a consumption; and this too Mr Birch relates upon her authority: but in this particular she must be mistaken as well as in the other; for our author's sonnet on his deceased wife plainly implies, that she did die in childbed. She knows nothing of her aunt Philips or Agar's descendants, but believes that they are all extinct; as is likewise Sir Christopher Milton's family, the last of which were two maiden sisters, Mrs Mary and Mrs Katharine Milton, who lived and died at Highgate: and she herself is the only survivor of Milton's own family; unless there be some in the East Indies, which she very much questions, for she used to hear from them sometimes, but has heard nothing now for several years: so that in all probability Milton's whole family will be extinct with her, and he can live only in his writings*. And such is the caprice of Fortune, this grand-daughter of a man, who will be an everlasting glory to the nation, has now for some years with her husband kept a little chandler's or grocer's shop for their subsistence, lately at the Lower Holloway in the road between Highgate and London, and at present in Cock-lane not far from Shoreditch church. Another thing let me mention, that is equally to the honour of the present age; though Milton received not above 10 l. at two different payments for the copy of *Paradise Lost*, yet Mr Hoyle, author of the treatise on the game of Whist, after having disposed of all the first impression, sold the copy to the bookseller, as I have been informed, for two hundred guineas.

To

* Mrs Foster died at Islington, May 9. 1754, in the 66th year of her age; and by her death all Milton's family became extinct. She had lived many years in a low way, and was at last depressed with poverty and the infirmities of old age. It does not appear, that any of her grandfather's admirers took any notice of her till 1750; when, on the 5th of April that year, *Comus* wrote by Milton was represented at Drury-lane theatre, with a new prologue spoken by Mr Garrick, for her benefit; which produced her above 130 l.

The

To this *life* from Dr Newton, we shall subjoin an account of the manner in which Milton lost his sight, which he so pathetically laments in the beginning of book 3. of *Paradise Lost*; taken from his own letter to Leonard Philaras, envoy from the Duke of Parma to the French King, dated, Westminster, Sept. 28. 1654. — “ I think it is
“ about ten years, more or less, since I began to perceive
“ that my eye-sight grew weak and dim, and at the same

The prologue was printed both at London and Edinburgh, for her benefit; and is as follows.

Ye patriot crouds, who burn for *England's* fame,
Ye nymphs, whose bosoms beat at MILTON's name,
Whose gen'rous zeal, unbought by flatt'ring rhymes,
Shames the mean pensions of *Augustan* times;
Immortal patrons of succeeding days,
Attend this prelude of perpetual praise!
Let Wit, condemn'd the feeble war to wage
With close Malevolence, or public Rage;
Let Study, worn with Virtue's fruitless lore,
Behold this theatre, and grieve no more.
This night distinguish'd by your smile, shall tell,
That never BRITON can in vain excel;
The slighted arts futurity shall trust,
And rising ages hasten to be just.

At length our mighty bard's victorious lays
Fill the loud voice of universal praise;
And baffled Spite, with hopeless anguish dumb,
Yields to Renown the centuries to come.
With ardent haste, each candidate of fame
Ambitious catches at his tow'ring name:
He sees, and pitying sees, vain wealth bestow
Those pageant honours which he scorn'd below.
While crouds aloft the laureat bust behold,
Or trace his form on circulating gold,
Unknown, unheeded, long his offspring lay,
And Want hung threat'ning o'er her slow decay.
What though she shine with no MILTONIAN fire,
No fav'ring muse her morning-dreams inspire?
Yet softer claims the melting heart engage;
Her youth laborious, and her blameless age:
Hers the mild merits of domestic life;
The patient suff'rer, and the faithful wife.
Thus grac'd with humble Virtue's native charms,
Her grandfire leaves her in *Britannia's* arms,
Secure with peace, with competence, to dwell,
While tutelary nations guard her cell.
Yours is the charge, ye fair, ye wise, ye brave!
'Tis yours to crown desert — beyond the grave!

“ time my spleen and bowels to be oppressed and trou-
“ bled with *flatus* ; and in the morning when I began to
“ read, according to my custom, my eyes grew painful
“ immediately, and to refuse reading, but were refreshed
“ after a moderate exercise of the body. A certain *Iris*
“ began to surround the light of the candle, if I looked at
“ it ; soon after which, on the left part of the left eye,
“ (for that was some years sooner clouded), a mist arose,
“ which hid every thing on that side ; and looking for-
“ ward, if I shut my right eye, objects appeared smaller.
“ My other eye also, for these last three years, failing by
“ degrees, some months before all sight was abolished,
“ things which I looked upon, seemed to swim to the
“ right and left. Certain inveterate vapours seem to pos-
“ sels my forehead and temples, which, after meat espe-
“ cially, quite to evening, generally urge and depress my
“ eyes with a sleepy heaviness. Nor would I omit, that
“ whilst there was as yet some remainder of sight, I no
“ sooner lay down in my bed, and turned on my side,
“ but a copious light dazzled out of my shut eyes : and
“ as my sight diminished, every day colours gradually
“ more obscure, flashed out with vehemence ; but now
“ that the lucid is in a manner wholly extinct, a direct
“ blackness, or else spotted, and as it were woven with
“ ash-colour, is used to pour itself in. Nevertheless, the
“ constant and settled darkness that is before me, as well
“ by night as by day, seems nearer to the whitish than
“ the blackish ; and the eye rolling itself a little, seems
“ to admit I know not what little smallness of light as
“ through a chink.”

The following translation and sonnet are taken from Toland's and Birch's accounts of Milton's life.

The verses to Christina Queen of Sweden, p. 313. translated.

BRight martial maid, Queen of the frozen zone,
The northern pole supports thy shining throne;
Behold what furrows age and steel can plow,
The helmet's weight oppress'd this wrinkled brow.
Through Fate's untrodden paths I move, my hands
Still act my free-born people's bold commands:
Yet this stern shade to you submits his frowns,
Nor are these looks always severe to crowns.

Toland's life of Milton, p. 39.

A sonnet, upon occasion of the plague in London, said to be written by Milton, and to have been lately found on a glass window at Chalfont, where he resided during the continuance of that dreadful calamity.

FAir mirror of foul times! whose fragile sheen
Shall, as it blazeth, break; while Providence
(Ay watching o'er his faints with eye unseen)
Spreads the red rod of angry pestilence,
To sweep the wicked and their counsels hence;

Yea all to break the pride of lustful kings,
Who heaven's lore reject for brutish sense;
As erst he scourg'd Jessides' sin of yore
For the fair Hittite, when on Seraph's wings
He sent him war, or plague, or famine fore*.

Birch's life of Milton, p. 38.

* If this sonnet was really wrote by Milton, he has blundered in representing the pestilence as a judgment upon David for his adultery with Bathsheba; whereas it was on account of his numbering the people.

F I N I S.